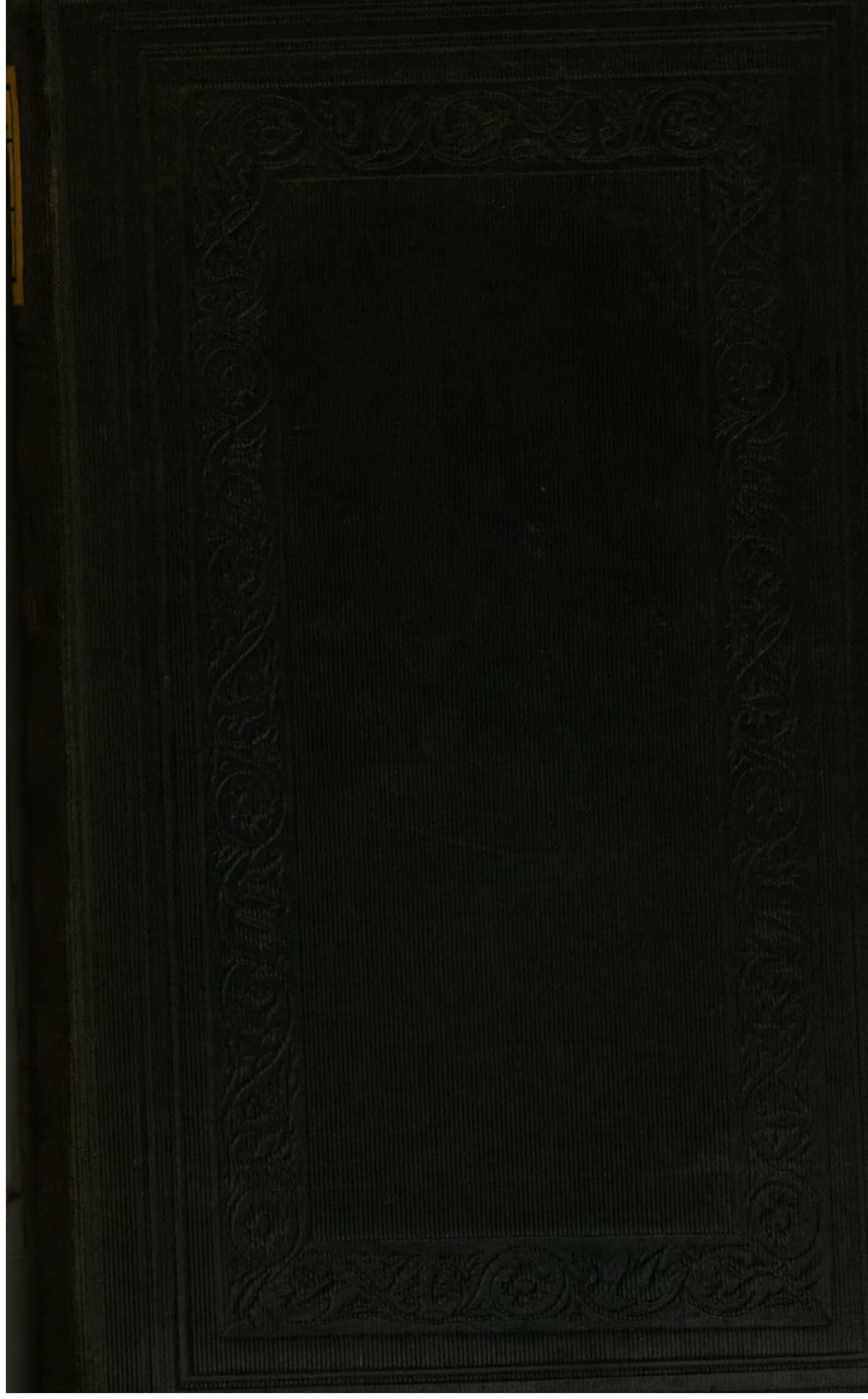




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LIGHTS AND SHADES

OF

IRELAND.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART. I.—EARLY HISTORY.

PART II.—SAINTS, KINGS, AND POETS, OF THE
EARLY AGES.

PART III.—THE FAMINE OF 1847 '48 & '49.

BY

ASENATH NICHOLSON,

OF NEW YORK.

“When their soul was poured out into their mother's bosom.”—JER. ii. 12.

“Not e'en in the hour when my heart is most gay,
Will I lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.”

LONDON:

HOULSTON AND STONEMAN,
65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1850.

LIGHTS AND SHADES

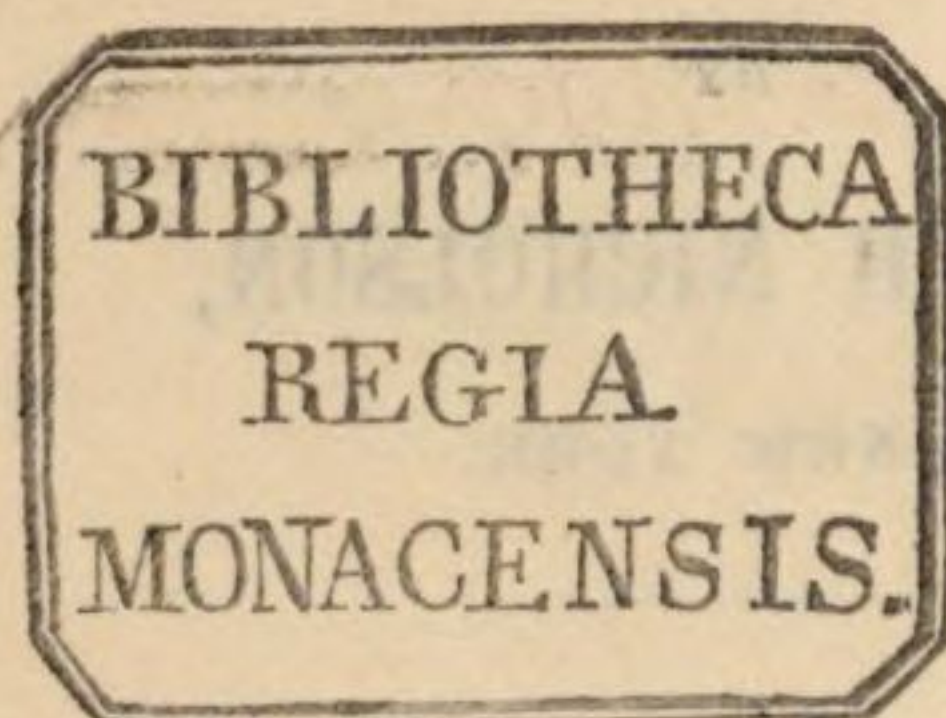
IRELAND

IN THREE PARTS

PART I—EARLY HISTORY.

PART II—SAINTS, KINGS AND POETS OF THE
EARLY AGES.

PART III—THE FAMINE OF 1847, &c. &c.



When this book was printed out into three volumes, the
first was the best when the first is now lost.
The second the responsibility of this and the second.

LONDON:

HOLLISTON AND STONMAN,
OF PATERNOSTER ROW.

1850.

PREFACE.

THE reader of these pages should be told that, if strange things are recorded, it was because strange things were seen; and if strange things were seen which no other writer has written, it was because no other writer has visited the same places, under the same circumstances. No other writer ever explored mountain and glen for four years, with the same object in view; and though I have seen but the suburbs of what might be seen, were the same ground to be retraced, with the four years' experience for an handmaid, yet what is already recorded may appear altogether incongruous, if not impossible. And now, while looking at them calmly at a distance, they appear, even to myself, more like a dream than reality, because they appear out of *common course*, and out of the order of even nature itself. But they *are* realities, and many of them fearful ones—*realities* which none but eye-witnesses can understand, and

none but those who passed through them can *feel*. No pretensions to infallibility either in judgment or description are made—the work is imperfect because the writer is so—and no doubt there are facts recorded which might better have been left out. In such a confused mass of material, of such variety and such quality, I am not so vain as to suppose that the *best* has always been selected or recorded in the *best* way. No originality is pretended in the *first* part: it is an imperfect concentration of matter, gathered from various authors, with the simple object of placing before my own view a summary outline of the causes which have from age to age been combining to bring Ireland into the state as she now presents herself to the world, and that others who, like me, may be in perplexity, as I was in the beginning of my travels there, to know what she once *must* have been, and who *now* in this condition, may have a few doubts partially removed without the difficulty of plodding through intricate volumes, to reach the same point. If there are statements incorrect I am but a copyist, not pretending to be eye or ear witness of centuries gone by; neither has imagination been called in to magnify these statements—*present* effects spread before the vision tell that *past* causes must have been fearful; and to the doubtful, who may write “proof” on the margin of these pages, when some barbarous acts recorded there may startle them, it is requested that they read the sentence passed in the enlightened Bible age of 1848, upon Smith O’Brien, that both justice and vengeance could not be satisfied with life—

hanging and beheading ; but let imagination fill the remainder of the frightful picture ; and if past cruelties here recorded are doubted as impossible, *come* with me in the year 1850 and see the houseless wanderer dying in mountains and bogs, without *food*, without *clothes*, driven there by merciless landholders, who have fattened on soil wrested from the fathers of these exiles.

If the world is tired of Henrys, Charles's, James's, Elizabeths, and Cromwells—if these old pages, thumbled and “dog-eared” as they are, have become tiresome—mark ! they are but the counterpart of the tatters that are fluttering in every breeze in that island ; they are the honest fathers of these their wayward, ill-governed children, and their true pedigree will be traced out ; all things not only seek their level, but return to the right owner, sooner or later. But give us a *new book*, not blotted or blurred with false titles, nor besmeared with mud cabins ; let not its leaves be either tattered or patched, but a fair stereotyped edition, written “within and without, *justice, mercy, and good-will*. Give us Victoria, with the shamrock in one hand, and the scales of justice in the other, for the title-page ; and Ormonds, Desmonds, and Strongbows shall mingle their ungathered ashes with the dust of forgotten ages.

The Second Part of the work is intended to present a few specimens of the “Lights of Ireland,” when she was mistress of her own land, sung her own songs, with a harp of her own, and worshipped her own God in temples which her own hands had built,

when she sat under her own "vines and fig-trees,"
with none to make her afraid, and though—

"The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul was fled.
Yet let it once more waken
The sweetness of its slumbering strain."

The Third Part is legible, and tells its own story. The echo of the mournful wail is still on the ear, the cries of the widow and fatherless are still going up, and the carcasses of the slain are yet unburied. Gladly would I have written a more *pleasing* and *better book*, but the material was wanting. While Ireland remains the same, the same things must be written of her; and let him be tired of reading who is not willing to do her justice. And in conclusion, allow me to add, with hope,—

"Erin, Oh, Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last."

London, 1850.

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LIGHTS AND SHADES OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

“ Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
“ I saw him by the highway-side.”

THOSE who have read the volume called *Ireland's Welcome*, have been informed that I left New York in the spring of 1844, for the purpose of exploring and ascertaining, by eye-witness, the *real* condition of a people, whose history has been mixed with fable, and whose *true* character has been as little understood as their sufferings have been mitigated.

In pursuing this work, the object is not precisely the same as in the preceding one ; *that* was but the surface—the rippling of that mighty sea, whose waves have since been casting up little else but “mire and dirt,” and whose deep and continual upheavings, plainly indicate that the foundations, if not destroyed, are fast breaking up. I then aimed at nothing more than giving a simple narration of facts, as they passed under observation, leaving the reader to comment upon those facts, as their different features were presented to the mind.

Some, and possibly *many*, have been grieved that so much “plainness of speech” has been used ; but *here* emphatically “flattering titles” should have no place ; opiates have served no other purpose for diseased Ireland than to leave undisturbed the canker-worm, that was doing more effectually his deadly work within. “Peace,

peace," when there is no peace, eventually brings down the chastisings of the Almighty, and He has shown in language that cannot be misunderstood, for the last three years, that He sitteth in the heavens, overturning and overturning the nations of the earth, and, in his own due time, He whose right it is to rule will rule. The stone is rolling, and its velocity increases as it proceeds. The potatoe has done its work, and it has done it *effectually*: it has fed the unpaid millions for more than two centuries, till the scanty wages of the defrauded poor man have entered into the "ears of the Lord of Sabaoth," and He is now telling the rich that "their gold and silver is cankered," and that their day is coming speedily.

We are gravely told that the year 1844 was one of great abundance, and that the peasantry were *then* a contented and happy people; but listen! the year 1844 *was* a year of abundance, but did the poor man share in this *abundance*—was he contented and happy? Why then was the whole country rocking "to and fro" with the cry of repeal? and, Why was O'Connell in prison? Were the people all singing in their chains, not feeling the galling of the fetters, till he aroused them from their "contented" sleep? Did his fiery breath fan up embers that had lost all *power* of life? and were there no heart-burnings beneath the tatters of the degraded cabiner, that strongly prompted to make a struggle for that liberty, which God has by birthright bestowed upon all bearing his image? A struggle they *would* have made, had one nod from the prison grates of O'Connell given the signal. Though there was no clamour, yet the leaven was silently leavening the whole lump, and they appeared anxiously waiting for some event, which they felt *must* come, they knew not *whence*, nor cared not *how*.

But the year of abundance. From June 1844 to August 1845, I visited the middle and southern part, including all the sea-coast, *always* on foot in the most destitute regions, that I might better ascertain the condition and character of the peasants in their most uncultivated state. What I then saw of privation and suffering, has

been but partially sketched, because the "many things" I had to say the world was not *then* able to bear, neither are they now able to bear them *all*; but posterity will bear them, and posterity shall hear them. Please read the partial sketch of Bantry, Glengariffe, and the sea-coast of Kerry, given in the years 1844-5, and enter into some floorless, dark, mud cabin, and sit down upon a stool, if happily a stool be there, and witness the "abundance" of those happy fertile days. Again and again did I partake of a scanty meal of the potatoe, after a day's walk of miles, because that I knew a full repast would deprive the family of a part of the supply which was in reserve for their moderate meal, which by multitudes was then taken but once a day.

Mark! these are not isolated cases, but everywhere in the mountainous regions, upon the sea-coast, and in the glens; from Dublin to the extreme south did I daily meet these facts. Nor was this privation of short continuance: from Christmas to harvest the poor peasant must stint his stomach to one meal a day, or his seed for the coming crop would be curtailed, and the necessary rent-payer, the pig, not be an equivalent to keep the mud cabin over the head of his master.

So much for "abundance," now for "content." That there was an unparalleled content, where anything approached to tolerable endurance, cannot be denied, but this was their *religious* training; however imperfect their faith and practice may be, in patience they *have*, and *do* exemplify a pattern which amounts almost to superhuman. "We must be content with what the Almighty puts upon us," was their ready answer when their sufferings were mentioned; yet this did not shut their eyes to a sense of the sufferings which they felt were put upon them by man, and their submission, seemed in most cases to proceed from the requirements of the Almighty, rather than from ignorance of their wrongs; for in most instances the parting question would be, "Don't ye think the government is too hard on us; or do ye think we shall ever git the repale, and will Ireland ever be any better," &c. That they are a

happy people so long as any ray of hope remains, or when they share in common the gifts of Providence, must be allowed ; yet their quick perception of justice often manifests itself, where any loop-hole is made which offers any amendment to their condition, and when the flickering spark of life is kindled within them. They have committed bold and wicked acts, which revenge prompted by a sense of injustice alone would do. Justice long withheld, and oppression multiplied proportioned to uncomplaining endurance, sometimes awakes to a boldness almost unequalled by any but the savage of the wilderness ; nor do they wait for the night, or seek any other concealment, than to make sure of their prey—they care not who sees them, or on what gallows they are hung, if the hated victim be out of the way.

“ Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
“ Mingling wild mirth with war’s stern minstrelsy.
“ His jest—while each brave comrade round him flings,
“ And moves to death with military glee.
“ Boast Erin ! boast them tameless, frank, and free,
“ In friendship warm, and cool in danger known,
“ Rough Nature’s children, humorous as she.
“ And he great chieftain strike the proudest tone
“ Of thy bold harp, green Isle, the hero is thine own.”

Seldom do they murder for money, and in no country where oppression has ruled have the oppressed plundered and robbed so little as in Ireland, yet they can plunder and rob ; and these crimes are multiplying and will multiply till a new state of things places them in a different condition.

I was riding upon a coach in the second year of the famine, in a lonely part of the west, when the coachman pointed me to a corner around the wall, and remarked, “ When I passed this place to-day, a man lay dead there, who had been killed some hours before by one of the tenants living upon the land here.” “ Why did he do the shocking deed ?” I inquired. “ A *good* deed by dad,” was the answer, “ Why lady, he was the greatest blackguard that ever walked the airth ; he was agent to a gentleman, and he showed no mercy to a poor

man that was toilin' for the potatoe ; but as soon as the famine was sore on the cratur's, he drove every one into the blake staurm that could not give the rent, and many's the poor bein' that died with the starvation, without the shelter ; and wouldn't ye think that such a hard-hearted villain better be dead, than to live and kill so many poor women and helpless children, as would be wandrin' in the black mountains this winter, if he should live to drive 'em there." Now, this is certainly unchristian logic, but it is resentful nature's logic, and in accordance with all the principles of national killing. In vain I preached and held up a better principle—"A great good had been done to all the parish, and all the parish should be glad that so many lives had been saved by this one which had been taken."

It was night, and I felt a little relief when a policeman ascended the coach, who was going in quest of a coroner ; a sad deed, he added, but the murdered man was hard-hearted, and no doubt that it was some of the tenants on the land of which he was agent who did the work, yet not one has escaped. "And why," retorted the driver, "should a hap'orth of 'em take up the heel ; they have done a good deed, and if they're hung, it will be better than the starvation." The policeman was silent, and I was not anxious to pursue the fruitless argument with one who saw no light, but through the medium of doing unto others as others do to him. And where this principle prevails, as it does in the hearts of *all* the unsanctified, the wonder is that so few have been the lawless deeds that have been transacted in that oppressed country for centuries gone by. The mischief is all laid at the door of the Papists ; and when I speak of the Christianity of Ireland, I would do it with caution—I would not "hurt the oil or the wine,"—I would not "judge nor set at nought my brother,"—but I would say deliberately and conscientiously, that if those who call themselves the only true light of that benighted land, the only safe lamps to guide to the heavenly country, were more careful to show mercy and walk humbly, they might long ago have seen a better state of things. Yes, had bible

men and bible women possessed that love in *heart* which has been upon the *tongue*, had they manifested that tenderness for Christ, as they have for a party, a name, or a church ; had they been as assiduous to win souls to Christ by love and kindness, as they have to gather in their tithes by law and violence, many who are now scoffing at a "truth held in unrighteousness," might have been glorying in one producing holiness and peace. But I forbear: "murder will out," wrong will be righted, however painful the process, and though judgment long delay, yet it must come at last ; the wheel of Providence is ever rolling, and every spoke, belonging to it must in turn be uppermost, and the oppressed cannot always be at the bottom.

One object of this volume is to place before the world a plain and simple outline of which is called the *Famine of Ireland*, in 1846-7-8-9.

But before I take the reader down the sides of this dreadful gulf, before I uncover to him the *bowels* of that loathsome pit, on the margin of which he often may have tremblingly stood, I will gird up his mind for the conflict, by taking him, in the autumn of 1845, and the spring of 1846, through the more fertile and happy north, where we are told that better management has produced better results ; there we shall find mementos of deep interest, when, ages now passed away, this people stood out to surrounding nations not as a "bye-word and hissing," but as a noble example of religion, industry, and prosperity, which few if any could then present. And though its early history is quite obscured by fiction, and interlarded with poetical romance, yet all this serves to prove that the remains of a true coin are there, or a counterfeit would not have been attempted.

Not only in the north, but scattered over the whole island are found inscriptions on stone, some standing above ground and others buried beneath, which, by their dates and hieroglyphics, tell you that centuries ago men lived here, whose memories were honoured, not only for their valour in war, but for their purity of life. It was not till I had faithfully explored the interior

and southern coast, that the early history of this people had been much studied ; as my object *then*, was to see them as they are found in the nineteenth century, without investigating *particularly* their age or pedigree. In my later excursions facts so startled and convinced me that their pretensions to former prosperity and greatness were not fabulous, that I regretted for my supineness on the subject ; for I found by well authenticated history, that the common saying among the peasantry that Ireland was once “ a land of saints,” was founded in more truth than her enemies or even *friends* are ready to acknowledge ; and the belief is quite confirmed in my mind, that when searching for truth concerning a nation “ scattered and peeled,” as the Irish have been, the true ore can better be found in the unpolished rubbish, in the traditions of a rude nation, retained from age to age, than among the polished gems of polite literature, written to please rather than instruct, and pull down rather than to build up.

It has never been my lot to meet with a straightforward, impartial, real matter-of-fact work, written on that devoted country, till since the famine commenced. It has been suggested that an Irishman *could* not write an impartial book on his country, and an Englishman or Scotchman *would* not.

The last three years have abundantly proved, that there are many Englishmen, who can not only *feel*, but *act* for that poor despised island, who would rejoice to see her arise, yes, who would and do take her by the hand, who not only *talk*, but make sacrifices for her welfare ; and let me record it with gratitude, that posterity may read the efforts they have made and are still making, to place this down-trodden people among the happiest nations of the earth. Gladly would I record, were the privilege allowed me, the names of those Quakers, those dissenters of all denominations, and many of the churchmen too, who have done much in the days of darkness, for the starving poor of that land ; yes, let me record as a debt of gratitude *I* owe to England, the scenes I have witnessed, when some box

of warm clothing was opened, when the naked starving women and children would drop upon their knees, and clasp their emaciated fingers, and with eyes raised to heaven, bless the Almighty God for the gift that the kind English or blessed Quaker had sent them ; and while I was compelled to turn away from the touching view, my heart responded *Amen and Amen*. Let this suffice, that when in these future pages truths may be recorded that will not always be so salutary, yet be assured these truths are such as should be told, and they will not meet any cases mentioned in the above—in other language, they will not fit where they do not belong.

My position in regard to the condition and feeling of Ireland during the famine, was different from all others ; I must necessarily look at things with different eyes, and different sensations from what others could do ; I was a foreigner, could not *expect*, and did not *ask*, any reward either in praise or money for the interest I might take in that country ; I was attached to England, as the race from which I descended, and pitied Ireland for her sufferings, rather than I admired her for any virtues which she might possess ; consequently, my mind was so balanced between the two, that on which side the scale might have preponderated, the danger of blind partiality would not have been so great.

Besides, the country had previously been traversed, the habits and propensities of the cabiners been studied, they had been taken by surprise when no opportunity was given for escape or deception. I was always an unexpected guest, and gave them no time to brush up their cabins, or put on their shoes, if happily they might have any. When the famine came over them, they were placed in a different position to draw out their feelings towards others, and the pangs of hunger induced them necessarily to act unreservedly ; all party feeling was lost, and whoever gave them bread was the object to which they most closely hung, and to those who rudely sent them empty away, the answer was often made, "May the blessed God never give ye to feel the hunger."

And here it must be written that, though *some* might be ungrateful, yet such were the *exceptions*; as a people they are grateful, and patient to a proverb. Not a murmuring word against God or man did I once hear among all the dying, in those dreadful days, and the children were taught by parents and teachers to fall on their knees morning and evening, to pray Almighty God to "bless their kind benefactors and keep them from the hunger," and many have died with these prayers on their lips. I must not enlarge; these things are not mentioned to probe afresh the painful sensations which philanthropists have felt for Ireland, but to bear a testimony to facts, which deserve to be recorded; and should any of these facts appear exaggerated, let it be said that no language is adequate to give the *true*, the *real picture*; one look of the eye into the daily scenes there witnessed, would overpower what any pen, however graphic, or tongue, however eloquent, could pourtray.

As my eye was single to one object, as I have ever peculiarly felt that I was acting for eternity, in acting for Ireland, the candour I use must be forgiven, and the pronoun *I* can make no other apology but sheer necessity, as no *we* had a part in anything essential which will be recorded in these pages.

When the hand that pens these pages, and the heart that has been lacerated at these sufferings, shall have ceased together, may Ireland and her benefactors "live before God."

CHAPTER II.

"Tell Erin's mournful daughter
"O'er kindred bones she'll tread."

AUGUST of the year 1845, I prepared for an excursion to the north, and a visit to Scotland; the famine had not commenced, and I was buoyed up with the happy

assurances of all that was beautiful in scenery, rich in agriculture, and comfortable in reality among the peasantry. Bantry, and the mountains of Kerry, Skibbereen, and Glengariff would vanish before the fertile fields of the County of Down, and the sparkling waters of Lough Neagh.

Making "fair deductions" for the strong propensity in nations and sectarians to magnify the defects and lessen the virtues of such as differ from them, either in opinion or practice; and knowing that the south and north were quite antipodes in profession of Christianity, I yet found the remainder sufficient to give a surplus fund for the support of every rational expectation of what lay before me. My most anxious inquiry had ever been, What is truth respecting this land of poetry and song, "this misty isle of the sea" where love and hatred, sorrow and joy, plenty and want, beauty and deformity are so strangely comingled?

Finding the perplexity increase in proportion to observation, I now resorted to books, hoping that through a literary medium I might attain to more definite information of that portion of the country which is called the intelligent north. I did so. Here a hydra head is presented:—"Who is sufficient for these things?"—Who has the fearless candour to pen the "*truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,*" of a people so misunderstood?—Who can lift up this curtain and look in, and not find his interest, his politics, or his religion so identified, that when the brush is applied to the canvass, a little colouring *here*, a little concealment *there*, will best suit his own narrow bigotry, or quiet the fears of a government who has sent him; and above all, please the *whole* world, so that the whole world may buy his picture. In either of these positions has the mind sold its freedom to another, whose wayward caprices may lead the writer into fearful mistakes, or dangerous misrepresentations.

Though the author of the following pages may escape these snares, yet another as formidable may, if not *sternly* opposed, under as specious a pretence, so blind

the *true* light, that a confused if not *mutilated* picture may be given ; I allude to the danger of that excessive pity or blind fondness, which a kind mother feels for a deformed or half-idiot child, which all the world, if not the *father himself*, sets aside as a thing of nought.

With these preliminaries and concessions, I throw myself upon the indulgence of the reader, while I collect from the best authority in possession, a brief outline of the early history of these monumental and enduring curiosities, which so much abound in every part of the island, with the origin and character of the people, who have long since departed, leaving undisputed traces of deep research and devoted piety. It seems to be the propensity of all nations to boast of great antiquity, if they are found in a low estate, and their pedigree in the least doubtful. So with Ireland. The most abased peasant when you allude to the present condition of that country, falls back upon relics of ancient date, tells you of great men and valorous kings, of saints, and schools of learning, of horses shod with silver shoes, and caparisoned with all that is rich in ornament ; and even the titled gentleman talks blusteringly of princely descent, of kings who drank from golden cups in Tara's Hall, whose name is linked with his ; and whether you find him in hall or cabin, he was *once* "on *one* side of the house" a great stock. That the country is an *old* one, all writers of research and candour agree. Cambrensis and the psalters of Cashel, both assert that Ireland must have been settled as early as three hundred years from the flood ; in this, the records of Tara, which are the most ancient and as well accredited as any in Ireland, coincide, asserting that the first settlers were from Syria, and their first landing was in Kerry, about one thousand in number, in sixty rude vessels. After them, various Asiatic tribes, and after these, the descendants of Phœnicia and Carthagenia, called Milesians, from Milesius their father named Heber, Heremon, and Ith, the first of that race who came to Ireland. Ith was killed in a voyage of pleasure he was making to Ireland, and Heber and Heremon conquered the Irish settlers

and divided the kingdom among themselves 752 years after the first settlers came ; when a quarrel between Heber and Heremon, drove the former into the neighbouring islands of Scotland, which are named Hebrides.

The descendants of Heremon retained the government for 2457 years, under the reign of 169 kings, and twenty-one invasions ; and after this long hold of independence, the policy of Henry II., king of England, aided by Pope Adrian IV.'s bull, deprived them of this power, and brought the island under popish jurisdiction by adding it to the holy see, that he might secure the Peter-pence from every native. Ireland was then famed for learning and piety, and in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries it was called the "Land of Saints" or "Island of Saints." Adrian felt that it would add much honour to Rome to annex it to her religion, but the contest was long, before the question was settled.

It was not till the sixth Lateran Council of Trent, in 1546, that they reluctantly consented to the new arrangement. The inferior clergy could not for a long time give up their ancient usages, and still nominated to ecclesiastical office and dignities. The Irish church, as it was then called, had not put on her gaudy robes of popery. The Druids, whose relics of worship now remain, had been routed entirely, and this "land of saints" had her colleges and schools in every part ; strangers flocked thither for education from neighbouring nations, and from these colleges men emanated into England, France, Switzerland and Italy, to establish colleges and monasteries. Ireland was then catholic, but not *Roman catholic*. The authority of the pope she had not acknowledged, and this I have found, by reading the early history of the nation, is the reason why they still shrink from being called Roman catholic, considering it a term of reproach, although they have gradually submitted to all her terms and creeds, yet as it is in regard to the English yoke, as Bishop Hughes of New York has said, it was incomplete conquest that put it on, and it never *has*, nor never *can* sit easy.

England *then*, was not England *now*. The Norman

Conquest had made her desolate, her fields lay waste and the Saxons were deprived of all civil rights: they were bought and sold with the land, and in the reign of Henry II., Giraldus states, that the number exported to Ireland for sale, overstocked the market. The Scotch too we are told in almost every cottage kept an English slave, and the whole of England was in deep distress. The name of Saxon was a term of great reproach, while the Norman chiefs overrun, and took possession of the towns and lands, and divided them among their vassals.

The "Island of Saints," began to wane, when Adrian IV., who was formerly an Englishman, got the Roman see established in Ireland. Henry was offered the lordship of the island, on condition that he would maintain the papal supremacy, extend the borders of the church, correct the manners of the inhabitants, and bring them entirely under the laws of the Romish church. As an acknowledgment of this papal power, vested in Henry, the annual tax of one penny for every house, was levied to be delivered over to St. Peter.

This bull of the pope was accompanied by a *gold* ring, adorned with an emerald, "as a token of Henry's investiture of the right to rule over Ireland." The struggle was long before all this was accomplished. Henry had rebellions to quell at home, headed by his own sons, and his *pious mission* to the land of saints, found great obstructions. But Ireland's dark day was approaching. The Milesian power, which had existed a little more than 2500 years, at last was destroyed by the treachery of Dermot Macmurchad, king of Leinster, who was a monster of cruelty, and hated by his subjects, but kept his power by the protection of O'Lochlan, who preserved the sovereignty of Ireland. This great monarch died in battle, and Roderic O'Connor ascended the throne. Dermot's territories were invaded, his subjects all deserted him, he set fire to his capital, and fled to England, to solicit the assistance of the Normans, was received graciously by the Norman king, who tendered his assistance to set him again on his throne in Leinster. Henry too, who was then in France, sent him letters patent,

granting "license and favour," to all such Norman, English, Scotch and Welsh, who should assist Dermot in regaining his kingdom.

Through the instrumentality of Strongbow, son of the Earl of Pembroke, who was then in Wales conquering the south of that country, Dermot accomplished his nefarious designs. Strongbow, by his profligacy, had become ruined in fortune—fighting was his great delight, and he had acquired the name, Strongbow, by his dexterity in archery. Dermot made him an offer of the inheritance of Leinster in perpetuity, and his daughter Eva in marriage. Strongbow assented like a wise warrior, and a company of desperadoes, broken in fortune, and knights of military skill, but in fortune minus, set out for Ireland. They landed—Roderic O'Connor scattered them into the fastnesses of the wild districts on the banks of the Slaney, and Dermot deceitfully submitted, renounced all claim to the government of Leinster, in the meantime dispatched messengers to Wales for assistance, and assistance was granted. In the early part of May, 1170, the Norman invaders, consisting of 40 knights, 60 men in coats of mail, and 500 archers, landed in Ireland, and with this small force boldly attempted its invasion, and strange as it may seem, they succeeded, and succeeded because the Irish monarch rallied not against the invading force. Dermot collecting all his strength, joined the invaders at a creek called the Bann, in the county of Wexford. The inhabitants defended themselves for a time with great bravery, but at the instigation of the clergy, they capitulated, and Wexford was surrendered into the hands of Dermot and his Norman allies.

Some historians have imputed this to compunctions of conscience, which the people felt on account of their treatment to Dermot in former days, and the clergy had received great contributions to their church from this unprincipled king, and as in the days of Solomon, so then, and so now, "A gift blindeth the eyes."

Wexford was now in the enemy's hands. Strongbow was not in this invasion, but soon arrived with an army of 1200 men. Waterford was taken, and a dreadful

slaughter of men, women and children followed. Dermot arrived in the midst of this bloodshed and carnage, and manifested his joy by having the marriage of Eva his daughter solemnised with Strongbow. This was the first union of England with Ireland, and surely it has never been forgotten by either party. The invaders determined to march to Dublin, and the city was carried by assault. Rapine, fire, and murder, followed in the wake of the blood-thirsty Strongbow, and though desperately opposed, yet the Irish, fighting at random, and divided into parties, were always in the end unsuccessful, and their want of arms, insubordination, and ignorance of military tactics, rendered them an easy prey to their enemies. The Normans were clad in steel, the horses as well as men, and Strongbow went on to conquest against the unarmed Irish, whose bravery availed but little, till the Danes of the Hebrides and the Isle of Man, united with the native Irish, and an immense army marched to Dublin, of 30,000 men, and Strongbow for the first time felt himself in danger. His subjects had many of them deserted him. Wexford had revolted, and Strongbow, after standing a siege of two months, offered to capitulate with Roderic, who refused any terms, but that the Normans should leave the island. This was refused, and a desperate assault on the Irish camp scattered them in confusion, and the enemy now fixed his grasp on this ill-fated people. The well-clad disciplined Normans, trained to war, with their cross-bows and cloth-yard shafts, moving in orderly array, struck down and trampled under foot the panic-struck Irish. Success was certain, and Henry became alarmed at the powerful prosperity of Strongbow, and commanded all his subjects to return, and forbade any more arms or ammunition to be exported, when the subtle Strongbow went in person, conciliated Henry, surrendered the city of Dublin with the seaports he had taken, but Henry consented that he should retain all his Irish possessions, upon condition of homage and fealty to the English crown.

Henry with a powerful fleet landed in Waterford in 1171. Civil war was then raging in some parts of Ire-

land, and taking advantage of this, Henry took the conciliating name of "Protector"—this was the charm, as kind words always have been, to the warm-hearted Irish, and the foolish people hastened to pay him homage. Desmond, king of South Munster, resigned his estates to Henry—other kings did the same, and Henry marched into Dublin as a glorious monarch, made a splendid entertainment to the vassal princes, and as a kind missionary of religion, commenced a reform of the Irish church. A synod of Irish princes and prelates assembled at Cashel, and the following decrees were enacted :—

1st. "That all unlawful marriages with relatives should be abolished by the faithful. 2nd. That infants should be catechised before the doors of the church, and baptised in the holy font in the baptismal churches. 3rd. That all the faithful should pay tithes of animals, corn, &c., to the church where they belonged ; and 4th. That all ecclesiastical bonds should be exempt from the exactions of all laymen."

To these salvos were added, that neither petty kings nor any powerful men in Ireland should exact, as had been the custom, victuals and hospitable entertainments, or extort them by force ; and that the food which had been required four times a-year, by the neighbouring counts, from farms belonging to churches, should be claimed no more.

In the midst of these *grand* church reforms, Henry was called home to England to quell the rebellions of his sons, and left these "reformed churches" and newly-conquered districts in the hands of Norman barons to regulate. Connaught and Ulster remained independent, regulated their own churches and wars as best they could.

These Norman keepers of "church and state," did not religiously regard the exalted station in which they were left, and the duped Irish found themselves in the power of lawless plunderers, who despoiled them of their lands, till the "affection" which was professed to exist towards the English government under Henry, manifested itself in opposition toward these unprincipled Normans, who

spread desolation wherever they could, till Roderic attempted a subjugation, was defeated, and in 1175 he submitted to the Anglo-Norman king as his liege lord, binding himself to pay an annual tribute to England, and bear the name of King of Ireland. The kings of England, were lords paramount, and the Irish kings as mere vassals of the Norman princes.

To describe what followed, would only be an irksome detail of civil and cruel wars. Strongbow died unlamented—wars and dreadful carnage ensued—Ulster and Connaught were laid waste—the whole nation was in anarchy—each petty monarch struggling for ascendancy—all law and humanity were trampled upon, by Irish, English, and Normans. Sons were opposed to fathers, and fathers to sons, and the greatest cruelties were practised by all parties. Bridges and rocks are now shown as the memorable spots where innocent people were tortured, their limbs broken, and then thrown over the rocks into the sea, and so impressed were these scenes upon the mind, that they have been handed down from father to son, by oral tradition, from cabin to cabin, till the wildest mountain boy will point the traveller to some famed memento of the “bloody Normans,” or the “blackguard Cromwell,” and “Queen Bess,” who followed in the wake some few centuries after.

Henry had designed the portion of Ireland which he had left in charge to the Normans for his son John, who in 1184 was twelve years of age; and Prince John was sent to Ireland, to take possession of his inheritance, confirmed to him by the Pope. The Irish chieftains, who had quietly submitted to the Normans, attired in their best, presented themselves with all due loyalty to their new sovereign. Their national costume was a linen vest, flowing mantle, long locks, and bushy beard. Many of these chiefs were venerable old men, and this young stripling prince, and his courtiers, received them with ridicule and insult, plucked them by the beard, mocked their manners, and at last thrust them from their presence.

These chiefs, burning with revenge, returned, and the

country was roused to indignation, and like Pilate and Herod, the contending chiefs laid aside all animosity, and resolved to unite as one man and drive out these invaders. The young prince and his courtiers, revelling in undisturbed debauchery, little dreamed what was impending, and castles were simultaneously attacked, the Normans cut to pieces, and the proud young John lost the most of his army.

Henry took the alarm, gave the reckless warrior De Courcy the government, called home his son, and by the treachery of the Irish chiefs, Ireland was subdued in part by De Courcy, and another "incomplete conquest" was the result. Henry died in 1189, leaving the country in a wretched state, for but a small part of the island had tamely submitted to his yoke, and the old Irish chieftains maintained the same usages among their subjects as ever had been practised, leaving the customs and manners unchanged, anarchy everywhere prevailed, and the sword and famine swept the inhabitants by thousands. Bribery was now practised among the chiefs, who hired themselves out to fight on any side where rapine and plunder offered the richest reward. Henry had appeared in Ireland as a missionary of the gospel and a reformer of the church, and the better to secure his object, he had attempted to bribe the clergy, who long withstood this baseness. He enjoined tithes for the payment of the priesthood, but the most of them refused the offer, and tithes were not collected, and for a long time tithes were unpaid.

Henry next found another able tool in the form of John Comoyne, an Englishman, whom he created Archbishop of Dublin, and a system of corruption followed in the Irish church which seven hundred years have not been able entirely to efface. About one-third of the country at that time acknowledged a foreign power, and what were the majority doing, why, like a high-spirited boy, who had been beaten unmercifully for what he never deserved and consequently was never subdued, he looks with jealousy on the pet brother who has been kept docile by cakes and sweetmeats, and loses no opportunity

of vexing and holding in derision the hated favourite. So these unsubdued chieftains and their subjects hated these English colonists, who were allowed to plunder them, as barbarians, whenever they could be powerful enough ; and as they were considered outlaws for their refusal of the foreign yoke, so to kill a native Irishman was counted no crime, when interest or convenience made it necessary.

The authority no less than Sir John Davis, an English Attorney-General is, that for the space of 350 years after the first attempted conquest, the English laws were not communicated to the people, and they had no benefit of them. They were entirely out of their protection, and might be killed at option without any redress. Consequently, they were enemies to the crown of England, and all subsequent lullabys of "a good time coming ;" if under the monotonous hum they have dozed a little, yet it has only served to give their eyes a clearer vision when they have aroused from their slumber, and unsubdued, unfed, unpaid, they still give fearful proofs that a lively sense of injustice is rankling within. Here let us pause, and cheerfully render unto "Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's." It is an historical fact, given by Moore, Taylor, and others, that it was the Normans, and not the Saxons, who were the foreign invaders and conquerors of Ireland. When the Normans first invaded it, there were scarcely any Saxons in the country but slaves, who had been purchased at the Bristol market, and a convention of the clergy, after the invasion by Dermot, declared that the success of the Normans was owing to the sin of the Irish in purchasing slaves, and all slaves were immediately set at liberty, and the Romish church now prohibits the traffic, on pain of excommunication.

Another important item in the history of this people is, that before the Norman invasion, the land was held by the tenantry, at the option of the chiefs, and at a moment's warning they might be dispossessed. The Normans gladly availed themselves of this privilege, preferring serfs to solid yeomanry ; thus this virtual

slavery, began with the Irish, and perpetuated by the Normans, now receives its crowning finish by the English government, who, in Elizabeth's time, garnished this sepulchre afresh, by hereditary entailment, only *suffering* the labourer to remain, for the convenience of the landlord, who would throw him adrift whenever a whim should dictate.

Let the bones of the starved multitude, in the bogs and mountains of the west, who have died without shelter in 1849, now testify to the truth, and let generations unborn stand appalled when they read the story.

It needs no skill in politics to see, that there can be no mutual interest, when but one party alone is benefited, and if the Irish tenant take no interest in the landlord, who withholds from him every right of soil, he may thank his own injudicious policy, that should compel the tenant so to feel, and when any better prospect by insurrection offers, he need not be disappointed nor cry out ingratitude, though his unrewarded tenant joins the strongest party against him. Taylor, in his history of the Irish wars says, that the Norman monarchs found that the degenerate English were more difficult to manage than the Irish, their whole aim seemed to be to prevent the influence of the British government, in order to maintain their own ground. An English pale was formed embracing the first possessions of the Anglo-Normans, including the eastern and south-eastern coast of Ireland. Here was pronounced to be the only civilized part of Ireland, the rest were under no laws, and maintained no rights, but what were granted by force; and they barbarously fought on, mutual murderers of each other, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The faithful creature did what she could, and did it *well*, to make these barbarians succumb.

Beside the O'Connors of Connaught, MacMurroughs of Leinster, O'Lochlans of Meath, O'Briens of Thomond, five families of O'Neils of Ulster, there were no families in Ireland but were held as aliens, and could neither sue nor be sued in the English courts of law, and whenever these aliens complained, or made any resistance to robbery or

murder, a cry of rebellion was raised, and hence, whenever they have manifested any pain under the scathing, blistering, and starving, through which they have constantly been passing, a force is immediately rallied to put down the "rebellious Irish." To English history I appeal, when the statement is disputed, that whenever the Irish attempted to defend their own rightful possessions, they were denominated rebels against government, when they are not acknowledged as *subjects* of British government. The families just mentioned were the only "*Free blood*" among the Irish, and when any *out* of this blood were murdered, the accused had only to plead that the murdered was not of the "*Free bloods*," and he was acquitted.

Thus affairs continued under the different kings of England. Richard Cœur de Lion left Ireland no better than he found it; his brother John, whose name is mentioned only in abhorrence by English as well as Irish, the former resisted successfully, but Ireland found no redress. This John visited Ireland in 1210, the Irish princes paid homage to him; he made a second visit and carried new English laws for his English subjects, but excluded the Irish from any participation. Henry III. in 1216, did the same, extended the privileges of Magna Charta to all but the natives; and though these despised outcasts entreated repeatedly to be brought within the English pale, they were always rejected.

The foolish policy of the barons and new owners of the soil, was to keep them as outlaws, that they might oppress with impunity; so does slavery strive to hide its head; the aristocracy of Ireland *then* might find a fellow-feeling in the slave-holder, and *now* he must not wince, though he may be suspected of wanting the meekness of Moses and the justice of Solomon. It is a remarkable fact that through all this oppression of the Irish, the English monarchs always turned to them for help in wars with their enemies; and against the Welsh and Scotch they have always assisted the English.

Edward I. in 1272, repeated the same cruelties, mur-

dering the native Irish, giving no protection to man or woman in any case ; yet these confiding outcasts furnished him with an immense army to attempt the conquest of the Scotch.

CHAPTER III.

“ And Athenry’s hall of slaughter
“ Shall hide but half her dead.”

It is truly a long road that never turns, and when a leaf is turned over for Ireland, the new side is always the worst.

Edward had marched to Scotland with his Irish and Welsh army, and after some successful battles, the ever to be remembered one of Bannockburn gave the native Irish hope that they might get their freedom if they had a skilful leader ; and the Ulster chiefs invited Robert Bruce to their aid. He sent his brother Edward, to whom they offered the crown of Ireland in May, 1315, and with an army of six thousand he landed in Carrickfergus ; the Irish joined him, and the English settlements were destroyed without mercy. Some of the English settlers declared for Bruce—Fedlim, king of Connaught, for awhile aided the English, then went over to Bruce who was crowned at Dundalk, returned to Ulster, and at Northburgh Castle he held a court, with all the formalities of an Irish monarch.

In the year following he was preparing for a new contest, when he received the sad intelligence that his ally Fedlim O’Connor had been defeated in a pitched battle, and that eleven thousand Irish were slain. This was in Galway County, near Athenry.

Bruce redoubled his energy, and desolated the country to the walls of Dublin, was defeated at last, in 1317, and the English rallied to drive the invaders from the country. Famine now raged, and so dreadful was the scourge, that the dead were taken from their graves, and

the flesh cut off and boiled in their skulls.* The Scotch army was reduced, and again were the Irish destined to their usual fate—*defeat*; for Edward Bruce, in spite of all remonstrance risked a battle, with 2000 men, against an English force of 15,000, and at Tagher, near Dundalk, October, 1318, his army was mostly destroyed, and he found dead, with Sir John Maupas, lifeless, stretched on his body.

Here we find the miserable Irish again, their sanguine leader dead, and they under Edward III., in a worse condition than ever. The aristocracy were most unmerciful, the English barons over them were but a step above savages, quarrelled among themselves, and the country was overspread with plunder, and slaughter. The Irish again applied for the protection of English laws, but were again denied; and though the English were determined to prevent intermarriages between the two races, yet in the remote districts they often occurred. Great efforts were made to check this, but like prohibited marriages in private life, the contest generally ends in a runaway match.

Thus hated as were the savage, “rebellious” Irish, yet the savage invading English “become more Irish than the Irish themselves;” many of them renounced the English dress and put on the Irish,—took the Irish names, and used their language,—and thus became so identified that they were not known. This amalgamation has descended to the present generation, and accounts for that wide difference which is now perceivable in every part where a genuine Irish family of the “olden blood” can be traced. The stranger who enters these families, feels at once, however great or honourable they may be, that he is a free and welcome guest—that all the urbanity and kindness proffered, proceed from a sincerity of heart that cannot be misunderstood. They are polite without affectation—hospitable without ostentation—entirely free from any fear of contamination, by a generous condescension to their inferiors. Their servants are a “part

* Camden.

and parcel" of themselves, interested for their masters, as a necessary result arising from the masters' interest for them, and without any cringing servility, they show a proper respect, and pay them all due honour, arising from choice, and not from fear.

The mixed race are everywhere found among the nobility and gentry; and here the stranger is early made acquainted with the high pedigree of the family he is visiting, on one "side of the house," they are careful to tell you that they are of "high blood," either English or Irish, and sometimes Scotch. Their servants too, are made more distinctly to feel the importance of this "high blood," and must keep up a studied deference which, in many cases amounts to degradation. This applies principally to "upstarts," as they are properly called, who have late in life become initiated into a little gentility by marriage, or some sudden patrimony which has fallen to them from "one side of the house."

"I hate the lower order of Irish," said one of these; "you must know that my family on the mother's side, are a branch of the old English nobility, and we have always kept ourselves from mingling with the Irish, as much as possible."

Do you know, said the governess of a family of the *true* Irish, who Mr. — is? He descended in a straight line from a princely family, but he is so far from boasting, that he has enjoined upon his friends not to mention the circumstance to guests and strangers; "*do not*," she added, "expose me."

It is greatly to be regretted that the *true* Irish character, is being swallowed and hidden in the various mixtures which are found among them. It makes them neither one nor the other—neither "Jew nor Greek," "barbarian or Scythian"—and in proportion as the Irish is lost they become vain and affected, especially when a smattering of education is put on without a disciplining of the heart.

Let this digression serve as a little halting place after continued battles, to rally fresh strength, to follow rapidly in a direct line the recital of wars and sufferings

and wrongs unparalleled of so long continuance in any people.

Now a new expedient was tried to break up this mingling of races, by turning to the "degenerated English," as they were called, who associated with the Irish, and "excluding from all share in the government the old colonists of the country," while none but those of English birth should be eligible to office among those who are included in the English pale. This was so strongly opposed, that the dispute was settled by limiting the exclusion to the native Irish, and the distinction between English by birth and English by descent was now introduced.

Now follow the "statutes of Kilkenny," and "Whoso readeth, let him understand."

In 1367, when Edward had tried his skill about forty years at reigning, a parliament of the lords and pale was held at Kilkenny, and these statutes were enacted: "That intermarriage with the natives, or any connection with them, in the way of fostering and gossipred, should be considered and punished as *high treason*; that any man of English race assuming an Irish name, or using the Irish language, apparel, or customs, *should forfeit all his lands and tenements*; that to adopt or submit to the Brehon law, (the ancient law of Ireland) was *treason*; that the presentation of 'mere Irishmen' to any ecclesiastical benefice, or the admission of them to religious houses, was *penal*; that to admit Irish cattle to pasture or graze upon the lands of the English was also *penal*; as well as to entertain any Irish bard, minstrel, or storyteller, who perverted the imagination by romantic tales."

These laws, as Lord Clare has said, had their full effect, for "they were a perpetual declaration of war." English blood as well as Irish was aroused—the authority of the English declined, and the distinction between Normans and Saxons was fast waning, but the statutes of Kilkenny were to endure between natives and invaders, so long as seed-time and harvest should remain, and here they stand, under the names of Norman barons and Irish

natives—the “English rebels,” the “Irish enemies,” and “lords of the pale.”

Next comes Richard II., who did nothing for Ireland while living, and after paying them two military visits, in the first of which the native chiefs paid him homage, and in the second he was called back to contest his crown, he terminated his own life in Pontefract Castle.

Henry IV., in 1399, now usurped the throne, but did nothing for Ireland. Henry V. had so much to do with fighting battles with France, that the Irish natives, taking the advantage of the weakness of English unassisted power, so far succeeded in regaining their old possessions, that the Speaker of the “House of Commons” declared “that the greater part of the lordship of Ireland had been conquered by the natives,” and the lordships were driven to the sad alternative of buying off the hostility of the Irish, by paying an annual amount under the name of “Black Rent.”

During the reign of Henry VI., the appointment of Richard Duke of York to the lieutenancy of Ireland, was an important event. He found the country in a miserable state, and, secured with large powers from the English king, he set about reforming the state of the country—placed the native Irish under the same laws as the English enjoyed ; but in the beginning of this sunshine, he was called back to England to quell an insurrection there ; he made Henry prisoner, but his queen consort took the field, marched against the Yorkists, and so defeated them, that Richard fled to Ireland, was hailed as their prince, but again was called back to England, to aid his son Edward with 5000 Irishmen, but Madame Margaret, Henry’s consort, rallied an army four times larger, killed 3000 of the Irish ; Richard also fell, and thus ended all present hope for Ireland.

Passing on to Henry VII., the English dominions in Ireland consisted only of the counties of Dublin, Louth, Kildare, and Meath, Irish laws governed all beside ; these made inroads upon the pale, while the landed lords

were absent, during the wars of the houses of York and Lancaster. To prevent this, the pale formed a fraternity, taken from the four counties, called "Brothers of St. George." These brothers, only thirteen in number, commanded a "force of 120 archers on horseback, forty men-at-arms, and forty pages." This army was reduced to forty archers and forty spears in 1478. This, then, was the formidable army the English maintained in Ireland, at an expense of £600. annually, which if Ireland could not pay, England should aid; and with these forces the parliament of the pale, by enforcing and adding salutary laws, hoped that they should keep in awe the rebel "enemies."

In 1446, it was enacted, that "Any man who does not keep his upper lip shaved, may be treated as an Irish enemy." A few years after, these "rebels," still uneasy, drew forth another enactment, by the same pale: "If an Irishman, who is denizened, kill or rob, he may be used as an Irish enemy, and *slain on the spot.*" In 1463, an enactment reads, "That any body may kill thieves or robbers, or any person going to rob or steal, *having no faithful men of good name and English approval in their company;*" and that the Irish within their pale shall *wear English habits, take English names, and swear allegiance, on pain of forfeiture of goods.*" William Sherwood, Bishop of Meath, in 1475, drew the cord still tighter, and enacted that, "*any Englishman injured by a native not amenable to law, might reprise himself on the whole sept and nation;*" and we find them no bettered in 1485, when a parliament, held at Dublin, authorized the men of the town of Ross *to reprise themselves against robbers*, in other words, they might rob the innocent to regain previous losses. Now, for any reader or writer to sit in judgment on these laws, would be as absurd as to call a court to decide whether the sun shines; they carry their own evidence, and need no jury. This William Sherwood was an English catholic, and the natives were likewise catholics.

In the reign of Henry VII., a rebellion in England broke out, and the Irish barons, with the Earl of

Kildare at their head, rallied, declared for the Earl of Warwick, then a prisoner in the Tower, and crowned Simnel, a young man who personified the Earl of Warwick, by the title of Edward VI. The Irish chiefs lent their aid, invaded England, and were defeated by Henry, who was eventually confirmed more strongly in his throne.

We are now approaching a new era, and Ireland was to be attached to the English crown. Three hundred years of ineffectual struggling by unjust and *barbarous* laws, had taught the people of England, that however undeserving these chieftains and "enemies" might be, yet a different policy must be pursued, or the already weakened power of English government over them would entirely fall, and that agrarian despotism had not that germ of life which would eventually produce a tree, whose leaves would be for the "healing of the nations." Every wise gardener understands that a crooked and knotty tree, however it may need cutting and pruning, yet this very cutting and pruning will require abundance of watering and manuring, or the tree dies. Henry saw this, and determined to change Ireland for the better, and chose Sir Edward Poyning to be the agent for effecting his purpose. Poyning was feared by the people, and connected with several of the most powerful Irish chiefs. His first work was to correct the self-elected body "packed by the Anglo-Irish aristocracy wholly to favour its own interests, assembling when and how they pleased," and enacting whatever might suit their own exigencies; and though called by the name of parliament, it contained no more of its features than did the assemblies on the hill of Tara, among the ancient septs, nor did their laws approach to the well-being of the Irish as did those of that celebrated congregation.

Poyning assembled a parliament at Drogheda; and here the act called Poyning's Law was passed. Let us compare these laws with the preceding:—First, no parliament should be held in Ireland without the consent of the king of England, and for all acts to be submitted to it. Another was, to correct the abuses done by the barons,

who retained an army, made peace or war when they pleased ; and private wars were prohibited. "Coyne and livery" were restricted, that is, the liberty of the English pale to quarter their army upon the natives, requiring food and entertainment for men, and forage for horses ; pillage and plunder, and all manner of debauchery was practised. The war-cries of the barons were prohibited, the words were "Farrah Farrah," meaning encouragement.

These laws had a tenfold object ; first, to suppress the power of the barons in the English pale, and at the same time to extend the power of England ; and it finally became universal through the kingdom, as the authority of the English government extended.

These laws did not get into operation for some time, for the same reason that ever had been when any change was in operation—*perpetual feuds*. Now the Butlers and Geraldines were at war, beside insurrections and inroads by the maddened natives, mixed up as they were with so many lord deputies, when the discouraged Earl of Surrey, then deputy, writes to Cardinal Wolsey,—“This land can never be brought into obedience but with compulsion and conquest ; and most humbly I beseech your grace, that if the king’s pleasure be not to go *thorough* with the conquest of this land, which would be a marvellous charge, no longer to suffer me to waste his grace’s treasure.”

It would seem that slow advances had been made to subjugate these ever restless Irish, when John Alen was sent to England, to acquaint the king of the true state of Ireland ; and "*hear, hear,*" the report from a document published under authority of the English crown says, that the English order, tongue, and habit were used, and the English laws obeyed, within a district of "*twenty miles in compass,*" having sixty districts of Ireland under chieftains, and thirty under chiefs of Anglo-Norman descent, not acknowledging the English laws, and only five counties under English pale, and these but partially, and unless measures were adopted to execute the laws, this little piece would be lost. This report, after a long detail of the difficulties respecting

the "wild Irish," concludes by—"No doubt, if there was justice used among them, they would be found as civil, wise, politic, and active as any other nation." Let this be written not only in italics, but in capitals over the door-posts of the House of Parliament in 1850, *Let justice once be tried for Ireland.* More than three hundred years had England maintained a few miles of territory, and how much had she achieved? how much land had she possessed during all this struggle? and what were her future prospects?

Something must be done, and something *was* done. In the person of Henry VIII. were combined materials for accomplishing famous deeds. This "Defender of the Faith" of the Romish Church found it convenient to change his faith, and took upon him the title of "Supreme Head of the Church in England." His wives were only six, certainly not so many as the "wise man" possessed, and though there might be some loop-holes in his kingship's character, yet these could easily be filled by ardent and *burning* zeal for the church; for whoever refused to sign his creeds, whether catholic or protestant, was burned or hanged. He had a "linsey-woolsey" garment, which was neither one or the other, and he is said to have sent to execution, on the same cart, three protestants and three catholics; the protestants were burned, the catholics hanged, drawn and quartered. Strange to believe that the Parliament should sustain such a monster; but the bill of the "Six Articles" called the "Bloody Statute," gives the proof that they not only sanctioned him, but placed unlimited power in his hands to enforce the basest laws. His object seemed to be revenge on the pope for having refused him a divorce, and to gratify that inordinate love of power and tyranny which was his predominant aim. To extend this power, he must needs have Ireland. The "*twenty miles circuit*" within the English pale was a scanty pittance for a heart that grasped the world. The crusade commenced. The highest dignitaries of the church were first assailed, and they found George Brown a good agent to carry on the movement. He

was Archbishop of Dublin, and a *state church* was a new-fangled, alluring bait, and he attempted the reformation without imagining what an unruly flock he had been tending ; the whole of Ireland was then catholic, yet there was the English and the Irish church. The English church was a tool of government, which the Protector Henry put there, and the latter was one of the people, the priests always ranging on their side when despotism threatened, and had well secured the affections of the people. These two churches were always at variance, separated by race, by language, and discipline. We are here told that the Romish church in Ireland have always been in opposition to the royal power.

Henry first summoned a Parliament, declaring himself head in the church, and "his right to first-fruits instead of the pope," granting to him and his heirs the twentieth part of the annual profits of all ecclesiastical promotions, and the king's right to dispose of the kingdom of England and the lordship of Ireland by letters patent, or by will. Opposition arose, spiritual proctors were expelled from the parliament who opposed, and the bill was carried. Next, an act was passed to suppress religious houses, and to confiscate the property to the crown, which was immediately done.

Lord Grey, with a great army, marched through Ulster, and many of the chiefs submitted, and took the oath of supremacy. O'Neil of Ulster rallied an army, and marched to Tara, collected booty on his return, was attacked by the English, and defeated. Henry now reached the summit at which he was aiming—parliament proclaimed him king. Great changes now took place. Multitudes of the Milesian chiefs changed their honours for those of English peerages ; bonfires were kindled, and wine was placed in the streets, so great was the rejoicing. Henry took care to confer honours upon the greatest disturbers of the peace. O'Neil was created Earl of Tyrone, De Burgh Earl of Clanricarde, and O'Brien Earl of Thomond ; and the country, after these opiates were administered, had peace for a few

years. But Edward VI. succeeded Henry, the Protector Somerset attempted to enforce a new liturgy upon the people, and the whole country rose in opposition. Terrible persecutions followed; the people who had tamely put on the yoke of Henry, found, to their disappointment, that they had sold their birthright. New coercive acts were passed, and soldiers were the dispensers of the laws to establish this christianity of the Lord Jesus; churches were robbed, and the highest bidder took the spoils. The reformed clergy stood modestly aloof, not preaching more than once a year, and left the faithful soldiers to establish the new faith and liturgy by sharpness of the sword, and this was done in obedience to the state. Taylor has justly said that, the first impression of the new system was, that "it sanctioned sacrilege and robbery."

When Mary ascended the throne, she overturned all this religion, and scattered the liturgy to the four winds, burning no less than three hundred persons, who were protestants, in England; but in Ireland she had no burning to do—all cheerfully submitted, and not a life was taken. Many protestants left England, and fled to Ireland, where, though the country was catholic, yet they were allowed to worship unmolested, as they pleased. Mary found but little to do in Ireland, excepting extirpating the septs of O'Connors and O'Moores, in the counties named King and Queen's County; these were then called Leix and O'Falley. The English, to do this, perpetrated the most horrible massacres, and commemorated their bloody deeds by naming the chief towns of these counties Philipstown and Maryborough, after the king and queen.

I cannot pass to the next reign without pausing and turning back, to look at the incipient steps of the establishment of a national church in Ireland. In the first place, the instruments were base, and the carrying it on unchristian, and its continuance hated by the majority. Scattered through the length and breadth of the island are aggravating mementos of the ravages of brutal soldiers, who demolished, in part or entire, the most beau-

tiful churches, which, in the early ages of Ireland, were her highest ambition to adorn. Their ravenous hearts and hands have spared some few from the wreck, which they have fitted up and botched over, to chant their prayers to the victorious arm of Jehovah, who, they assure you, led them forth to the battle. The catholics look tacitly on, but what their hearts *feel* may be better told, should they get the ascendancy—but let it be recorded that all writers of integrity agree in this, that the catholics of Ireland have never shown that persecuting spirit that other portions of her body have done, when they had an opportunity; that is, they have never been *aggressors*; when they have been pounced upon, they have resisted, but even in their hottest rebellions they have spared many protestants whose lives and property have been in their power, when they have found them disposed to do justice. Gordon, who was a presbyterian minister, and lived in the rebellion of '98, writes, that as a just historian, he must say that the catholics showed a more conciliatory spirit towards their enemies than did their enemies to them, and that he and his family were preserved from the wholesale destruction which was promiscuously overwhelming all classes, by the kindness of a catholic priest, who warned him of danger, and protected him from it, because he had seen in him a desire to do justice. The same kindness was shown to his brother, who was a clergyman of the national church: he and his family were taken by a priest, and concealed and fed for a fortnight, from the mob, and then removed to a place of safety. He adds, that he was rebuked for acknowledging these favours, as they tended to flatter the catholics. But we are told that popery is the same in every heart and every clime—that her spirit is bitter and her anathemas merciless. The world has certainly found it so by fearful experience; inquisitions have exhausted their ingenuity in inventing tortures, and ceased at last more by compulsion than good-will. But is it easier to die by protestant torture than by catholic racks; and whoever doubts that protestants *can* torture, let them not only

read the rapacious wholesale butcheries of the Irish catholics in Elizabeth's reign, but see the *effects* of these butcheries all over that desolate island. In no country has popery left more *visible* mementos of her blighting touch than has protestantism *here* ; in no country has she more boldly said, "Give me your conscience, or I will not only *kill* but *eat* you," than have the protestants of Ireland.

The catholics of Ireland, before the days of Adrian, were even a more liberal and religious people than any other ; and it was long before they *nominally* put on the yoke of the pope, and their submission then was more *outward* than *inward* ; yet, from age to age have they gradually conformed to all the dogmas of that church in worship, clinging to their priests, because from generation to generation they had been interwoven with all classes—the poor as well as the rich ; and when they found themselves in the grasp of a *full-fed, full-paid*, aristocracy, who were demolishing their churches, confiscating their lands, and enforcing a religion upon them by a soldiery, who violated and killed their women, who wantonly destroyed all who would not attend their worship, which was performed in an unknown tongue, (for the English language was not so well understood by most of the common people, as was the Latin in which the priest performed mass ;) and beside, the exhortations from the altar were always in their own tongue, the Irish language, What *must*, it is asked, be the consequence? Had the protestants manifested at least a *tolerable* spirit of the gospel ; had they come among them in kindness, and manifested that it was *love*, not *power*—*Jesus Christ*, and not *English government*—they were wishing to introduce, they might now have been in *heart* a united people, whose God is the Lord.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Elizabeth, ye need not live again to be remembered.”

WE now approach a fearful crisis ; Mary's burning was a prelude to the mighty conflagration that was about to devastate not only England but Ireland. Elizabeth was not to be turned aside from any favourite object, and whoever opposed her will did it at his peril. On her ascendancy she ordered all Mary's “ got up ” catholic clergy to disband—to take off the frocks of the pope and put on *hers* ; and, like magic, no sooner *said* than *done*. And we are informed, that among the immense host which Mary had established, not more than 200 demurred, but instantly all put on the yoke of “ Queen Bess ; ” and certainly many of them have found it “ easy,” and the “ burden light.” And though, when she introduced her dogmas into Ireland, many of the English pale there turned over to protestantism, yet the *majority* of the Irish clergy stood fast. Leland says, “ *The greater part of the prelates were such as quietly enjoyed their sees, by conforming occasionally to different modes of religion.* ” And to this day is the practice quite common, for those who have been bribed into the protestant church, to carry a protestant prayer-book to the place of worship, and *say* the catholic prayers while the service is going on ; and this they do not deny.

When the queen met those incorrigible clergy, and found that her act of parliament had not taken effect, what must be done ? She ordered racks, and they were “ tortured, hanged, and quartered ; ” many of them had their brains beaten out upon the highway ; and an equal premium was offered for a wolf's head and the head of a priest. The Earl of Essex, the queen's deputy, found O'Neil struggling for the mastery of Ulster ; Munster was stirred up by the Butlers and Geraldines, and Connaught by the De Burghs. She convened a parliament,

and passed the "Acts of Supremacy and Conformity," for the re-establishment of the protestant worship. They handed over from the pope to the queen, the spiritual power to decide *all errors* in the church. And now, reader, what must be expected from an ambitious, ungodly, talented woman, invested with power like *this*? And who would not be as willing that a *pope* should lord it over the conscience as a *woman*? If a creed of faith must be concocted by ungodly men and women in power, and the length of prayers be enacted by an act of parliament, why not as well be bowing the knee and counting the beads before some Peter or James hung upon the wall, who are now in heaven, as to be kneeling over the gilt-edged leaves of a book whose prayers are indited by a spirit, which savors *outwardly* at least, of proselytism more than of the Holy Ghost, and the repeating of which serves to keep in remembrance the persecuting hearts, which "*inwardly digested*" and *outwardly* pictured them for the more insinuating purposes of the church's idolatry. But, leaving the *prayers*, let us descend to practicals. Here we find enough; the clergy who remained firm were driven from their posts and English shepherds substituted, which history has reported as being men of dissolute habits, greedy, covetous, and slothful; besides, they did not know a syllable of the language, as before has been stated; and the Irish, rather than submit to this rule imposed upon them, were slain by wholesale. Attempts were made to provoke them to rebellion against one another. In this they succeeded with John O'Neil, under pretence that he was *intending* to rebel. They sent a force against him; a truce was effected between the lord-deputy and himself; and the chief, in all the novel habiliments of a "wild Irish" leader, appeared before Queen Elizabeth, who was so smitten with admiration that she yielded to his requests, and he returned to Ireland laden with new honours, and confirmed in all his vast estates. English agents in Ireland were incensed at this—were continually representing to the queen that he was a dangerous man, and on the eve of insurrection. She only answered, "If he

revolts there will then be estates enough for you all." Taking advantage of this answer, her agents construed it into a liberty to provoke a revolt; they prepared their engines; O'Neil at first succeeded, but was afterwards overwhelmed—fled to the Hebrides. The Scots, glad to get a chief in their power who had once routed and slaughtered them, instigated by a British officer, slew him, and sent his head to Dublin. A bill was immediately passed by a packed parliament for a forfeiture of his estates, and vesting them in the crown.

The Earl of Desmond was now an object of plunder. He possessed vast estates in Munster, was an Anglo-Norman, and bold and powerful; he refused obedience to the lord deputy—was seized and sent to the Tower in London; at last he escaped, returned, and was at the head of his sept; the government made a superficial truce with him, his kinsmen immediately brought a force of Spaniards to re-conquer Ireland; the government were enraged—he was ordered to surrender—refusing, he was declared a traitor, and the most frightful war and massacres ensued. He boldly stood out for a time, captured the town of Youghal, defeating the Earl of Ormond. Lord Grey now put forth his brutal strength. Newly appointed to the station of lord deputy, he determined to act like a lord, and hearing that a small Spanish force had reached Munster with money and arms for 5000 men, he attacked the garrison of Limerick in Kerry, and they soon surrendered themselves to mercy, but quickly proved how cruel are the "tender mercies of the wicked," for they were all ordered to be butchered. Leland writes, that Wingfield was honoured with power to disarm them, when an English company was sent into the fort and butchered the whole of them! Here we find Walter Raleigh at the head; Spenser too did his part, and afterwards we hear him giving this advice: He recommended that the Irish should be granted twenty days to come and submit, after this no mercy should be shown, those who escaped the sword should be starved. His own words are, "The end will, I assure mee, bee very short, and much sooner than it can be in so great a trouble as

it seemeth hoped for, although there should none of them fall by the sword, nor be slain by the soldiour, yet thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint, they would quietly consume themselves, and devour one another."

Reader, do you believe this advice was heeded? Lord Grey set his men at work in earnest; butcheries of men, women, and cattle followed, the entire country of the Desmond estates was depopulated, Desmond was hunted into a cave or retreat in the wilds by Kelly, his head cut off and sent to Ormond, who forwarded it to the queen as a specimen of English valour and civilization then in Ireland.

Munster had little more to suffer, and Queen Elizabeth was informed that there was little else for her majesty to reign over than "*carcasses and ashes*," and one writer says, that for "six-score miles, whoever should travel, would find neither man, woman, or child, saving in towns or cities, nor yet see any beast but the very wolves, the foxes, and other like ravenous beasts."

The details of different writers are so horrid, that they would seem incredible, but facts, yes *living-scathing* facts, remain to attest that Ireland, above all other lands, has been steeped in cruel suffering, and the "smoke of her torment" is still ascending. In that age of Lord Grey, we hear that Ireland was "*purified*." Sir Walter Raleigh, shall it be repeated, had 40,000 acres in the county of Cork allotted to him, out of the 600,000 acres of arable land made over to the crown, for his massacre of the Spanish garrison at Limerick, and one of the conditions of these grants were, that none but English tenants should occupy them; the Irish were to be excluded, but they could not cultivate the land without Irish labourers, the plantations failed, and Irishmen again composed the rural districts.

John Perrot succeeded Grey, and was the reverse of his predecessor, endeavouring to allay all riots and instigations to war, and to give the country a just and impartial government; but in every movement his good intentions were thwarted; greedy officials under

government loved gain and plunder better than peace, and this good lord returned to England disgusted and disheartened, for he saw that it was determined, and connived at, as sound policy, to stir up the rebels occasionally, and "let them destroy one another;" for should they succeed in reducing the country to good order and civility, they would acquire power and riches, and then become alienated from England. "*Let us rather connive at their disorders.*" This authority is no less than Leland and "*Hibernia Parata,*" from Sir George Carew.

Let the patchings and botchings, the shutting up in workhouses, piling up broken stores mountain high by the starved labourers testify that *any* thing and *every* thing but justice and opportunity for a respectable standing among the nations of the earth must suffice; rather than give them equal rights and power, better daub them with temporary kindness when *actually* starving, than pull down their mud cabins, and send them to die like beasts upon the mountains. This is *actually* the condition of the wretched inhabitants in the Christian era of 1850. Thomas Perrot would have gladly averted these calamities, but had not power.

In Ulster Hugh O'Neil was restored to his estates, but jealousies were raised that protestantism was in danger, and what was *wished* that he *should* do, was attempted to provoke him *to do*, and the desire was accomplished. Sir John Norris and Lord Burgh prosecuted a vigorous war without success; De Burgh was slain near Armagh. Sir Henry Bagnal then undertook to subdue O'Neil; the armies met near the same place, 1500 of the royal army was slain, Bagnal fell, and much property in arms and ammunition, and great hopes were entertained that full emancipation was at hand for the Irish. O'Neil with much cunning management united many of the rival chiefs to combine and resist England; he then applied to Spain, and was encouraged with assistance, and all looked like sunshine to the hopeful Irish.

The ever wakeful Elizabeth was upon the alert. Essex was furnished with 20,000 men, and sent to meet

the bold O'Neil, who was not in the least intimidated ; but Essex took another route through the desolate land of Munster, and there met with nothing but a "plucking of feathers" from his gay army by the wild Irish, and the place is now known as the "Pass of the Plumes." He next marched against O'Neil ; but the chief, by gallantry and cunning, established a truce. The queen was incensed. Essex returned in disgrace, and Mountjoy, more skilled in war, with a well-disciplined army, was substituted. O'Neil would not at first be drawn into an engagement. Spain sent him 2000 men with an imbecile leader, Don Juan d'Aquila ; he landed in the south, and was blockaded by Mountjoy. O'Neil hurried to the rescue, and blockaded Mountjoy, who thus lay between both armies ; but the unwise Spaniards determined to attack them by night ; spies revealed the project to the English, who defeated the Spaniards, and O'Neil retreated to his quarters in the north.

Mountjoy pursued the same course with the north as had been done in Munster, destroying everything that fell in his way, and the state of the country drove the inhabitants to such fearful straits, that children fed on the flesh of their parents, and some old women were taken and executed for catching little girls, who were sent to drive out cattle in cold mornings, and killing and eating them. Morrison, who mentions this in his History of Ireland, says that Captain Trevor sent his soldiers to ascertain the facts, and the children's skulls and bones were found near the spot.

O'Neil struggled long, but his army was wasted by famine ; many were bribed by the English, and he at last was forced to terms of accommodation with the English. Mountjoy had the honour to grant him the benefits of his own estates, and the exercise of the catholic religion.

To detail the horrors of the reign of Queen Elizabeth would be disgusting and needless. She has done her work, and left an impress that can never be effaced ; while a shepherd boy lives among the rocks and wilds of that stricken country, the name of "Elizabeth" will

be held in hated remembrance. *Here* she hung and quartered a priest—*there* the nails of another were pulled out and he cut open ; some were hanged, beheaded, and then drawn in quarters. One bishop in 1593 had his legs immersed in jack-boots filled with quicklime and water, to force him to take the oath of supremacy, and then executed on the gallows. Now all this was done under the pretence of honour to the religion of Christ ; this butchering by wholesale under any and every pretence continued till this sanguinary woman had laid waste nearly the whole of that beautiful island. She went on from “conquering to conquer ;” when her ravenous soldiers had won a battle, the terms of peace were demolishing churches, forcing the oath of supremacy upon the people, or putting to death by the most cruel tortures. The most dishonourable means were used to kill and destroy all that remained of what was hostile to her faith. People were invited to feasts, and such too as had been peaceable belonging to the gentry, and then every one murdered. They went with assurances of protection, and were “*cut to pieces, and not a single one escaped.*” This was in Rathmore, where in answer to a kind proclamation of the queen, given to all the well-affected of the Irish, they had assembled, when lines of English “horse and foot surrounded these well-disposed credulous visitors, and destroyed with ruthless barbarity every one.

Bryan O’Neil was invited with his friends to another entertainment, and feasted three days, then an army surprised them, and men, women, and children were massacred. O’Neil, his brother and wife, were sent to Dublin and cut in quarters. We are answered frequently, when these facts are stated, that they are old stories, long since past—that Elizabeth is dead, and these things should be forgotten ; forgiven they should be, but how can they be forgotten. The type of oppression is often a *stereotyped* one, and must *always* be, so long as the causes of these oppressions remain unmoved. But look at Ireland *now*. Stale as the story may be, it must be reiterated till her wrongs are redressed—till that “bright

spot in the ocean" may look out in all the primitive beauty in which she was adorned before the hand of tyranny grasped her—yes, grating as the sound may be to refined ears, it has been *oppression* that has brought her to wring the last dregs of bitterness she is now tasting ; and humiliating as the statement must be, it is an oppression of so-called *Bible christianity*—this parceling out of lands to rapacious officers and soldiers, who would kill and quarter the most effectually, was the handiwork of those who tell you that their creed is based on the law of *love*—of doing to others as they would that others should do unto them ; and were I obliged to answer impartially what is the *great*, the *monster* evil of Ireland, I would say *holding the truth in unrighteousness*, planting the protestant faith by the sword, upon gardens and fields which they had ruthlessly plundered, and watering these fields by the blood of the slain, and then sanctimoniously crying out "*idolatry, idolatry*, priestcraft and worshipping of saints," is the grand evil of Ireland. *It is idolatry*, it is the worshipping of so-called saints that is the bane of Ireland—this mammon worship of the world, this taking from the original inhabitants the soil where they drew their first breath, and this cringing adherence to *living images* in the shape of kings, queens, and lord deputies, that have proved the *temporal* as well as *spiritual* evil of Ireland.

"Why should I read your blackguard book," said a shrewd Irishman, "when it tells you to tear down churches, take away lands from the poor, and put them to fadin' on the scrawl of a root that the vagabond of a Raleigh brought into the land."

Coarse as this expression may be, it is full of sound politics and theology ; it throws you upon the broad basis of truth, and nails you there ; dispute it who *can*, reflect upon it who *will*.

Go back to *first* principles, if you would find a truth, or eradicate an error, all else is putting a new piece into an old garment—"the rent is made worse."

Elizabeth reigned fifty years, and her footsteps are marked with cruelty and blood ; these footsteps were not

made in the sand, and it would seem that her successors, most of them, have been careful that the engraving should not be effaced—they have garnished the sepulchres which she built, and now they cry out *persecution, idolatry*, to all who will not admire and worship their pretty golgotha.

CHAPTER V.

“As your fathers did, so do ye.”

WE now come to James. Elizabeth had “pacified” Ireland by racks, gibbets, dungeons, and the gallows; she had expended £3,000,000. sterling on this work, had drenched the soil with the blood of her own sons and the “wild Irish,” and as she was told had “carcases and ashes” to reign over in the end. But *protestantism was established*, and it was left for James to put this protestantism into full play. Penal laws were in force, and his first work was to liberate all from prisons, except *murderers* and *papists*, and he boldly declared that he would grant no toleration to catholics, and would leave an everlasting curse on his posterity if they did not follow in his wake. The penal laws had prohibited that the catholics should hold any public worship, and compelled them to assist in protestant worship on Sundays and holidays; spies were set, who were called inquisitors, to report of any absentees, and the delinquents were imprisoned and fined. A few in Leinster and Munster, who had ventured to hold public worship, were pounced upon by an army under Mountjoy, Cork was besieged and yielded, Waterford, Clonmel, and Cashel retracted, peace was restored, and protestant worship triumphant, and James issued a proclamation, which, though it has been often copied, it may do well to read again:—
“Whereas his majesty is informed that his subjects of Ireland have been deceived by *false report*, that his

majesty was disposed to allow them liberty of conscience and the free choice of a religion, he hereby declares to his beloved subjects of Ireland, that he *will not* admit of any such liberty of conscience, as they were made to expect by such report." Accusations of plots were then made against the catholics, they were condemned without proof, their lands were confiscated, and the gunpowder plot, which remains to this day doubtful from what source, yet it proved a possession of not less than six entire counties to the crown in the north—Armagh, Cavan, Fermanagh, Derry, and Donegal. The Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel were the accused, and Sir Cahir O'Doherty, who resisted the government, was put down; and he, with the earls, saw his lands made over to the crown. The natives were driven into the mountains, and the Scotch and English took possession of land and houses. James had to contend with an old English party, who were catholics, descended from the barons of the pale, yet these had always stood aloof from Irish catholics, whom they had conquered; but the English government found all catholics alike, and James now summoned a parliament, and by one blow created fourteen new peers, put forty of the villages, which were most miserable, into boroughs, under the will of the crown. Opposition followed, but, by dint of management, James found cause to thank Sir Arthur Chichester for giving him so much of the confiscated lands, and then distributed them among English and Scotch, who were required to let no persons of Irish descent reside on the lands, neither should catholics, either English or Irish, have any inheritance among them.

Hence follows in London the Irish Society, which consists of the city of Derry, Coleraine, the fisheries, &c., bringing a revenue of £12,000. a-year. James went on, searched the old records in the Tower for flaws, always happy to find them; and jurors and witnesses were fined, cropped, &c., if they did not swear to suit the officers. And here is traced the foundation of that family's possession, now owned by the Earl of Rosse; and so great was the king's success that more than a

million of acres were added to the crown. He now undertook with Connaught, was about succeeding, when death took him home to a permanent patrimony in 1625.

Charles, his son, succeeded, and though leaning to catholicism, he had a minister who was prepared for any work against Ireland, and him he sent there, while he and Laud were contending at home, Laud for *religious* power, and he for *political*. The despotism of the Stuarts had brought England into a fearful state: profligacy reigned in the court, the liberty of the press was shackled, and the higher classes were in a state of gross immorality.

The middle classes aroused, and education revived, and with it a political independence: the despotism of Charles could not find full scope. The church took him under her wing; and now the Connaught landowners, fearing he would pursue the path that James had commenced, called a meeting in Dublin, and agreed to loan him the sum of £120,000., payable in three years, on the following rational conditions:—"proper security of their lands, administration of justice, the freedom of industry, regulation of the clergy, the restraining of tyranny of ecclesiastical courts, and the prevention of inquiries into the titles of estates after a limited period." Charles granted them, with the flattering title of "The Graces." He secured the money, and the next edict *was*, that the catholics should forbear their religious ceremonies. "The Graces" were not confirmed, and Wentworth was sent to Ireland to suppress the clamour which Connaught men were making. He summoned a parliament at Dublin, told them that two sessions would be held, one for granting of subsidies, another in regard to the redress of grievances. The next day six subsidies were demanded, and immediately granted. What next? Eight more subsidies from the clergy were next granted. They had given him their money, and now for "The Graces" and redress of grievances. The session was opened, the catholics were opposed and defeated; the protestants expected a reward—they were

denied. The session closed, and Wentworth sent to Charles, "that, through his deputy, he was now as absolute a king in Ireland as any prince in the whole world can be." Now he turned attention to protestant conformity, to the increase of the army, to public revenue, and trade; established the linen trade in Ulster, and the result in five years was an increase of revenue amounting to £60,000. per annum.

Next poor Connaught's "Graces" were followed by packed juries, who, if not willing to be bribed, must submit to have their ears cropped, their tongues bored, or their foreheads marked with a red-hot iron, if a favourable verdict was not given to the crown. Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, and Leitrim, rather than lose ears and suffer hot-iron brandings, submitted; Galway opposed; the jury were cited to Dublin Castle and fined £4000. each, and the sheriff who collected them £9000. This just severity, Wentworth remarked, would make all succeeding districts submit quietly.

His exactions continued, till discontent in Ireland drove him to the English court; there he was flattered and returned to Ireland; but his true character was becoming known. He endeavoured to maintain his self-respect "built a splendid palace at Naas; kept a troop of one hundred horse and fifty servants; and his old castle remains a hated wreck, called "Black Tom" by the natives.

The Scotch now rose against Charles, and Wentworth hastened to relieve him. Laud attempted to impose a creed which the Scotch would not bear; but Wentworth failed for want of means. He returned to Ireland as Earl of Strafford; demanded four subsidies—they were granted. In a short time this Irish parliament began to think they were fostering a tyrant, turned against him. He left Ireland and marched against the Scots with 4000 Irish troops. Ormond had a commission to bring over his 20,000 men from Ireland. Another parliament was called, and ended by impeaching Strafford with high treason. He was executed accordingly. Wentworth is dead, but Ireland is not free. She has parties of all

sorts in her precincts ; native Irish, English catholics of the pale, called "recusants," royalists, that is, English settlers on the estates confiscated by King James, the parliamentarians, meaning the puritans of the pale, and the Scotch presbyterians of Ulster. What bold Goliath would challenge such a host as this ? Charles had men to whom he had entrusted power, in the persons of Sir John Borlase and Sir William Parsons, who were his enemies, and whom the Irish hated. Government was nearly ineffectual in the hands of these men, and serious fears were raised that the catholics were about to revolt. The natives who had been driven into the wilds by King James, when he took from them their estates, were ready for any onset that would restore to them their lands. The Connaught people were alarmed ; the catholics of the pale were in fear of the puritans, who had threatened to exterminate them ; and in the House of Commons, Sir John Clotworthy stated, that "the conversion of the papists in Ireland was only to be effected by the bible in one hand, and the sword in the other." Mr. Pym is stated to have said that, "they would not leave a priest in Ireland." It has been supposed that these statements were made to stir the catholics to rebellion, that they might in good earnest confiscate their property and drive them from the country. The catholics were alarmed, rallied from different parts of Europe, and the result was, the Irish who had been driven from their holdings to the mountains had not become more civilised, by being driven to dwell with wild beasts, and they rushed with impetuosity upon the settlers, and drove them like frightened sheep in every direction. Roger Moore and Sir Phelim O'Neil were the leaders.

The character of O'Moore was peculiarly interesting : he had a warm and generous heart ; he was descended from the family of O'Moore in King's County, who had been expelled in the reign of Queen Mary, and the wrongs of his country and family were stinging him to the heart. He was accomplished in his manners, had been educated on the continent, and while there he met with O'Neil, of Ulster ; but he was not distinguished by refinement of

manners, or nobleness of heart, possessing more revenge than forgiveness, and he entered *fully* and faithfully into a conspiracy to overthrow the English power in Ireland. Others of like fortunes, who had been driven from their homes, united with these two as leaders, and an insurrection commenced.

Awful atrocities were committed on both sides. But Dr. Taylor, a protestant writer, says, that the charge against the catholics, that this war was to crush the protestant *religion*, is false ; it was a war for *property* rather than religion ; to get back their estates and banish the penal laws was their aim. That there was a *wholesale* massacre of protestants, he says, is false, but that both fought without mercy cannot be denied.

The rich catholics remaining in Ireland sued for clemency from the king, only asking the free exercise of their religion, and a repeal of the penal laws. Sir Charles Coote answered these requests by going out "with an army and butchering men, women, and children, priests and people, without any discrimination. Sucking infants were butchered, many were roasted to death, and in the town of Wicklow his barbarity was almost unparalleled. From this butchery he went to Dublin, and was made governor."

From Curry we have a record of the Scotch puritan soldiers, garrisoned at Carrickfergus. When the news of the insurrection reached them, 3000 unarmed men, women, and children, in the island of Magee, were cruelly butchered by these soldiers !

The Irish parliament would gladly have averted the horrors of a civil war, but the lord justices thwarted all their purposes ; the catholics of the pale offered to aid the government in putting down the insurrection ; they were rejected, disarmed, and sent from Dublin. They hoped by this to place the gentry in a condition which would compel them to receive the insurgents, which would appear that they had treasonable designs understood by each other. These rejected men were soon summoned to appear in Dublin to answer to the charge ; they assembled at Swords, and resolved that they would

not comply, for the brutal doings of Charles Coote had made them fear for their lives, and they now must act upon the defensive. They met on the hill of the celebrated Tara, drew up a petition to the king, stating their true condition, and the necessity of doing something for self-preservation. The whole country was now in commotion. Moore and his associate leaders lost no time ; neither did Sir William St. Leger, the English president of Munster, who was cruel in the extreme to the native inhabitants.

Moore and his comrades had possessed the most of Ulster and Leinster, and the cruelties of St. Leger drove Munster to unite with them, and soon Moore had nearly all Munster at his command. While in these prosperous movements, Moore forbid all retaliation upon the private property and life of the protestants.

But confiscation of property rapidly went on. Parsons and Borlase found bills of high-treason against *all* the catholic nobility and gentry of Meath, Wicklow, Dublin, and Kildare. Then the Earl of Ormond was appointed commander-in-chief of the royal army, and commanded to *burn, waste, consume and demolish every vestige of houses and towns where the rebels had been relieved, and to kill all the male inhabitants capable of bearing arms.*

The fearful document thus reads :—

“It is resolved, that it is fit that his lordship do endeavour, with his Majesty’s forces, to waste, *kill, slay, and destroy*, by all the means he may, all the said rebels, their adherents and relievers, and *burn, spoil, waste, consume, destroy, and demolish* all the places, towns, and houses, where the said rebels are, or have been relieved or harboured, and all the hay and corn there ; and *kill and destroy all the men there capable to bear arms.*”
Given at his Majesty’s Castle of Dublin, 22nd February, 1642.

These orders, the justices declare, were executed, not sparing the women, and sometimes not the children. “Sir W. Cole’s regiment killed two thousand five hundred rebels in several engagements,” and also “there were starved and famished of the vulgar sort, whose

goods were seized upon this by this regiment, seven thousand."

Sir Philip O'Neil had an army of 30,000, possessing all Ulster; the government had some strongholds; and the open country belonged to the "rebels." The parliament enacted more penal laws, then applied to government to send them more severe ones against the recusants, and all the return was an allowance to sell two millions and a-half of acres, confiscated by the lords justices, and prevent Charles, with whom they were now contending, entering into any terms with the Irish. The war flagged: the insurgents became weary, and the English settlers rallied sufficient to keep their ground. The object of the insurgents was now only to come to some terms with government, asking only the free exercise of their religion, and preservation of their lives and property. They were refused—another battle—the insurgents were defeated, seven hundred being killed; but Ormond, for want of provisions and ammunition, ceased. The government voted him five hundred pounds for a jewel, and he was created a Knight of the Garter. All was now in suspense; skirmishes were frequent by detached parties. St. Leger died shut up, besieged in Cork; Lord Inquichin succeeded him, and sent Lord Forbes at the head of 1,200 troops, but he refused uniting with them, "declaring he would not keep company with any but the godly." In his depredations, he made no choice between rebels and royalists; but not getting up a rebellion, he dug up the graves and burnt the dead, and returned to his home, leaving Lord Inquichin to fight or run away, as he found best; fighting awhile with some success, he at last failed. The Scotch, headed by Monroe, with 2,500 men, landed at Carrickfergus, took it; joined by 1,800 royalists, they marched to Newry, and took that. Monroe then killed *sixty men, eighteen women, and two priests*, and returned to Carrickfergus. The Earl of Antrim was duped by Monroe, who visited his castle, at Dunluce, under the guise of friendship—was kindly received: when the entertainment was concluded, he gave signs to his followers, made the Earl

prisoner, seized his castle, and the Scottish forces took possession.

The Irish became disheartened, when a little hope dawned in the person of Owen Roe O'Neil, a grand-nephew of Hugh O'Neil. In him were combined the brave, the generous, the tender-hearted, the sagacious, and calm. He was qualified to command, and his first proclamation was, that if the cruelties practised by Phelim O'Neil were to be repeated, he would return to the continent.

Owen O'Neil defeated Monroe, and the confederate forces gained ground, when a rebellion broke out in England.

Among all these turmoils a little oasis breaks upon the eye. The confederates feeling that they possessed the most of Ireland, resolved on having a civil government. They assembled at Kilkenny with the priests, who declared, that belonging as they did to the Irish people, sympathising and suffering with them, duty impelled them to aid in the struggle for liberty which they were maintaining.

They passed resolutions to this effect: first, "That all distinction between the native Irish and the old English should cease. Second, That they would defend and uphold the royal authority, though now they would not obey the king's orders until they were certified by his own agents of his *real* intention. Third, They denounced neutrality, forbid under pain of great penalties any retaliation on protestants, and upheld the free exercise of the catholic religion without claiming any exclusive privilege over others. And lastly, they ordained that the local government should be carried on by provincial assemblies composed of laity and clergy, and the chief authority lodged in the national council."

Wise politicians are left to decide whether these resolutions were timely rational and good, and whether the national assembly which concocted the following acts at the same place was a judicious one. Deputies from every county assembled, protesting that they did not assemble as a regular parliament, but as a meeting to regulate public

affairs till the country should be better settled. They agreed to maintain the common laws of England as far as they were not contrary to the national religion, or the national liberties, and to maintain the rights of the catholic church agreeable to the great charter; to each county was allotted a council consisting of twelve persons, whose duty was to decide all matters cognizable by justices of the peace, pleas of the crown, and suits of debt and personal action; from these an appeal to the provincial councils, who were to meet four times a year by two deputies from each county, and hold courts something like those of judges of assizes; from these an appeal to "the supreme council of the confederate catholics of Ireland." Twenty-four persons composed this body, exercising the functions of the executive government. Nine members were to compose a council, and a majority of two-thirds to decide on any measure.

Now here is Ireland, it would seem, rising a little from her deep pit, while England is agitated by intestine divisions. Charles is suspected of being a little too vascillating; they could not hold him on the same spot where they placed him, or where he placed himself; they could not trust him, and he must be dislodged. He had a friend in the Earl of Ormond, to whom he looked for help; and though he had duped again and again the confederates to wait for his "Graces," till most had become quite weary; yet he again succeeded, and the loyalist Ormond was getting into a position to carry out his persecutions to his heart's content against the catholics and native Irish, who well understood and protested against the treachery. The English catholics prevailed. Ormond stipulated for a supply of £30,000 for the king, and then declared against all proposals in favour of the catholics or "mere Irish," and he followed out most faithfully his treacherous machinations. The sum total may be told in these words from the parliament, "God hath pleased to bless our endeavours with such success, as that those furious blood-thirsty papists have been stopped in the career of their cruelty; some *part of the protestant blood has been avenged, their mas-*

sacres, burnings, and famishings have, by a divine retaliation, been repaid into their bosoms, and by the remarkable judgment of God they are reduced to so terrible a famine, that, like cannibals, they eat one another."

This language certainly illy becomes the lips of puritans. The catholics again solicited the abolition of the penal laws, but Ormond who had gained and was still gaining more ascendancy, refused to grant anything more lenient. Lord Inchiquin entered into a secret negotiation with the English, and made his officers and soldiers take the covenant to extirpate popery, and subjugate the Irish.

At Cashel a brutal act was perpetrated. *Three thousand* catholics, who had retired into the church with their goods for safety, were butchered without mercy.

Charles, it is said, temporised ; the fire was scorching him on every hand ; the confederates would support him if the "Graces" could be granted ; the parliament would rise against him if he did this ; the English had become quite mutinous, and the forces sent from Ireland to his aid moved with great reluctance.

The Earl of Antrim, an Irish catholic noble, supported Charles : he sent an army of 1500 men to assist the king, under the "bloody Clavers." The Scotch were at once in arms against the Irish catholics, whom they said the king had sent over to put down protestantism. This parliament enacted in October, 1644, that no quarter should be given to any Irishmen, or papist born in Ireland, upon the "sea, in England or Wales," and upon "taking such Irishmen or papist born in Ireland, *forthwith to put such person to death.*"

The confederates now had enough to do. Monroe in Ulster, Sir Charles Coote in Connaught, and Lord Inchiquin in Munster, were against them ; they entreated Ormond to proceed against them as rebels to the king, he declined. Charles pressed him to take charge of the confederates, and conclude a peace with the Irish at any cost. Ormond would not. Charles sent the Earl of Glamorgan to conclude a peace with the confederates, and peace was concluded on these

terms. It was agreed by a *public treaty*, that pardon should be granted for all offences committed since the commencement of the insurrection ; and by a *private treaty*, it was agreed that Roman catholics should enjoy the public exercise of their religion, exercise their own jurisdiction, and be eligible to offices of public trust and dignity. Glamorgan engaged the word of the king for the due performance of these articles, and the confederates agreed to furnish men for the king's service in England, under the Earl. The treaty was concluded, when lo ! this *private* document was found in the pocket of the Archbishop of Tuam, who was slain in a battle in Sligo. The paper was sent to the English parliament and published, which so frightened the king's party, that they disavowed the treaty. Ormond arrested Glamorgan, charging him with forging the king's commission and confined him in the castle at Dublin, declaring all the treaty both *public* and *private* made at Kilkenny, "null and void." Charles ratified this accusation of Ormond's, before parliament, and while *publicly* ordering that the charge against Glamorgan should be prosecuted, he was *privately* commanding the lord lieutenant to suspend the operation, assuring Glamorgan at the same time of his unshaken confidence and affection. Glamorgan was liberated, on £30,000 recognisance of his own, and £10,000 each of two other friends ; he hastened to Kilkenny, urged the catholics to agree to the new terms of peace offered by Ormond, without the free exercise of their religion.

The Pope's Nuncio enters Ireland. His talents and conciliating manners, his regular abstemious habits, filled the enthusiastic Irish with admiration, and his zeal for the catholic church gave him great popularity, both among the clergy and people ; he insisted on nothing less than a *legal* establishment of the catholic church. The pope had not so ordained, and only asked for a connivance for the catholic religion at that time ; the clergy and confederates had only required the *free* exercise of their religion in common with others, and the abolition of penal laws. But the Nuncio stimulated

them to further demands, and many of the clergy acceded in part; for, having lost all confidence in Charles, they said to the Nuncio, "the king is not to be trusted, when his interest may tempt him to agree with his parliament."

But a letter from Charles to the Nuncio, on his arrival at Kilkenny, set aside all doubts, being so filled with love and goodwill united, with a promise to ratify all which the Nuncio might propose; enjoining at the same time the utmost secrecy, till everything should be adjusted, and then he would show himself.

This increased his zeal, and he strenuously opposed the terms of the treaty; but the confederates prevailed, a treaty was made, and 10,000 men were raised for the assistance of Charles against the English subjects; but Charles, seeing that all was nearly over with him, wrote to Ormond that his condition was very low, and the troops must be disembarked, and "employed for the purpose of reducing Ireland into perfect obedience." This vacillating cowardly prince was soon after executed at Whitehall for treason, accused of the guilt of shedding all the blood in the wars of England during his reign. A heavy charge: if just, most fearful; if *not*, most cruel.

The Irish people *could* not and *would* not be satisfied with a treaty, which gave them no freedom to exercise their religion; removing no penalty but that of taking the oath of supremacy. O'Neil, who had long been quiet in Ulster, now protested against this treaty, and roused to indignation by the abuses of the Scotch forces on the poor Ulster peasants, when gathering their harvests, and of Sir Charles Coote's abominations in Connaught, and the dispersing of the catholics in Cork, Kinsale, and Youghal, by the barbarous Inchiquin, he determined to punish, what Ormond refused to do, and rallied an army of 5000 foot and 500 horse, and at the head of these proceeded to Armagh. Monroe hastily drew out 6000 foot and 800 horse, and at midnight proceeded to surprise O'Neil. O'Neil was seven miles off, at Benburb, between two hills, the Blackwater on their

right ; Monroe was disappointed, affrighted at the reinforcement of the Irish, and finally the Irish were victorious. More than a thousand of the British were slain, and the victors lost not more than seventy ; and the booty, with the baggage, artillery, and tents, fell into the hands of the Irish. The Nuncio now rejoiced with great joy, and took advantage from this to frighten the confederates for making the treaty of peace at Kilkenny ; he formed a new treaty, the conditions of which were, "Not to engage in any treaty of peace, but such as was honourable, and would secure to them the tolerance of their worship."

He called a synod at Waterford, suspended all the clergy who preached in favour of peace, and excommunicated all who had signed the last peace.

This was thorough work, and quite beyond his orders from the pope ; it frightened the people—they applied to Ormond against the Nuncio. Ormond consented, went with an army of 1500 foot and 500 horse, to the supreme council of Kilkenny ; but though the inhabitants received him joyfully, yet he could do nothing with the prelates and clergy, and the Nuncio completely triumphed, and put on the semblance of a kind of monarch, directed all civil and ecclesiastical affairs, appointed a new council, elected himself president, and regulated officers and army to his liking. He imprisoned Lord Muskerry, who had promoted peace, and creating the Earl of Glamorgan general of Munster, he proceeded with an army of 16,000 foot and 1600 horse, under O'Neil and Preston, marched to the capital. Ormond felt that he could not sustain the struggle of a siege in Dublin, where he had gone and applied to the English parliament for aid ; and though from his heart he hated them, yet he would not apply to the confederates, and he proved a traitor to the royal cause. He capitulated for a sum of £14,000, an annual pension of £3000 for his wife, and liberty to live in England, on condition of submitting to the authority of the parliament. The garrisons under his command, and the sword of state, were delivered to the commissioners, and Colonel Jones

arrived in Dublin with a body of parliamentary troops, numbering 2000 foot and 300 horse. He hastened to England, and soon ascertained that he was about to be apprehended: he fled to France. Preston and O'Neil broke up the siege and departed from Dublin.

What a state was Ireland now in! Protestants were divided, catholics were divided, "some for Paul, some for Apollos," and none agreed. The catholics could not endure the severity of the Nuncio, and felt that a treaty of peace, though it did not *promise* freedom to the *full* extent, was better than continued war, and many of them would rather submit to protestant usurpation than keep up the constant warfare. The proud ambitious spirit of the Nuncio would not yield, and under the deceitful semblance of what both catholics and protestants, in past ages, have *falsely* called the banner of Christ, they have drenched not only *Ireland* but the *world* in a river of blood.

The different parties were now enrolled under three antagonist leaders; the parliamentary division under Jones in Dublin, Monroe in Ulster, and Inchiquin in Munster. Opposed to them were O'Neil and Preston with an Irish army; and aloof from all was the confederate party of Munster, under Lord Taaffe.

A battle between Jones and Preston, decided against the latter. Then Lord Inchiquin obtained a victory over the catholic forces in Munster; and so furiously did M'Donell resist, that 700 were slaughtered before they laid down their arms, and 3000 of the Irish army were slain.

O'Neil now stood alone and unbroken; but becoming dissatisfied with the confederates, he sent delegates to parliament to negotiate, asking only liberty of conscience, security of their estates, and indemnity for the past. But the puritans, fearing that this would tolerate popery, terminated the negotiation.

The council at Kilkenny now applied to the queen and Prince of Wales, then in Paris, for assistance, resolving to renew their treaty with Ormond, and the result was, the Marquis of Ormond having apologised to the royal

family for his misdemeanours, was again entrusted with the government of Ireland. Inchiquin revolted from the king to the parliament, and after desolating Munster, he seemed quite inclined again to be a royalist. His cruelties at Cashel might be classed with those of Nero. The celebrated rock of Cashel, on which stood the ruins of an ancient castle, contained a cathedral church, to which the inhabitants had fled. Inchiquin made the treacherous offer of leaving them undisturbed on the condition that they would advance him £3000, and a month's pay for his army. This was refused; he stormed and took the castle, slaughtering without mercy priest and people, and carried away the booty; then he destroyed 3000 confederate troops under Lord Taaffe. Next, he found it convenient to turn to the Anglo-catholic party, and they hailed him as a "God-send." While secretly negotiating, Inchiquin found that some English officers who suspected what was going on, resolved to rise on the towns of Cork and Youghal, for the parliament. Inchiquin put them in prison, and the confederates stipulated with him to support his troops, and surrendered to him two whole counties. Now he engaged to support the king's rights, and obey his lord-lieutenant. O'Neil and the Nuncio protested against this, as a betrayal of Ireland into the hands of its enemies. The confederates treated O'Neil as a rebel; Inchiquin, Preston, and Clanricarde, were against him; he retreated to Ulster, and was proclaimed traitor by the supreme council.

The Nuncio was falling fast into disrepute. He denounced the peace with Inchiquin, as a betrayal of the church; and his excommunications were multiplied without any terror: the people, who wearied with his tyranny, drew up an appeal to the pope, followed this by drawing up a public charge against him, for his manifold transgressions, and transcendent aims, which for three years he had carried on, to the "unspeakable debasement of their religion, the ruin of the nation, and dishonour of the see of Rome."

He was urged to leave Ireland by the clergy. He left without a cardinal's hat, as he anticipated, was reprimanded.

manded by the pope, as being quite rash, and banished to his bishopric, where he died with grief.

Ormond landed in Cork, September 29th, 1648; and devoted himself entirely to the king, stipulated for the repeal of the penal laws, and the confederates gave him the chief command of their troops; like wise men, who had been often betrayed, they appointed commissioners of trust, to control his movements.

In reviewing the history of Ireland, one among the many evils that beset her, was that of treacherous or vascillating leaders; whether these leaders were Saxon, Milesian, or Scotch, something was generally wrong in the end, and the Irish have been trained in a school of treachery, from the first invasion to the present. The next brings to view a character not wholly misunderstood in his doings; so far, at least, he was not a deceiver.

CHAPTER VI.

Whose fiery zeal so ardent as is his, who vainly thinks,
He's in "God's service?"

WE must now look at the conduct and character of a man somewhat startling in the history of Ireland; a character which cannot be viewed with indifference, for the ever-living memorials which he has left of his footsteps say that he lived not in vain. Yes, Cromwell is awaking now in the hearts of his countrymen, who seem to have disinterred him, and are finding new beauties, which his contemporaries overlooked. The present generation see through his armoury of war, a heart full of love to God and man; they see that though blood was on his *sword*, yet mercy was in his *heart*, and that his *severest justice* sprung from his *ardent love*.

The graphic ready pen not only of a Carlyle, but of D'Aubigné is wielded, and both unite in making him a great hero, and above all a *christian* hero.

D'Aubigné says, "I present him *as a christian* to

christians”—to *protestant christians*—and claims by this passage ; “ Every one that loveth God that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him,” that we love him too. Whether by this he intends that, protestant christians shall take him as a *pattern* for holy zeal, christian meekness and forbearance, which his letters to his friend so much breathe, or whether we are to pattern from him in our murders of catholics, “ for God’s sake and the church,” we are not explicitly told. Now with all due deference to these able writers, I must aver, that if the zeal of Cromwell in his demoniacal doings in Drogheda, and other parts of Ireland, savour of the spirit of Christ and his gospel, so do the doings of the inquisition ; when the suffering one is told for his consolation, that it is for *God’s* sake that his nails are torn out, and his bones broken upon the rack. If we are told that it was *long ago* that Cromwell lived—that the gospel was not then so well understood—we answer, it was *long ago* since the Smithfield burnings transpired. It was in the same age of Cromwell, that the catholics of Ireland killed the protestants of Ireland ; and if this be reiterated, by telling us, that the same spirit prevails among catholics *now* as then, we answer, not a whit behind are the protestants *now*, in the same Cromwellian spirit, if imprisoning ministers for preaching the gospel *out* of the established church, in the year ’49, means anything. Does not this persecuting spirit *now* go the length of its chain, and if the chain could be a halter, would not the *same spirit* use it.

Let us not deceive ourselves by thinking with Paul, that we are doing God’s service, when we are persecuting our opponents in opinion, and when we are “ haling men and women,” and putting them in prison ; we cannot be as excusable as he was ; we have his example, and we have eighteen hundred years of christian experience to fall back upon ; and if we have not yet learned the first principles of the gospel we must not only be *stupid*, but *incorrigible*. When inquisition for blood shall be made, not only in the *catholic*, but in the *protestant* church, our vision will then be so cleared

from the dust of prejudice, bigotry, and self-admiration, that we shall see, that "if we have not the spirit of Christ, we are none of His;" that if *this* be contrary, it will avail nought, whether the "holy water" from the fingers of a friar baptised us into the "only true church," or those of a protestant bishop introduced us into the "regenerating life" of a newly-born soul, by pronouncing over us the name of the Trinity, accompanied with a few drops of water.

The truth is, that Jesus Christ or his apostles left no example of a *vengeful* or *persecuting* spirit, in any instance; but when the misguided disciple said, "Shall we call down fire from heaven?" &c., the rebuke, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of," was sufficient, for not only the twelve who followed Him, but for all who call themselves by his name.

Cromwell did a certain work, and he did it more *manfully* than *godly*. Buonaparte had a certain work to do, and he did it *heroically*. The soldiers had a certain work to do, when they crucified the Saviour, and they did it *maliciously*; they did it too, because they said he was a "blasphemer," and for the sake of the God He had blasphemed, He ought to die. Cromwell killed the catholics for the same reason, "thanked God and took courage" for every fresh company of ungodly men, women, and children, he tumbled together into what *he believed* the abodes of despair. Buonaparte, more lenient, disputed no man's religion, nor wantonly destroyed innocent women and children; but felt the *necessity of conquering the world, that the world might be free from despotism, and each enjoy his own faith!* All have gone to their record, and I lift not the veil to take them from the "place" where God has put them. But for the honour of Christ, I would not *dare* pronounce them followers of the forgiving Jesus; neither could I dare pronounce Cromwell the better for "holding the truth in unrighteousness," than those were with whom I have classed him, who never *professed* the truth. His blind fanaticism speaks for itself, and his own recitals of his bloody, vengeful deeds, should make any real christian shrink with horror to read.

In a letter which D'Aubigné has copied, Cromwell says, when writing to Colonel Walton of his army, "*We study the glory of God, and the honour and liberty of the parliament, for which we unanimously fight; indeed we never found our men so cheerful, as when there is work to do. I trust you will always hear so of them. The Lord is our strength, and in him is all our hope.*"

We come to Ireland at a time when England was a little settled, and looking to that country, overrun by the Irish armies, they resolved on sending a force sufficient to subdue the "rebels" and relieve the protestant party. The lord lieutenancy was committed to Oliver Cromwell. He was a parliamentary man, and as his words testify, felt that he was the "chosen vessel" to "purge out the idolaters from the land, and make way for the people of the Lord." We are told, that so much did he rely on the arm of God, that before accepting the offer, he requested that two officers from each corps should meet him at Whitehall, and "seek the Lord in prayer;" the result was favourable, "three ministers invoked a blessing on his banners, as going forth to fight the battles of the Lord." "After they had finished, Cromwell and two officers proceeded to expound the scriptures, which they did excellently well and pertinent to the occasion."

"He then went out," a writer then living says, "in that state and equipage as the like has hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, of whitish grey, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life-guard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof, a commander or esquire in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it now been standing; of his life-guards many are colonels; and believe it, it is such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world."

He had an army of 8000 foot and 4000 horse, of the best selected veterans, who had been disciplined by himself. His military chest contained £100,000 in money, provisions and ammunition in abundance, £3000 as an outfit for himself, £10 per day while he remained in

England, as a general, and £2000 per quarter, besides his pay, in his new office.

With his son-in-law, Ireton, who was second in command, he now seemed prepared for the "Lord's work," and soon reached his post. Ormond had now all Ireland under his control, except Dublin and Derry; but in many of his subjects he could place but little confidence, as he had too often deceived them, so in their turn they might deceive him. Jones, the English general, was blockaded in Dublin, in danger of being famished. Ormond encamped at Rathmines, intending to fortify the village of Bag-gatrath, near which the garrison provided forage for the horses; by some design or oversight, this was not commenced in time, and when Ormond's men had but just begun the works, then the garrison determined on an assault. Ormond had stupidly gone to sleep, and his van troops driving into the lines first aroused him; his men on every hand were flying in disorder, and Jones was victor. At once 600 were slain, 1500 privates and 300 officers were made prisoners, and many were butchered after laying down their arms; all fell into the hands of the enemy, which so overwhelmed Cromwell when the news reached his vessel, that he writes to a friend, "This was an astonishing mercie, so great and seasonable, as indeed we are like to them that dreamed."

He reached Dublin May 15th, 1659, rested two weeks, and then determined an attack on Drogheda. Ormond had fortified this garrison *well*, added 2000 foot and 300 horse, and placed Sir Arthur Austin to govern it. This did not intimidate Cromwell, but he boldly demanded the governor to surrender;—was refused—his artillery soon arrived, and he determined to storm it. Twice his men mounted the breach and were repulsed with great slaughter. Cromwell, the third time, led the assault, and a frightful struggle ended by Colonel Wall being killed, and his soldiers threw down their arms on the promise of quarter, and Cromwell and his army rushed into the town. The garrison struggled on, but at last yielded; and this astonishing christian warrior,

ordered that *every one should be put to the sword*. It was done ; nor was this all, the affrighted women and children, with soldiers and officers, fled to the great church in the town ; *these were pursued and butchered* ; and the officers who were promised mercy if they would lay down their arms, were all likewise put to the sword. " The horrible slaughter lasted *three days, till the streets of Drogheda ran with blood* for nearly a week." Only thirty of the defenders were left alive, and these were shipped as slaves on the plantations in Barbadoes !!!

D'Aubigné has given us Cromwell's letter, and from him it is copied, because it cannot be too well understood—" line upon line," " here a little and there a little " must the story of Ireland be told, till the unjust judges of that down-trodden country shall be wearied with the continual coming, and avenge it.

The conclusion of a report to parliament says :— " Divers of the enemy retreated into the Millmount, a place very strong and difficult of access, being exceedingly high, having a good graft, (ditch,) and strongly palisadoed. The governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them were ordered by me to put them all to the sword, and, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town ; and I think *that* night they put to the sword about 2000 men. Divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about 100 possessed St. Peter's Church steeple, some the west gate, and others a strong round tower next the gate, called St. Sunday's. These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused, whereupon, I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, ' God damn me ! God confound me ! I burn, I burn ! ' "

The next day the other two towers were summoned, in one of which were about six or seven score, but they refused to yield themselves ; and, on knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away, until their stomachs were

come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men; and when they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other tower were all spared as to their lives only, and shipped likewise for Barbadoes.

“I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God on these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.”

“And now,” he continues, “give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. It was this Spirit who gave your men courage, and took it away again, and gave your men courage again and therewith this happy success. And therefore, it is good that God should have all the glory.”

D'Aubigné, in copying this letter, has left a sentence which contains much of the pith and marrow of the piety with which he seems to have been imbued so deeply. He adds, “*I believe all the friars were knocked on the head but two, the one of which was Father Peter Taafe, brother to the Lord Taafe, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of; the other was taken in the round tower under the repute of lieutenant; and when he understood that the officers in that tower had no quarter, he confessed that he was a friar, but that did not save him.*”

The parliament responded to this report by appointing a day of thanksgiving throughout the nation!!!

Cromwell had now by this Drogheda massacre struck such terror into the country, that he marched through it without opposition; gates were flung open without resistance—Trim and Dundalk yielded, and he reached Wexford without having cause to thank God for his abundant mercy in granting him the great grace of knocking priests on the head, or sending soldiers to

Barbadoes as slaves. When he reached Wexford, Ormond had 2000 troops ; Cromwell summoned the governor to surrender, was refused, and then his thundering began, when "Strafford, the governor, betrayed the castle to the besiegers," and Cromwell entered. No mercy was here shown—the horrid scenes of Drogheda were acted anew ; and Foster in his *Life of Cromwell*, says, "No distinction was made between the armed soldiers and the defenceless townsmen. Even women were put to the edge of the sword. 300 of the latter flocked round the great cross which stood in the street, hoping that christian soldiers would be so far softened by the sight of that emblem of mercy, as to spare the lives of unresisting women ; but the victors, enraged at such superstition, and regarding it, perhaps, as a proof that they were Roman catholic, and therefore fit objects for military fury, rushed forward and put them all to death !!!"

Cromwell lost about thirty men, the besieged 2000.

Now, a second letter from Cromwell to the parliament will as graphically tell the whole story, and place the affair beyond disputation, except in the case of the 300 women, "clustering in shrieks," as another writer has described, about that cross. *This* he has not told, or the parliament did not see fit to give it if in their hands.

"Upon Thursday, the 11th instant, (our batteries being finished the night before,) we began to play betimes in the morning, and having spent near 100 shot, the governor's stomach came down, and he sent to me to give leave for four persons entrusted by him to come to me and offer terms of surrender, which I condescending to, two officers, with an alderman of the town, and the captain of the castle, brought out the propositions enclosed, which, for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men,* I thought fit to present to your view, together with my answer, which indeed had no effect, for while I was preparing it, studying to preserve the town from plunder, that it might be of more use to you and your army, the captain, who was one of the

* We are not given this abominableness and impudency, as probably they were a petition for a repeal of the penal laws.

commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the castle to us, upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared but the enemy quitted the walls of the town, which our men perceiving ran violently upon the town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces broke them, and then put all to the sword that fell in their way. Two boatsful of the enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with number, sunk, whereby were drowned near 300 of them. I believe in all there was lost of the enemy not many less than 2000, and I believe, not twenty of yours killed, from first to last of the siege. This town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them have run away, and many of them were killed in the service.

“ Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy, for which, and for all, we pray God may have all the glory !! ”

Now it must be acknowledged, that this “ christian to christians,” which is held up to “ *protestant-christians*,” looks a little stern when compared with Him whose name he has put on. That sermon on the Mount of Olives must have left some great loop-hole for this *christian* warrior and his carnal weapons to enter, which the simple credulous apostles never discovered. Next we follow him to Ross, where he writes a christian letter to the commander, telling him how careful he had been to “ avoid the effusion of blood,” and that none need suffer except through their own “ *wilfulness*.” In other words, none who will give me their houses and lands for the crown, and their consciences for my use and benefit, shall be butchered, or sent as slaves to Barbadoes ; but if you refuse these my righteous demands, your “ *own wilfulness* ” shall pull down the righteous vengeance of a God, and you shall be guilty of all the blood which I and my praying soldiers may shed.

Ross surrendered, and Cromwell here condescended that the inhabitants should be permitted “ to live

peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers."

D'Aubigné does not accompany the hero in his further glorious conquests, but gives us this salvo:—"that no statesmen ever did so much for that poor country as he; that Connaught which was a vast desert was soon changed into a fruitful country, and the rest of Ireland was everywhere cultivated with activity and confidence. In the space of little more than two years the whole kingdom was covered with elegant and useful buildings, fine plantations, and new enclosures. Peace, ease, and industry had returned to that unhappy land."

This statement will do very well for poetry; but there are a few items to be taken into the account hereafter. When Cromwell had done with Ross he proceeded to assist Ireton at Duncannon, where they met with a powerful resistance, but at last prevailed, and Cromwell proceeded to Kilkenny. O'Neil, who had been denounced as a traitor, saw the danger of his country, and determining to bury all injuries, acceded to the overtures made him by Ormond, and set off to join the royal forces; he was taken ill on the journey and was carried on a litter at the head of his army, but died in a few days, lamented by all Ireland as the most sagacious, energetic, honourable, and humane leader they had ever followed. Ormond reached Kilkenny and met O'Neil's army in the best condition, but finding that Cromwell had marched to besiege Waterford, pursued after him. When he reached the town he saw from a hill that Cromwell's army were retreating, but he could not attack them without passing through the city. This the inhabitants would not allow, they were so suspicious of one who had acted traitorously; and beside, the Earl of Antrim was plotting to supply Ormond's place, and had influenced the inhabitants against him. Cromwell raised the siege, but his soldiers, he writes to parliament, were "fitter for an hospital than the field;" beside, he wanted money, and all was dark. A revolt succeeded, through Broghill, who was a strict puritan; and Cromwell, who had seen him in London, promised if he would join him

he should have some honourable command, he left his old friends the royalists, and stirred up Munster to revolt, and while Lord Inchiquin was absent took Youghal, Kinsale, Rondin, and Cork. Dungarvon was taken by Cromwell. Ormond could not be allowed to quarter his forces in huts outside the wall ; the royalists were divided—Ormond was discouraged, and the greater part of Ireland was in the hands of parliament, and affairs for six weeks seem to be *in statu quo*.

In February 1650, Cromwell, strengthened in the “inner and outer man,” as he tells us, went out to battle, and Ireland trembled at his approach. With some difficulty he took Kilkenny, Callan and Gowran, Cashel and Fethord yielded, and a long religious letter from Cromwell tells us, that after putting all to the sword who refused submission ;—“ We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethord and took it, where we are now quartered, having plenty both of horse-meat and men-meat for the time, and being indeed, we may say, almost in the heart and bowels of the enemy, ready to attempt what God shall next direct, and blessed be his name only for this good success.”

The plague was in Kilkenny, and Cromwell was about retreating, when he received a message from the mayor and citizens that they would admit him into the town. The garrison marched out with arms and baggage, while Cromwell commended them for their bravery in their gallant defence. At Clonmel he met with determined resistance, and the English lost 2000. Another assault was made by the cavalry, and so desperate was the engagement, that they fought hand to hand, and foot to foot, till Cromwell determined to convert the siege into a blockade, and do by hunger what he could not by storm. The siege was so long that Cromwell fretted much at their obstinacy ; but after two months holding out the general withdrew in the night unknown to Cromwell ;—the townsmen treated with the besiegers, and Cromwell had the town. He was now satisfied and wished to return to England. He wipes his bloody hands, after imbruing them in the blood of thousands of

fathers, mothers, and children, and then like the ravenous lion, who has glutted his jaws with the prey, he goes home to caress the little ones of his own bone and flesh, and rehearse to them how God nerved his arm to send "shrieking women" and children away from that land, which was to be an inheritance for the people of God. D'Aubigné informs us, that he returned to London and was received by the parliament and people, "as a soldier who had gained more laurels and done more wonders in nine months, than any age or history could parallel."

His redeeming qualities should not be passed over; his humanity in some cases was extraordinary. He had two soldiers shot on the way to Drogheda, for stealing two hens; which, the historian says, was not worth sixpence; the poor country people were so smitten with his generosity, that they flocked to him with all kinds of provisions, for the armies of the English settlers had been extremely reckless.

Ireton had now nearly all Ireland under his control, yet those who had not yielded were desperate in their resistance; but so dissatisfied were all with the treachery of Ormond, that he could not enter a city to defend it, and the city of Waterford was taken by means of two brothers belonging to Ireton's army, who were sent with thirty musketeers to set fire to a few houses in the suburbs; the smoke so frightened the Irish that they fled, "leaving the ladders on the ramparts." One of the brothers rushed into the town, calling the thirty men, who halloed and fired, covering themselves in the smoke; one of the brothers was killed, the other opened the gates to the besieging army, and his reward for tact and bravery was the estate of Sir Walter Coppinger, an Irish catholic, whose property the parliament confiscated. Ormond discouraged, transferred his power to the Marquis of Clanricarde, and sailed for France.

Ireton remained in winter quarters, and in 1651 he proceeded to Limerick; the inhabitants had refused the aid of the Marquis of Clanricarde or Lord Castlehaven, and invited Hugh O'Neil to be commander of the garrison; and Ireton found him a general qualified to com-

mand. So obstinate was the struggle, that six months had made no impression on the city; but treachery at last succeeded, by means of a correspondence between some of the besiegers and a party of citizens within the walls. The besiegers proposed a surrender, and pardon was offered to all but twenty-four of the leading catholics, and the two bishops then within the walls. The bishops declared against this inhuman sacrifice, and O'Neil determined to resist to the last.

At last, in October, a treaty was signed, Limerick was in the hands of the parliament, and Ireton determined to wreak his Cromwellian revenge on the twenty-four leaders, which included O'Neil, who was sentenced to be executed; his men entreated, O'Neil defended himself most nobly, and the English officers interfered, stating the disgrace that would fall on England by such a step, and he was saved. The Bishop of Conly, we are told by *Bourke's Hibernia Dominicans*, had been so heroic in Cromwell's battles, that Ireton offered him £40,000 if he would desist from his exhortations, and quit the city. He refused heroically, was tried, and condemned to be hanged on the gallows; he addressed Ireton prophetically, accusing him of the greatest injustice, and threatening him with life for life, and summoning him to the tribunal of God, in a few days. The bishop was executed on the eve of All Saints, and his head fixed on a pike at the top of a tower, near the centre of the city. Ireton died of the plague a few days after, raging in fury against the bishop, whose condemnation he declared had hastened his death.

The garrison, by the terms of the treaty, were allowed to march out after laying down their arms, and the sight was a most *awful* one; they were emaciated, some dropping dead of the plague as they staggered along, and many were left unburied. The war now flagged; almost all was in the hands of parliament but Galway; and Ludlow, who succeeded to Ireton in 1652, commenced the war with fresh vigour. Galway soon surrendered. Preston, the governor, fled by sea, then several other towns were taken. Sir Phelim O'Neil,

who was prominent in the commencement of the war, appeared again, took Donegal and Ballyshannon ; but he fell into the enemy's hands and was executed. Two hundred more, who were the most distinguished, were executed, and Borlase says, that in the year 1652, 27,000 men left Ireland, and Dalrymple, in his *British Memoirs*, says 40,000.

Now, England, on the 26th of September, 1652, declared that, "the rebels in Ireland were subdued, and the rebellion appeased and ended." In truth, ten years of most fearful contest had wasted the country, killed the inhabitants by wholesale ; and England had now English catholics, Irish catholics, and protestants at variance with both ; protestant loyalists and catholic loyalists, fighting against protestant republicans ; the fragments of all these parties still remained, and the dreadful sufferings which war, famine, and the plague had caused, were beyond a parallel. *No quarter was to be given to the Irish soldiers*, and consequently, as Ludlow says, "they were hunted into dens and caves, then smoked to death," and the most excruciating sufferings made life so intolerable, that many in despair plunged headlong from precipices, some into the sea, many were transported into France, Spain, or the West Indies ; many had been cut down when in the fields, gathering the scanty harvest, and now comes the happy period of D'Aubigné's era, when Connaught was converted into a fruitful field, and beautiful habitations of comfort were all over the island.

Fleetwood married the widow of Ireton, and was immediately appointed lord-deputy of Ireland, and sent there to divide the conquered country, for the convenience of parliament, and recompense of the valiant officers and soldiers, who had so nobly subdued the people. No resistance was made, so many had been slain, so many banished, and so many had perished by famine and pestilence, that Fleetwood had a country rich in all but people, entirely to himself. Borlase says, that in the summer of 1650, 17,000 died in Dublin, and that this was not so great a mortality as was in many cities.

Now the English flocked over to settle, and confiscation began. The proposition was made by some to extirpate the Irish entirely; but this was overlooked, they were retained as serfs, but banished into the most desolate parts, as we shall see hereafter.

The first act of parliament was to confiscate the lands of the "rebels," and here follows the summary:—

"That all who had been engaged in the rebellion of 1651, or had contrived, aided, or in any way abetted it, or had slain any person in arms for the English, or were now in arms and refused to lay them down, and submit to the authority of the parliament, were excepted from pardon of life and estate: that all who had borne command in the war against the English parliament, were to be banished, two-thirds of their estates to be forfeited, and the value of the remaining third assigned to their wives and children, at the pleasure of the parliament: that all persons of the popish religion, who had been resident in Ireland from 1641 to 1650, and had not manifested their constant good affection to the commonwealth of England, were to forfeit one-third of their estates, and be assigned the value of the other two-thirds, according to the pleasure of the parliament: that all persons who had resided in Ireland during the above period, who had not been in arms for the parliament, or shown their good affection to it, were to forfeit one-fifth of their estates."

Next follow what are usually called *Cromwell's slaughter-houses*; for Borlase says, "that no articles were pleadable" in these tribunals, and against a charge of things said to be done in them twelve years before, little or no defence could be made; and that the cry was made of blood, aggravated with expressions of so much horror, and the no less daunting aspect of the courts, all so confound the amazed prisoners, that they "come like sheep to the slaughter."

The claims of the soldiers come next. The "Adventurers' Act," which provided, that those who adventured money in the service of the parliament, should be repaid in the lands of those who were in arms against their

authority. The partition now accordingly took place, and two millions and a half of acres were assigned as follows. Each adventurer of £200. was to have allotted to him 1000 acres in Ulster; of £500., 1000 acres in Connaught; of £450., 1000 acres in Munster; and of £600., 1000 acres in Leinster. Those who held lands in Ulster, were to pay a yearly quit rent to the crown of one penny per acre; in Connaught, three-halfpence per acre; in Munster, two-pence farthing per acre; and in Leinster, three-pence per acre. A council of war was then held in Dublin of the chief commanders of parliament, and they then and there decided, that the entire kingdom should be surveyed; and that all the soldiers should bring in their demands. The land was then surveyed: the best land was valued at four shillings an acre, the poorest at a penny; and a hap-hazard estimate was made that 605,670 acres were *unprofitable lands*—these lands were gratis. The soldiers then drew lots, in what part of the kingdom each should have his portion. Many of these soldiers took immediate possession, while some resold them to the original proprietors, and the officers bought the remainder.

We now see what is the *great ground* of difficulty concerning Ireland; she was first *slaughtered*, then *plundered*, then driven from all her possessions, which had been her fathers' for centuries; and the voice of justice is still crying, "Give me back my inheritance," "Give me the share that belongeth to me!" But the sum total of all the iniquity was the banishing of the old proprietors into the mountainous regions of Connaught. The catholic aristocracy many of them left the country, and sought homes elsewhere, and the new proprietors set about in good earnest to make, what D'Aubigné has told us, the country beautiful and fruitful in the extreme. The most splendid buildings were erected, beautiful plantations of trees were springing up, and this emerald isle, fattened by the blood of the slain, was looking out in almost unrivalled beauty.

Here let us pause, and while we give credence to the wholesale, undefined statement of the astonishing happy

change which we are told took place in "two years," allow us to investigate how this change was effected, and whether this new government placed it on a better foundation than it was before the invasion: *to first principles* we must go, all else is fallacious, and until these principles are placed again where their claims can be heard and answered, no progress towards right can be made.

Let us follow these Connaught exiles to the caves and craigs where they were driven; these parts had been made desolate by the plague and by massacres, and the wretched fugitives were cut off from a communication with the sea, as Cromwell's soldiers had claimed an inheritance for four miles back, leaving them a narrow strip to the Shannon and its castles, which cut them off from anything beyond the river. These poor robbed ones were ordered to repair to this narrow enclosure by the first day of March; the young and old, and infirm of both sexes, under penalty of death; and any who after that time should be found in any part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child, might be "*killed by any body* who saw or met them." Commissioners arranged this transportation beyond the Shannon; at the same time a court was held at Athlone to determine the qualifications of papist proprietors to their new lands; and upon their decisions another court sat at Loughrea, to arrange their transplantation;* and before entering on their new possessions, the catholics were required to give *releases* of all their former rights and titles to the land which was taken from them. The reader will see at once the unjust policy of this, which utterly debarred them and their heirs from claiming any inheritance. These catholics who were thus driven to Connaught, were many of them in possession of estates "worth a thousand a year, and had not ten pounds assigned them in Connaught."

What followed must be imagined, it cannot be written; their sufferings from cold, hunger, and desperation,

* Walsh.

drove many to rush voluntarily into death ; the chiefs were compelled to submit to the terms of parliament, leaving their fruitful estates to English soldiers.

But the conquerors soon found that they could not cultivate the land without labour, and those "wild Irish," were ranked as serfs or slaves, and they were many of them called from Connaught for bondsmen, to toil at the caprice of the masters, who treated them as an inferior race of beings, with rigour and contempt ; and hence, to this day, a Connaught man is the jest of all the higher classes, and not only in Ireland, but he seems to be a "hissing and bye-word" to all nations. One writer, speaking of the feelings existing between the new settlers and the banished ones, says : Bitter contempt on one side, and dark revenge on the other." "The cruel slaughter by means of which their possessors had obtained their lands, often returned to their own hearths in the shape of stern murder and midnight incendiarism."

The laws enacted in Queen Elizabeth's time, were carried out to perfection. The peasantry were prohibited from attending mass, or to leave their own district under pain of death without either a trial or form of law ; it was a capital offence for any four to meet together ; and arms of any kind, when found in their possession, drew down the guilt of high-treason. "To harbour, or conceal a priest—to meet him on the highways, or to be acquainted with his lurking-places, without informing a magistrate, were punishable with forfeiture of goods and chattels, imprisonment and whipping. When a master was robbed, the effects of the tenantry were all chargeable with treble the amount, not inquiring who was the robber."*

The priests hid themselves in the fastnesses of the mountains ; those who had dared to stay in the country, and at night issued forth to encourage the afflicted inhabitants ; which, being ascertained by the Cromwellians, they invented a refined cruelty, which none but the American slave-holder can boast of practising. Blood-hounds were put in requisition to hunt the priests from

* Clarendon's Rebellion.

their dens, and the sport of "priest-hunting" was more enjoyed than fox or hare-hunting.* A reward of five pounds was offered for every priest's head, and the same for a wolf, which latter prowler had increased according to war, pestilence, and famine.

One act of Elizabeth was, that every Romish priest so found, was "sentenced to be hanged until he was half dead, then to have his head taken off, and his body cut in quarters, his bowels to be drawn out and burnt, and his head fixed upon a pole in some public place." Many rude monuments now remain in Connaught of the execution of these fearful laws, and one anecdote, which may not be improperly recorded here, was related to me in 1848.

Going out into one of the wretched districts in Connamare, to see the state of the famine, I met upon an eminence a large rough stone standing out prominently, and in something the shape of a pillar. I inquired of the person with me what it meant? It is, he replied, a stone raised there in the days of "*priest-hunting*," when a man called "John," the "*priest-killer*," went about these mountains to hunt priests, and get the £5. He carried a hammer, and had a knife attached to his girdle; with the hammer he struck the priest on the head, then finished what might remain of life in him by the knife. This John met at night-fall a priest on this spot: in hastily raising his hand to strike with the hammer his knife fell from his girdle; stooping to pick it up the priest unexpectedly seized the hammer and killed John. This was matter of great rejoicing, for John had secured many a £5. by his dexterity in "*priest-killing*." A stone was immediately raised by the peasantry, which stands to this day so well authenticated, that it is considered a most valuable memento.

The English, under these "wise regulations, two years after" Cromwell, had every inducement to "build up the waste places;"—they had estates for little or no equivalent, they had a fertile soil, they had a parliament lavish in its encouragements, and they had the doomed

* Dr. Taylor's Civil Wars of Ireland.

“Connaught-men” at their option, for bondmen, for “hewers of wood and drawers of water.” But mark! these beautiful houses and domains, though of a different construction, were no better specimens of taste, religion, or literature, than those which *preceded* the “invasion;” the undecayed wrecks of castles, abbeys, and churches, are undeniable proofs that the 7th, 8th, and 9th centuries needed not the Cromwellian polish to make them beautiful, and the remains of decayed roots of trees now in the bogs, prove that the plantations which followed the invasion were no more rich or flourishing than those which preceded it. The specimens of golden ornaments lately dug up and preserved in the museum of the Archæological Society in Dublin, give abundant proof that Ireland was a thousand years ago far beyond in riches and beauty what she can now boast.

To return to the condition of Ireland. It must be said that Henry, the son of Cromwell, who succeeded Fleetwood, was one who walked not after the steps of his father, or his father’s adherents, but did all in his power to check abuses, devised many plans to draw out the resources of Ireland, and remedied many abuses in the courts of law, encouraged learning, and impoverished himself by his benevolence. He purchased the library of Bishop Usher, and presented it to Trinity College. He cooled the rashness of the soldiers, and so attached did the people become to him, that when some disaffected officers sent a remonstrance to Cromwell against his administration, petitions were sent from the army and from the inhabitants of every county to have him retained. But four years was he allowed to remain, and when he returned he was so poor that he was obliged to ask money from England to convey him back.*

His father died soon after. Richard Cromwell succeeded his father, but was quite inefficient to manage the country; every thing was ruffled, parliament was against the protector, and independents were against presbyterians, and the whole ended in almost an entire

* Leland.

revolt to the king ; declaring for a free parliament and loyalty, was all the cry. Now the question was, whether they should roll all their difficulties respecting the distribution of land upon the king, or whether the soldiers should return what had been granted, and the whole country be ruined.

CHAPTER VI.

“Thy soil is drenched with blood, thy pleasant fields laid waste.”

CHARLES II. was proclaimed King of Ireland and invited to go over, which was deferred till he was publicly acknowledged king in England. The catholics looked to him as the restorer of their lands, but they looked in vain ; for he at once agreed not only to ratify what the Cromwellians had done, but agreed to exclude the Irish from the general act of indemnity passed on his arrival. All who had aided in the attempt to maintain Charles I. on the throne “were expressly excluded,” and a proclamation was issued confirming all the confiscations in Cromwell’s time, and coolly declaring the Irish catholics to be “rebels,” and that having been conquered by his majesty’s protestant subjects, their estates and possessions had now become vested in the crown.” He further added, that he held it to be his duty to God and the whole protestant interest, to command, publish, and declare, that all Irish rebels, other than such as by articles had liberty to reside in his dominions, and had not forfeited the benefits thereof, that should resort to England or Ireland, should be forthwith apprehended and proceeded against as rebels and traitors ; and that the adventurers, and soldiers, and others, who were on the 1st of January last past put in possession of any of the manors, castles, houses, or lands, of any of the said Irish rebels, should not be disturbed in their possessions till either ejected by due course of law, or till his majesty by

the advice of parliament had taken further order therein." Charles then enforced all the expatriating laws previously made, forbidding them to go from one province to another to transact business; the nobility and gentry were forbidden to meet, "their letters were intercepted, and many of them were thrown into prison." The puritans, who had been the agents of the death of Charles I., were now taken into favour by the son. Those friends who had stood by him when in exile justly claimed that he should not abandon them in this time of need. Lord Roche, who had shared his pay with Charles when he had a regiment in Flanders, now trusted that Charles would restore to him his lost properties in Ireland, but he was rejected. The clamour now grew so great from the royalists that something *must* be done, claims *must* be heard from these confederates who had done so much for the king. And these claimants were divided into two classes—*innocents* and *nocents*; the first to be restored to their lands on the Cromwellian possessors being reprised or indemnified; the second was to be dismissed without remedy. No man was innocent who had joined the confederacy before the peace of 1648, or who previously had lived within the quarters of the confederates, though he might not have joined them, or had the means of living elsewhere; and none who had adhered to the Nuncio, &c. The commissioners upon these orders went to work, and the dismay of the king and councillors was great, when they found with all their precautions, that in the first sittings of court the innocents amounted to 200. The Cromwellians threatened to appeal to arms; and in order to prevent these claimants from being too numerous, they curtailed the sitting of the court; and of the 4000 claimants but 1000 were heard:—the court rose, and rose for ever. The confusion was great in the adjustment of the lands to the 200 innocents. Whole baronies had been assigned to soldiers in consideration of small pay. And finally, the Acts of Settlement and Explanation were prepared and pushed through parliament, and a protestant proprietary substituted instead of a catholic one.

What was now to be the religion of Ireland? *Precisely what a parliament said it should be.* The Scotch covenanters in Ulster, and the puritans of the south, had struggled to put down prelacy and to plant presbyterianism and independency in its place. But Ormond, always ready, urged Charles to pronounce the episcopacy and liturgy to be the legal establishment of Ireland: the ecclesiastical preferments were filled up, the bishops ordained with great pomp, and the puritans, who feared losing their estates, found their consciences quite yielding towards episcopacy, and they united heartily with them in compelling the Irish peasantry to pay for the support of the church.

What must be expected would be the state of catholic feeling under these unjust bonds that were fastened upon them; and to add to the weight, in order to exclude all catholics from power, the lower house of parliament resolved that no members should be qualified to sit in that house but such as had taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy; and to banish them from the upper house, "Primate Bramble," the speaker, procured an order to be passed there, that all the members should receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper from his grace's own hands.

The Act of Settlement was carried into effect while Dublin was thronged "with widows robbed of their jointures, and orphans of their birthrights"—the catholics dispersed themselves over the continent, and afterwards to America, seeking everywhere, but in their own isle, their bread and their home. And now let every christian look with a *christian eye* and *christian heart* on the fearful state into which these people were cast; let him trace back the history of that nation to a few centuries before the invasion, and candidly tell us if he thinks that Ireland has been blessed by the planting of a *nominal* church, and enforcing its laws by coercion upon a people "robbed and spoiled from the beginning." Let him look upon that "Act of Settlement,"—read how it was carried into effect. Let him further look at what is called the "*Black Act*," and the "*Magna Charta of*

Irish Protestants," which debarred the "*Innocents*" from being heard in their lawful claims. By this "Act," which Ormond was vigilant in forwarding, his income swelled from £7000. per annum to upwards of £80,000. Charles, who was cruel in the extreme, and violated his promises, saw without any apparent remorse, thousands of the most respectable and ancient families doomed to hopeless ruin.

Let us as protestants, and as "*christian protestants*" too, look all this fairly in the face, and if we can look at it *unblushingly*, we are made of sterner stuff than Cromwell himself. It has been a favourite saying with us, that the "blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the church." What shall we say of the blood of Irish catholics? It has been shed, and it has been shed *profusely*, it has been shed *maliciously* and most *cruelly*; and where are the catholics of Ireland *now*? Have they dwindled away—have they shrunk from their religion? *No*. There they stand looking up in the face of all men, adhering to their "ancient faith," and though they endured the penal laws, yet at the risk of their homes and lives they secretly performed their worship, baptized their children into a church which they knew would keep them debarred from all temporal privileges, not even allowing them to teach a child to read; yet under hedges, and in mountain caves, *there they are*, subsisting sometimes on potatoes, sometimes on nettles and other herbs, learning their beloved language, which under the heaviest penalty they are forbidden to read! It must be said of the catholics of Ireland, that the more they have been oppressed, like the children of Israel, the more they have grown.

What does this imply? That the catholic faith is the *true* faith? *Not so*. But it proves that God hates oppression, and however great the sins of the oppressed may have been, yet there is a vengeance which belongs alone to God to render, and when man presumptuously takes this into his own hands, he seldom removes the cause, but increases the evil.

The protestants have been sacrificed to the false zeal

and bigotry of the catholics ; their blood has been spilt, their bodies have been burned, and their ashes have been scattered to the winds of heaven ; but what has this blood, and what have these ashes done ? They have planted many a church, and caused many to look carefully into that "Book of books," which before had to them been a sealed one ; and in proportion as they have been persecuted, so have they flourished. Thus with the catholics of Ireland. Not a suffering has been spared to people or priest by Elizabeth, Cromwell, Charles, and others, which an over-heated zeal could devise to annihilate them. Their lands have been confiscated ; their houses plundered and burned ; their bishops and priests have been hanged ; their heads put upon the tops of castles and towers, or their brains beaten out ; the poor have laboured in the fields of their "task-masters," without remuneration. Ah, yes !—and upon the very fields which were owned by their sires. They have been driven from their miserable hovels as the "filth and offscouring of the earth," to dwell in the "clefts of the rocks ;" they have paid a tenth of their scanty crop to support a full-fed clergy to read one day in seven a compilation of prayers to a handful of worshippers, as devout and proud as themselves. And where are these hated ones of the catholics now ? Starving and dying in mountain or glen, they are calling upon the "Blessed Virgin," they are boldly bending before their crucifix, counting their beads, and invoking some saint to carry their cries to heaven, that God may rid them from the hand of their oppressors. Their priests are in every parish, and they know all their flock by name, and they stand out together—the frightful monument of an oppressed, enduring, *always dying, ever-living mass* of God's image, *made and kept* so by a religion called *christian* ! And, strange to tell, the question is urged and reiterated—"What is the matter with that miserable country, and what can be done to relieve it ?" *Do justice, and do it speedily*, or consequences more fearful may follow.

The object of the past concise sketch of the history of

Ireland, *thus* far, has been only to answer the question so much asked—"Why is Ireland in such a state?"—and to answer it so briefly that some may read it, not because it is *new*, or because it throws a greater or clearer light, but because it is *short*. We have seen *how* the Irish have been robbed of their land, and we see Charles, the profligate king, rivetting their chains still tighter if possible, making provisions for his favourites and illegitimate children, while a church, almost as profligate, are giving him the title of "religious and gracious;" and the consequences of these measures sent multitudes of the middle class into foreign lands from England, who dissented from these abuses, and took refuge where liberty of conscience could be better enjoyed. This emigration made a diminution of rents, and then aristocracy was touched; this soon touched the legislation, which first attributed the loss of rents to the importation of "Irish cattle," and a blind legislation declared that no fat cattle should be imported from Ireland. A fire in London, about this time, called for sympathy, and the Irish, forgetting all injuries, proposed to send 50,000 fat beasts as a donation, but this "popish" beef was scouted as a pretence to bribe England to masticate with it the Romish heterodoxy. The contest was "long and loud," about "Irish cattle," in the House of Commons, and it was there declared that the admission of Irish "cattle" was a "*nuisance*." The lords amended it, by calling it "*detriment*," or "*mischief*;" and Lord Ashley proposed it should be called a "*felony*." The bill passed without a name. But Charles was so goaded by this measure that he turned it in self-defence, quite to the advantage of the Irish, by granting free trade between all other countries and Ireland, "whether at war or peace with his majesty;" and further allowed that the Irish might refuse admission to the Scotch manufactures of linen and woollen, and thus a little "tit-for-tat" was exercised toward the Scotch, for they too had resisted the "Irish beef." Home manufactures now spread in Ireland, wool and flax were extensively manufactured, especially the latter, and no mention need be made of the value of Irish

linen to this day. The Irish saw their commerce rising, and for some there dawned a little hope, when Ormond was called to England, and Lord Berkley appointed Lord-Lieutenant, and the catholics with joy escorted him to Dublin, when he immediately relaxed the penal statutes; catholics were admitted to trusts of civil and military power. The protestants now trembled lest their foothold of the land would not be secure, and the more so, when they saw Peter Talbot of Dublin created archbishop by the pope, and then celebrating high mass, in style most magnificent, under the very eyes of those who had thought they should "die in their nest." The king was petitioned, the people were alarmed; they removed Lord Berkley, and sent back Ormond, who had been in disgrace. Ormond returned, and soon the frightful popish "plot," by Titus Oates, shook all the country. This plot, it was said, was intended to assassinate the king and influential persons in England, who would not consent to the re-establishment of the catholic religion. The jesuits, who are asserted to have caused the great London fire, were now plotting the life of the king, and, in addition, were about to "set fire to Westminster, Wapping, and all the ships in the river." Ireland, too, must lose Ormond, who was one of the first victims, and Peter Talbot, Lord Mountgarret, and Colonel Peppard, were the dreadful plotters. Frightful things were said, frightful things were done: every protestant now deemed himself a martyr; he saw stakes and racks in every square, provided for his death. Oates was encouraged by a reward of £1200. a-year for his task in discovering plotters; seizures of persons were made and many executed; poor old Peter Talbot, bed-ridden for two years, and Mountgarret, confined to his bed by age, were taken, and deposited in Dublin jail: the happy Peppard escaped, because no Peppard was in existence: but *somebody* must have been plotters, and plotters must be hanged. At last, by offering large rewards, old tories in jail now had mysteries to reveal.—They were escorted to London, and they accused Archbishop Plunkett, the Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, who was dragged to

England, found guilty with some difficulty, and was hanged at Tyburn, professing his innocence to the last.

When the fears had subsided, and vengeance was appeased with blood, the villany of Oates and his associates was discovered, which was to effect a revolution in government, and could not accomplish it but by getting up a "popish plot." Shaftesbury, who was at the head of the cabal, fled beyond the seas, and died in misery. Charles resigned his power into the hands of his brother James, and the Duke of Ormond was removed. Charles died, and James, who was a bigotted catholic, boldly declared he would by law establish the catholic religion. He ascended the throne, and with all the zeal that a narrow-minded bigot could possess, he set himself in earnest to correct the abuses of Ireland, which looked to him now as the real restorer of their rights. The trembling protestants were now in a fearful dilemma—most of old Cromwell's soldiers were just taking leave of the land for which they had struggled, and a hopeful progeny were waiting to put on the armour when their fathers should drop it : and when they were about entering into their desired Canaan, this popish king, without a decree from parliament, was about upsetting all, and giving the catholics that possession which, by unjust violence, had been torn from them.

Everything was re-modelled, without preface or apology, judge or jury, as his faithful protestant predecessor Cromwell had done ; so he "conferred not with flesh and blood," but wherever they stood in his way, he hewed down one, and split the other, till catholics looked up again, as men, in civil and military offices, though not to the entire exclusion of protestants, as *they* had been excluded when the protestants prevailed.

As nine-tenths professed the catholic faith, of course these nine-tenths had a paramount claim ; but as reckless, bigotted and unjust, as James truly was, yet he was more honourable than his predecessors had been, for he allowed *one-third* of the officers to be protestants. The history of Scotland, and the covenanters, can tell the cruelty of this wretched man : but in Ireland the pro-

testants feared more for their estates than their lives ; for what with a furious unprincipled king, and an earl appointed to the command of the army, of a decided character—catholic in his religion, and who having seen, when a child, the massacres at Drogheda by Cromwell, he associated nothing but horror in his mind towards puritanism. Ireland, under these new rulers, was likely to undergo new scenes, or at least the old games played over quite efficiently. Clarendon, who was lord-deputy, remonstrated with both the king and Talbot the earl, and was repaid by being called back to England, and drew many protestant families after him. Tyrconnel re-modelled the corporation, quarrelled with the Dublin college, which refused to take catholics within its walls, and because they were about selling the college plate to prevent the government getting possession. They conquered Talbot, and he revenged by stopping the pension which the state annually paid. Distraction followed—a bill was presented to overturn the Act of Settlement and Explanation : the protestants now were alarmed in good earnest. The bill was rejected, the Irish were scouted in public, and when they appeared on the streets of London, the populace attended them with potatoes stuck upon the tops of poles, and shouting, “ Room for the Irish ambassadors.”

James was determined on absolute dominion, and boldly asserted it,—“ non-resistance to the powers that be,” was a favourite principle with *him* ; but non-resistance he met, and from a quarter where he least expected. At Oxford, he attempted to appoint Bishop Parker to the mastership of Magdalen, he was opposed, and the contest ended by the obstinate students being expelled, and joining themselves to the king’s opponents. The tory party were now flung into the whig interest, strengthening the power of the presbyterians, who were looking to William Prince of Orange, as for their last and only hope.

James now assumed a new garb ; like Charles I. chameleon-like, he could change his colour according to the tree he was on. *Indulgence, toleration* to all sects,

was now the motto, but without the advice of parliament was this done, and this indulgence went to say that the king "did *allow* and *tolerate* moderate presbyterians to worship in their private houses, and to hear such ministers as had accepted of the king's indulgences:" but catholics were left free to exercise and indulge *all* their religion. The protestants were a little suspicious of such indulgences. James went on promoting catholics; priests abounded in the court; and though the fires of Smithfield were not lighted anew, yet who could predict that they would not be soon?

Now whig and tory united invited William prince of Orange to come over and rid them of the monster James; and on the 5th of November, 1688, the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay, to the no small consternation of the despairing James, who when he found that William had an army of 15,000, many of whom were English, Scotch, and Irish protestants, who had served him on the continent, trembled; his old friends deserted him, and even his daughter and her husband, Prince George of Denmark, fled under the protection of the Prince of Orange.

When the old man was told of this, he exclaimed, "God help me, my very children have forsaken me!" He fled, was seized at the Isle of Sheppy, and conducted to London to breathe the smoke of popish chapels then burning there; he was shipped for Gravesend, took a fishing smack and sailed for France, and here is dated the revolution of 1668.

But how was it with the new Orange Prince. He was almost deserted by the aristocracy, who sent for him, the whigs and tories were afraid to join the man they had invited, but at last he is seated on the vacant throne; the tories withdrew, and the whigs were left to share the honours of the revolution.

Now for whig and tory monopoly: the government was in other hands, which though it did not forbid the liberty of conscience in so many *words*, yet it put the consciences of all upon the penalty of whatever the aristocracy might choose they should suffer, if any

were so presumptuous as not to be on the side of Orange men.

The hurly-burly, zigzag movements of England and Ireland, through all the centuries they have been darting upon each other, *are*, aside from their serious consequences, *ludicrous*, and often *ridiculous*; chosing shadows in shape of kings, and "will-o'-the-wisps" for the light of religion; and whether catholic or protestant grasped the phantom, he exulted alike in his present power, with *this* exception, that the *catholic's* conscience was a little more *elastic*, and though he is the *abused* one, yet he made nicer distinctions between the "just and the unjust," than did the protestants.

Ireland now trembled; their friend James had fled, and the "usurper" William was wielding England's sceptre; they determined to be loyal, and call back their old king. Protestantism had thus far robbed them of their dearest rights, and why should they trust her again. James in Ireland had not been a despot, he had granted her the privileges to which she was entitled, and he had not deprived the protestants, *catholic* as he was, of a respectable share in the blessings. The Irish would not and did not cast him off, as England had done, but sent for King James; in the meantime, Tyrconnel acted with much sagacity, the protestants were fearfully aroused by the intelligence that the Irish were about to rise and massacre all the protestants; in haste and in crowds they fled to the shore, imploring to be saved from popish daggers; but the protestants of Ulster determined to bide their time, and defend themselves.

The story of the siege of Derry is too well known to be lingered upon in this hasty detail, and let a few outlines suffice. Scotch presbyterians principally inhabited the city, and they determined to resist Tyrconnel to the last; this catholic commander had dispatched the Earl of Antrim to take possession of the city, with a body of 12,000 Highlanders, these hardy, wild, and ferocious company, must certainly be a "terror to evil doers," and those that "*did well*" had need to see that

their foundation was a good one. When the people of Londonderry heard that twelve miles off this savage herd had halted, at Limavaddy, they rose together for consultation, and while they did so, two officers had reached the town, seeking quarters. Nine young "prentice lads" seized their swords and the keys of the city, ran towards the ferry-gate, raised the draw-bridge and shut the gates of the city. This intrepid and noble step stimulated the citizens, multitudes flocked from neighbouring places to defend the city. William offered terms of negotiation to Tyrconnel, honourable to the catholics, they were rejected, James landed at Kinsale, and was everywhere met with enthusiastic joy; and when he entered Dublin a silken canopy was hung over his course, and forty young damsels clad in white, walked before his horse, strewing flowers in his path, while "Long live the king!" rent the air.

James soon marched to Derry, where a company of badly-disciplined and badly-armed men were huddled, with a surplus force of 25,000 men, women and children, who had crowded the town; they had no leader and no organization, but Murray and Walker, the first a medical man and the second a clergyman, approached the populace, crying "*no surrender*," and surrender they did not; though James in earnest attacked the town and though famine was now killing many, yet the cry of "*no surrender*," kept up the spirit: and at the end, when dogs, cats, and raw hides, had been eaten, a fleet of thirty sail came in sight, only to tantalize them by sailing away, and telling the besiegers, "to be good husbands of their provisions."

They held out still, when General Rosen ordered all the protestant men, women, and children that could be collected in the neighbouring counties, to be driven at the point of the sword, under the walls of the town; they entered groaning and weeping, while the soldiers, who were ordered to push them on, did it with tears, and when the garrison saw the hideous spectacle, they erected a gallows in sight of the enemy, and told them

that they would hang every prisoner, unless these were sent back, while the sufferers under the wall raised their hands, and begged the garrison to continue to the last. Two days they were kept there, when Rosen found that his own army were opposed to his conduct, allowed them to pass through his lines and depart; the garrison, in the meantime, secured all the able-bodied young men, and sent away 500 of the helpless to fill their places. James, when he heard, in Dublin, of this transaction, immediately ordered that the captives should be released.

When the siege had lasted 105 days, and 9000 had famished within the walls, on the 30th of July, the *Dartmouth* frigate, with a convoy of three vessels came, laden with provisions for their relief. The boom which the enemy had placed there, when the thirty sail appeared, was still an obstruction; the enemy poured upon the approaching ships a brisk fire, it was briskly returned; one of the victuallers dashed against the boom, burst it, but the rebound drove the vessel ashore. The Irish shouted in exultation, fired a broadside against them, which righted the vessel, and she sailed slowly up to the famished, frantic city. There was strength left to ring merrily the bells of the cathedral—the siege was raised, and the noble Derryites were free. Walker had done nobly to exhort them to patience, and his name now stands written on a tall monument, which towers above the city, while the “’prentice lads” annually celebrate the day when the keys were snatched and the draw-bridge taken up.

Orangemen still live, and still keep up the boasting of that glorious defeat. The Enniskilliners too, at that time, near Newtown Butler, by a mere accident apparently routed and killed 2000 Irish, drowned 500 in Lough Eirne, and took a large number of prisoners. These Enniskilliners were a helter-skelter company of Ulster Cossacks, ferocious, without order, fighting fearfully at random, riding on horseback with a man to carry baggage, hating the Irish, and fighting manfully for protestants.

James summons a parliament and repeals the Act of Settlement, restoring the lands to their right owners, and this just act was followed by one not wholly correct, which attainted and declared all property to be forfeited, held by gentlemen who were suspected of being partisans to the new government ; 2000 noblemen and gentlemen were required to surrender and be loyal, or on a certain day the claim would take effect.

Other good and equitable laws were passed, which gave equal liberty to all parties ; one was, that all should pay tithes to their *own* denomination, while now all are compelled to pay to *one*, whether of his belief or not. But James was too fluctuating and too cowardly to be found long in one place, and he is soon peremptorily demanding £40,000. per month, double what he was then allowed—was angry at the refusal, and shortly he is found expelling the students from Dublin college, converting them into barracks, because they refused a Roman catholic the office of a senior fellow.

William of Orange now felt that the safety of his English power lay in the conquest of Ireland ; and accordingly sent an army of what were called “mercenaries,” the outskirts, the “pell-mell,” of all continental nations which could be rummaged, and placed them under Schomberg, who landed with this frightful, heterogeneous mass, on the 13th of August, at Carrickfergus. The castle, commanded by Macarty More, was defended bravely for a time, then he surrendered, and marched out with the honours of war. Schomberg marched to the west, his army burned Newry and Corlingford, but he forbade these depredations in future, and pitched his camp at Dundalk, where he was soon in great straits ; his troops became sick by privation, and the ground was thick with loathsome corpses ; he shifted his army, and as he moved threw out the dead from the waggons, till the rear-guard had a bridge of dead bodies to walk over. Thus ended this campaign. England was indignant, and William determined to leave the country in the hands of his wife, Queen Mary, and go in person to Ireland. He reached Belfast, June 14th,

1690 ; 7000 of his army had landed before him, making in all a body of 38,000 men, well-disciplined veterans, who had been driven by Louis XIV. from France, and who hated the catholics ; these joined to the Enniskilliners together with the fragments of Schomberg's troops, made a formidable army, fitted for plunder and debauchery of every kind. William lost no time. They had previously secured the favour of the presbyterians of the north, by a royal gift of £1200. per annum, which is now the famous bone of contention, called the *Regium Donum*. This bribery has been augmented, to keep up protestant interest, till, in 1842, £55,156. 3s. 2d. was the amount, adding a grant of £1950. for the Belfast presbyterian college. To the credit of the independents, they have refused this bribery, and many of the presbyterians have doubts on the subject.

William went southward. James had committed his army principally to Frenchmen, rejecting his Irish subjects, for it was Louis that James wished to favour, and put Ireland under his protection. William stood on slippery ground. His hold on England was not strong, the northern parts of Scotland were at variance with him, and this struggle involved all Europe, as James was fighting for Louis in the catholic cause, and William for all the persecuted protestants over the continent. Ireland in this contest seemed to be chosen as the playground for James and William to divide the game, and the Irish, who would share in the glorious results, were to look on. James' officers were Frenchmen, and the Irish soldiers in his ranks were indignant at such a choice. William had chosen his from all "nations, kindred, and tongues," who had nothing to do but to fight, and no prey so palatable as that of the catholics to their high-seasoned palates.

James had been tardy, as if loth to engage ; but on the 28th of June he reached the river Boyne, near Drogheda, with an army of 30,000. He crossed and stationed himself on the right bank of that beautiful river, whose gently flowing waters and rich emerald meadows invite to anything but fierce bloodshed between

men made in the image of God. A pass was behind them ; in case of emergency James could retreat.

On the 30th, William and his army arrived on the opposite side, and well might a bloody warrior ask, when he surveyed the rich scenery around him, "Behold," turning to his officers, "is not this a land worth fighting for?" The recital in detail of the fatal battle can be better told by fighting men than by the pen of one who hates the principle and practice of war. Enough for the writer to say, that in August, 1845, I stood by the famous monument erected to William, in company with a presbyterian clergyman who was receiving his "*Regium Donum*" from this same William of Orange, and he graphically described *how*, on that sunny morning, not a cloud swept over the horizon when William commenced the battle—*how*, by the indecision of James, ("as the Lord would have it,") that the enemy rushed into the river, and with 10,000 English horse and foot forded the stream, fought bravely, and scattered the Irish. This was but the beginning ;—the successful attacks of the Irish cavalry spread alarm ; but the old grey-headed French Huguenot stimulated his troops by pointing to the catholics in James' rank of Frenchmen, and shouting "Allons, messieurs, voila vos persecuteurs !" A shot through his neck stopped his breath. James at a safe distance, with a body-guard of 6000 Frenchmen, was looking on, nor moved to stimulate his men, when William crossed the river through a most difficult pass, hastened to the Enniskilliners, and asked, "What will you do for me?" A shout and advance answered, but they were repulsed. Doubtful hung the event till the Irish, deserted by James and his Frenchmen, gave up the contest. William made no prisoners, took no spoil ; and had James acted like an interested leader, the hated name of "orangemen" might never have lived to keep up so much enmity between these now bitter partisans. James was soon safe in Dublin, whining about his army, who had, he said, deserted him. He then fled towards Waterford, breaking down every bridge that he crossed, and William the next day took Drogheda. The military

leaders of James liberated all the protestant prisoners, and marched to Athlone and Limerick. William went into the cathedral of St. Patrick at Dublin, and rendered thanks to God for the victory.

The protestants then urged that all the property of the Irish should be seized who had adhered to James, which drove the peasantry to madness, and they were forced again to take up arms. William went to the south; Wexford, Waterford, Duncannon, and Clonmel received him, and the most ruffianly conduct marked the conduct of the soldiers—violence, plunder, and murder. Douglass marched to Athlone, was there defeated by the old man Grace, who had resisted Cromwell to the last, and now had life enough remaining to manage the garrison, which he did successfully. William sent to Limerick, demanded a surrender in vain; that garrison had stood firm against the Normans and against Cromwell, and had not the least inclination to submit to William. In vain he thundered his cannon—in vain he gathered new supplies; that old castle, which had then stood four hundred years, defied all force. Three hours sometimes hand to hand they fought; the women seizing whatever instruments they could from the slain, fought with desperation, reproaching the villainous soldiers of William for their treatment to women, declaring they would be torn in “piecemeal” before they would fall into their power. William lost 2000, and was glad to depart. His hope was to return to England, but was persuaded to send an army to take Cork a prey, which he did under the command of Marlborough, who secured it and went to Kinsale, which after a short resistance was taken, and returned in a month to England laden with honours.

Ginckle and Sarsfield now carried on the war, till James sent Saint Ruth, a French commander, in the room of the energetic Sarsfield. Saint Ruth was a boasting French coxcomb, delighting more in balls and pleasure parties than in fighting for the Irish. Athlone is besieged by Ginckle and driven back by the brave Irish, and all his means baffled. In vain he lays bridges or planks to cross the river; they are pulled away or

burned down. Saint Ruth, self-confident, becomes quite sure, and in his revelry, or rather stupidity, in consequence of a night's sport at a ball, at the rising of the sun the signal bell tolls ; arm in arm, twenty abreast, in water nearly to the chin, the British army cross the stream, and while this was doing planks were flung over the bridge, and Ginckle and the remainder of his army were amidst the astonished Irish, who, many of them asleep, rushed out "half-clad," and fled to Saint Ruth, who replied, when told of the disaster, "Well, let the army advance and beat them back again." Too late for this: the garrison was taken, two thousand of the Irish slain or taken prisoners, and Saint Ruth lost all repute. Ginckle offered honourable terms of pardon, full possession of estates, and free exercise of religion, on condition of laying down arms, and acknowledging William as sovereign. Saint Ruth, jealous for Louis, refused, and the fearful battle of Aughrim decided the question. The Irish cavalry were men of valour, had shown it at the battle of Boyne, and now were on the eve of conquest, when Saint Ruth at the head, and the priests on every hand stimulating to action and conquest, a ball killed Saint Ruth ; a cloak was flung over his body to conceal him from the army, but, having no leader, confusion followed, the English gained advantage, and for three hours, butchering for three long miles strewed the ground with the slain. 7000 of the Irish fell and 1700 of killed and wounded among the English. Ginckle, elated, now secured Portumna, Monagher, Loughrea, and then Galway, with little or no opposition. Ginckle, like William, was honourable in his terms towards the catholics, and was much censured by the ascendant protestants for his liberality. Limerick was now in prospect : valorous, noble Limerick—which had hitherto defied all assaults, must be taken. The wise Ginckle proceeded cautiously, burning the outskirts of the town, where he could then find the old fortification, for many days before a breach was made, but dare not storm it ; treachery relieved him—an Irish officer by the name of Clifford, who "sould the pass,"

was stationed, with four regiments of dragoons, at a place in the Shannon, which was fordable, and had offered it to the English, and Ginckle, under pretence of retreating, dismounted his batteries; the Irish shouted for joy, when lo! Ginckle was among them; he had completed a bridge in the night, of ten boats, and passed over with 600 grenadiers, beside a body of horse and foot; the Irish fled, left their accoutrements, but were not pursued; the garrison was well supplied with 14,000 men and a good supply of provisions, and Ginckle was willing to offer the best terms for peace, for he knew that he had gained this ground only by treachery, and the garrison determined to resist to the last. But Talmash urged another attack, and the storming began. A strong body of the Irish determined to oppose the pass at Thomond-bridge, and here for hours did a most awful struggle continue; the maddening armies rushed upon each other—cannons roared—from the garrison a continued fire of shot poured upon the English; when the British were about defeated the grenadiers were ordered to the charge, and the Irish, manned afresh, disputed the ground with fearful, inflexible resistance. A French officer now turned the battle, by ordering the draw-bridge to be raised to prevent the grenadiers from passing onward. The Irish, not understanding this, thought it treachery, and broke and scattered; some attempted to swim across the Shannon into the city, many were drowned, 600 were bayoneted by English grenadiers, 100 were made prisoners, and had not the officers interceded they would have been killed. Ginckle was willing to desist, and a three days' truce induced the Irish to offer terms of capitulation, and after a siege of six weeks, terms of treaty were agreed to, honourable to Ginckle, and happy for Ireland, had these terms been regarded as sacred. The substance as recorded, is summed up from the detailed articles, by a late author, in the following words, which are here inserted:—

“The celebrated treaty of Limerick, consisted of two parts, civil and military. The civil articles provided, that all Roman catholics should enjoy the exercise

of their religion, as in the reign of Charles II., their majesties promising as soon as their affairs would permit them to summon a parliament, to give the Irish catholics further security in this particular. Roman catholics were to be required only to take the oath of allegiance and no other. The inhabitants of Limerick, and all those under commission of James, in the counties of Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Cork, and Mayo, and all the commissioned officers then serving in the Irish army, were to enjoy free possession of their properties and estates, with full liberty to exercise their professions and callings, as in the reign of Charles II. The catholic gentry were also allowed the use of arms as gentlemen.

The military articles stipulated for the surrender of Limerick, and the other fortresses in the possession of the Irish, and provided, that the garrison should march out with the honours of war, and be provided with shipping, if they required, to convey them to France or elsewhere, at the expense of the English government."

This treaty was certainly *satisfactory*, if not *honourable*, and had William and Ginckle carried it forward as stipulated, and as they no doubt wished, war would have ceased, and Ireland might have been a thriving people.

The orangemen of Ireland would do much more honour to the name they bear, did they manifest the spirit towards their country that William did; his was not so much a conquest of tyranny—as was his predecessor Cromwell—he neither practised himself, nor countenanced in his soldiers, wholesale plunder or butchery.

CHAPTER VII.

"Hope and fear alternate rise."

WE now have reached a point in the history of a people where we gladly sit down on the little bright eminence and before the din of battle the smoke of cannon, and the groans of the dying have wholly died away, we turn back

the sad leaves of the "Black Book" of Ireland's records, and as at the last we find an illuminated page, and written thereon, *Hope!* willingly would we say, *Onward, Onward!* But what is the goal to which she must pass—and what is to be the reward at the end of her race.

Who has shown her any lasting good? Who has held out the olive-branch of peace, to her on any equable terms of national rights and justice? If an isolated ruler here and there showed a little lenity, his power was immediately curtailed, by a parliament crying "popery," "mere Irish," "rebellion," bind her hand and foot, and cast her into utter darkness, and as the smoke of her torment has ascended, they have devoutly said, "Amen, Hallelujah!" Is this severe?—*Would that it were*—would that these stubborn facts were libels—and though my pen had recorded them, gladly would I blot the execrable page, and write *mistaken*.

Ireland we often hear is ungrateful, indeed ungrateful. But let us hear, in all good conscience, what should make her grateful, and to whom does she owe this mighty debt of gratitude? Is it that when her rights of land and home, of worship and education, are wrested from her on penalty of banishment or death, that she spurns from her a religion and education offered from the hands that have pillaged her, and hearts that have been steeled to all the tender susceptibilities of life? Is she ungrateful for not acknowledging a boon which is a *God-given right*, and which no man *can* give, nor no man *justly* take away; a right to possess her own inheritance, and worship her God in the form best suited to her inclinations? Is she ungrateful, that when her manufactures are prohibited, her labour cut off, and her haughty task-masters remunerate her labour by rags for covering, and potatoes for eating, that she feels her sufferings, and when this potato by the wrath of the Almighty has been blasted, and her rulers have sent her sacks of meal and hampers of bread, and soldiers with guns and bayonets, to keep this meal from hungry jaws; *is she then ungrateful* that she does not lick the hand which has not returned a fractional part of the *interest* of that

principal which is her moral right, and which had she for centuries possessed, would not have driven her, like the beasts of the field, to feed upon a single root for ages? But *is* she ungrateful? *Listen, kind reader.* Ireland, bruised and mangled, "tattered and torn" as she is, knows the hand that feeds her with that "charity that never faileth," and the hands that throws it at her as to a ravenous beast, to keep him at bay. Well does she know the name of Quaker, the name of churches and chapels, and transatlantic people who flew to her aid, and gratefully does she lavish her thanksgivings on those hearty benefactors. But we left her under the morning dawn of that treaty of Limerick, and we follow the well-intentioned William home to give an account to parliament of his doings. He was surrounded with all grades of protestants, not only in England, but Ireland and Scotland; and parliament at length put forth her strength, till the tolerant part of that treaty was all melted away. Then in nine years after the return of William, when priests had again been prohibited a home in Ireland, after May 1698, under penalty of imprisonment and transportation, and if they returned death must be the penalty, when Irish teachers were forbidden to teach Irish children, and if any were sent abroad, however young, to be educated in any public school or private family, such an offender should be disabled to sue for debt, to prosecute any action, &c., and to be guardian, administrator or executor of any person, should forfeit all his estates for ever; then, when all these acts were framed, and still more, the parliament presented a bill to confirm the "treaty of Limerick." The woollen manufacture was discouraged, the linen-trade was taxed 30 per cent., and flung thousands out of employ. Irish silks, cottons, malt and beer, were prohibited, and even catholic coal-porters were carried into the committee of grievances, and what was left, but to prowl about in despair, preying upon their oppressors when and where they could, under a virtual slavery, worse than death.

For a century they struggled on under different reigns,

each making the old fetters stronger, or forging heavier ones. Queen Anne garnished all the sepulchres that Elizabeth had built; acts were passed that might well make the cannibal nations of the islands of the sea blush to own, read them who will,—read the conniving, the wording to avoid that treaty, and at last read the provisions of the Act to prevent the further growth of popery, which would disgrace the pages of the Koran; they are fitted only for the “Statute Book,” and the age in which they were written. When George I. ascended the throne, Ireland was a mass of corruption and misery unparalleled; agriculture was hardly known,—whole villages were depopulated,—arable land was now used for feeding sheep, because a wise law had enacted that no tithes should be paid for pasturage; consequently this burden must come upon the poor peasant who had a potatoe-plot, to pay for the protestant faith,—woods were cut down, which will explain why so many miles are destitute of a tree, and the wasted lands could not support the inhabitants. The land was covered with beggars,—history states that five-sixths of the poor families were left to prey on the remainder; persecutions increased, and the people had become so crushed, that they suffered in gloom and sullen silence; like the poor American slave, they crouched before their lords,—their spirit broken, looking only to death to relieve them.

Dean Swift, an Englishman born in Ireland, but living in England, was sent across the channel to take upon him the appointment of the Deanery of St. Patrick’s, in Dublin; this man was a “Tory of the old school,” consequently dissenters or catholics had little to hope from him. Wyse, in his *Historical Sketch*, says, page 27, speaking of the ascendancy, “that it was now and henceforward almost exclusively English, and for English purposes.”

The aid of the Irish presbyterian was now rejected with contempt. “The poisoned chalice was now returned to his own lips,” the exclusive system was turned against him—he had made the executive entirely protestant. The whigs of George I. made it entirely

English. This ascendancy was strengthened if not *gained* by the Irish House of Lords, which passed an act reading thus: that the "British parliament has full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people of Ireland."

Here was a finely-spun net, deliberately wrought by the people themselves, and the English well knew how to catch in this snare the silly contrivers of their own ruin. The presbyterians, who had worked faithfully with the government to crush all catholic power and interest, when they had both succeeded, found *themselves* too, snared and taken. This ascendancy wanted *no dissent*; the church and state fabric was beautiful in the *exterior*, and in their fond eyes "had neither spot nor wrinkle, nor any such thing;" dissent was dashing the muddy waters of schism on this pretty garment, and thus placing itself on a line between the two fires of protestant ascendancy on one side, and popish idolatry on the other. The power which the English parliament had now in their hands was not all used at once, it left sufficient in the possession of the Irish legislature to inflict whatever punishments, in their wisdom, they might think necessary upon the catholics. These laws were multiplied against the catholics, or rather the old ones more rigidly enforced. Priest-hunting "became a fashionable sport," and "blood-money" was lavished in profusion. One act passed in 1726 reads, "that any popish priest who should marry a Roman catholic to a protestant, should be guilty of *felony*, and suffer *death* accordingly."

In the midst of this darkness Dean Swift made his entrance into the capital of Ireland—a man better known for a tact at satire than for holiness of life. He despised Ireland more than he loved it, yet he saw that something should be done to stimulate the people to press their energies to national objects. He says, "Whatever stranger took a journey in Ireland, would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland or Yceland, rather than in a country so favoured by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress and diet of the people; the general desolation

in most parts of the kingdom ; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead ; the families of the farmers, who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hog-sty to receive them."

Swift did not long see these miseries before he made an investigation into the cause ; and the cause he found was greatly owing to William III., who prohibited the importation of woollen goods from Ireland to foreign countries : he wrote a pamphlet for the universal use of Irish manufactures to the exclusion of the English. " Let a firm resolution be taken by male and female, *never to appear with one shred that comes from England*, and let all the people say amen." Ireland would never be happy, he added, " till a law was made for burning every thing that comes from England, *except the people and their coals*." This pamphlet excited the people—startled England ; the printer was prosecuted—the jury said, *Not Guilty*. Swift kept up the fire till he wrote the fourth pamphlet, in which he says to the Irish, " The remedy is in your own hands, and therefore I have digressed a little to let you see, that by the laws of *God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England*. £300. was offered as a reward for discovery of the author of the fourth Drapier's Letter ; the printer was cast into prison. Swift boldly defended the prisoner's cause, and the grand jury brought a verdict of *ignoramus* upon the bill. Swift conquered, and the Irish bestowed on him every honour possible till he went to the grave—they never forgot his patriotism. And that people which he at first thought as but little worth, became his warmest friends, and even his favourites. He possessed strange contradictions of character :—while he considered Ireland as crushed, and crushed *unjustly*—while he aroused their energies to assert their rights, yet we see written, that he opposed all measures for the relief of any severity against the dissenters, and sneered at the claims of the catholics in these words : " We look upon them to be

altogether as inconsiderable as women and children. Their lands are almost entirely taken from them, and they are incapable of purchasing any more, and for the little that remains, provision is made by the late act against popery, that it will daily crumble away. In the mean time, the common people, without leaders, without discipline, or natural courage, being little better than 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' are out of all capacity of doing any mischief, if they were ever so well inclined."

Swift died, and with him the effort to sustain home manufactures ; and Ireland is now a vast "estate farmed by English managers." When George II., in 1727, ascended the throne, the catholic nobility, gentry, and clergy, sent by Lord Delevane a most humble address. This address, loyal as it was, and representing five-sixths of the people, never was noticed, nor never so much as heard of ; and in the same year the last wreck to which they clung was wrested from them—" *the remnant of a franchise*," and again the little flickering hope that was trembling in their wretched lamp expired. George II. secured the tithes for the church, and so happily adjusted them, that the peasantry bore the burden ; and the distress was fearfully augmented by a famine in 1740, which swept away *four hundred thousand* of these poor sufferers, who died after having eaten dogs, cats, mice, and all sorts of nauseous food. They crept to the fields for nettles and herbs—there they died, being so exhausted they could not return ; their bodies lay upon the highways and fields, where the kites and vultures preyed upon them." This terrible calamity was construed as a *signal judgment* on the poor wretches, and presses and pulpits were busy to turn it to the best account upon the heads of the remaining sufferers ; like the indefatigable clergyman on the island of Achill, in 1846-7, who wrote a tract, and circulated it in Sabbath-schools, seriously and solemnly attributing the fearful blasting of the potatoe to the three great evils for which Ireland had pulled down the wrath of heaven, viz., *murders, idolatry*, and the "*Maynooth Grant*," and

this he confirmed by telling the poor culprits that he had long told them so, and they would not repent. But mark, these sins were piled upon the poor catholics' heads, as the *only* idolaters, the *only* murderers, and the presumptuous receivers of the "Maynooth Grant" were to have the greatest share of the guilt ; and here it may not be untimely to state, that no one who reads the history of Ireland in past days, and compares the spirit and doings of them with the present, can dispute either the authenticity of that history or that the spirit of man is alike in all ages. When the protestants and dissenters of Ireland heard the awful news that the English Government had become so corrupt as to bestow a grant on a catholic college, their hearts were stirred within them. They talked, they wrote, they petitioned, they assembled in churches, and made fervent prayers that the fearful judgment might somehow be staid ; and while these prayers and this incense was ascending the potatoe suddenly "gathered blackness!!" And who then could doubt ? The protestant Bishop of Dublin had the candour to say, that if we must have a Romish clergy, let us have an *enlightened* one, as our great hope lies in the *knowledge* of that body, not in their *ignorance* ; and as the catholics count six out of seven of the population, why have they not a claim ? A *Regium Donum* man said, in Belfast, "One of two things should be done : we presbyterians should give up our donation, or the catholics should share in the same, as counting the greater number paying heavy taxes, and the original proprietors of the land." This was common sense and common justice ; but how few acted in accordance.

In the famine of 1743, new excitements of invasions from France and rebellion from Ireland called for more stringent laws, and Curry in his *Historical Review* says, that a nobleman and privy councillor stated, that "as the papists had begun the massacre on them, about an hundred years before, so he thought it both *reasonable and justful* on their parts to prevent them at that dangerous juncture, *by first falling upon them :*" and the same author adds, that at Lurgan "a conspiracy

was formed to rise in the night-time and destroy all their catholic neighbours in their beds." The conspiracy was discovered, and a stop put to the wicked plot.

A disarmament took place, chapels were shut up, monastic institutions suppressed, and again every avenue of hope was closed. But behold, a new and tempting sop now comes, no less than the all-accomplished Lord Chesterfield, who is sent to conciliate the catholics, whom he hated with all his heart ; but a rebellion in Scotland called for exertions to soothe the Irish towards England, and prepare them to oppose the Highlanders who were rising against government. Chesterfield had opiates of various sorts—he opened the catholic chapels, set their priests at liberty, and the poor duped Irish would as cheerfully have kissed his toe as that of the pope, though it was a *protestant* one. He kept all quiet during that year, while he was writing to parliament to exercise strictly the penal laws, which in 1746 were followed by two acts, the first annulling all marriages that should take place after May 1746, between protestants and catholics ; the second, that any popish priest who married two protestants, or a protestant and catholic, should be hanged. Chesterfield succeeded in the deception, and left Ireland the next year, with blessing on blessing, for the happy year enjoyed under his jurisdiction. Harrington supplied his place, and the catholics were again sent back to their old state, and George Stone, at the head of the dominant party, employed the vilest means to establish the ascendancy of English power so firmly as to dispense with the Irish parliament. The protestants were the opposers of this—got up a mob in Dublin, and compelled the members of both houses to take an oath to resist the union of the two countries.

The reign of George II. was one of the most abject slavery ; all confidence was destroyed, and even protestants contended among themselves. Charles Lucas wrote a series of tracts called the *Barber's Letters*, loudly complaining of the corruptions of the servants of the government ; the papists were stirred, and Lucas fled from Dublin. In this the catholics took no part, but

sunken and lost as they were, like a land where slavery predominates, there always remains a germ of life, that cannot and will not die; this germ makes its way through the most unfavourable obstructions, and starts out in some unexpected spot, asserting its right to sun and air, and though its root be nourished by no healthy soil, yet it stands forth to say, that it possesses all the properties of a plant of richest growth and finest hue.

George Stone, loose and profligate as he was, we never hear was rebuked for his infamous and debauched residence, which was made so that the younger members of the parliament might cater to his political influence; nor do we hear that any of the protestant clergy were ever curtailed in any of their carnal pleasures, being mostly composed of men who hated popery because it owned not their supremacy, and who were planted there more as wolves to retain a prey which had been gotten by conquest, and which consequently required the same carnal weapons to keep it in power of the lion, than like shepherds of the flock.

Many of these clergy are said to have been "infidels," and Swift, in one of his satires, says of the majority of them—

"Of whom there are not four at most
Who know there is a Holy Ghost," &c.

Wyse remarks of the catholic clergy, at the same time, "They dwelt not in the tranquil shadow of a protecting and paternal government, but in the midst of the shadow of death, with the inquisitor eye of a persecuting code about their paths; teaching in the very sight of the gibbet, and often laying down their lives in testimony of the doctrines which they taught. They were in wilds and wastes, houseless and homeless, whose names were often unknown to the legislators who sought their blood." But these never-dying persecutions upon priests and peasantry, worked out secret associations of desperate men, who sought revenge in ways quite unpleasant to the task-masters who held them in bondage.

The "White-boys," a name well known, or as some call them, "levellers," were a fearful band, and well

might the guilty ones quake when their white shirts were lighting up the meadows and farm-yards of the usurping landlord. They were dressed outside in white shirts, and in the darkness of night, they "levelled enclosures, houghed cattle, turned up the ground, and burned farm-yards." This was a revenge practised upon landlords, who converted most of their ground into pasturage to "clear off the poor people from their estates." These were Tipperary men, not that Tipperary men are any more malicious than others, but it was settled by a class of people better informed than many other counties, and not being so easily crushed, seeing better the oppressive hand that bound them; their proud, their tortured spirits, sought redress in any and every way, without consulting whether gospel principles approved or condemned. This law of nature *does* and *will* act, where grace has not supplanted it, and is the *last* law of the carnal heart that yields to a heavenly influence. This done, the *whole* man is brought into the sweet subjection of the gospel of Christ. These were catholics, and it should be said that the question was not so much one of religion as of property, for the English catholics, who belonged to the pale, were as persecuting as the protestants upon the Irish catholics, and wherever the catholics found any justice meted towards them, they acknowledged with the liveliest gratitude. The "Oak-boys," another company of terribles, arose in Armagh, because they were compelled to spend a great portion of time in making roads, while the rich would not in the least contribute to the burden. This was in 1764, and they derived their name from wearing oak branches in their hats. These were protestants. The "Steele-boys," another secret combination, arising from the conduct of an absentee nobleman in Donegal, who had great possessions in Antrim, and raised large sums by letting the land at small rents, and receiving heavy fines upon the renewal of short leases. These "boys" resolved to pay these unjust fines in "steele." The landlords in all these cases never relaxed the burdens, but added to the oppression by accumu-

lating punishments of the most fearful kind ; had they changed their severity and offered them justice, every "shirt" and "oak leaf" would have been doffed, and every "*steele*" converted to an instrument of nobler purpose. But no, these acts were punished by hanging without trial when caught, and the most coercive laws were added to the already severe ones upon the catholics, although the protestants of the north were doing the same ; yet, as the legislature insisted that all originated in *popery*, so popery must be hanged wherever he could be caught.

The White-boy outrages were imputed to the priests, and poor Nicholas Sheely, of Cloogheen, in Tipperary, was accused—one of the poorest priests belonging to one of the poorest parishes, and a man of most ardent benevolence ; all these qualifications were enough to fasten suspicion on him, and he gave himself up on condition that he should be tried before a Court of the King's Bench at Dublin, instead of Clonmel. It was done, and a thorough scrutiny of fourteen hours honourably acquitted him. His enemies at Clonmel reported that a man named Bridge had been murdered, to prevent giving witness. Sheely was taken to Clonmel, and the very evidence that had been rejected at Dublin, found him guilty,—he was condemned to be hanged and quartered, and to the last protested his innocence. Many others suffered the same deaths, by the accusations of the landlords, and no doubt remained, but that Bridge, the murdered man, had left the kingdom privately ; two witnesses swore that he had done so, and he was afterwards alive in the country. In the days of Robespierre, in France, the reign of terror could not be worse ; the poor fled, as many as could, and those who staid, were in "jeopardy every hour ;" so dreadful was the fear that the land was thinned of cultivators ; many had been hanged, many were in jails, and many had escaped to other lands. Every miscreant from jails to stews, was brought forward for evidence, and any testimony seemed sufficient to hang a suspected man. But time, the great restorer of all things but Irish rights, brought to the door of the protestant another evil, which, like an incubus, was bearing him down,

when he had scourged and purged the land free from "White-boys," and Munster murderers, he had a land overflowing with beggars. The penal laws prevented the catholics, who had property, from buying an estate, and the protestant could not sell—he could not give a long lease to a catholic—and the wave seemed to roll back so heavily, that self-interest required some relaxation of severity sufficient at least to let the protestants rally, for by this rigorous course little could be brought into the revenue.

It must be said, that the great body of the protestants in Ireland were idle, and that this brought them sometimes into great difficulties concerning the cultivation of the land. The catholics had in the mean time not been asleep, to improve all that was left them *to improve* to their own advantage. All the privileges of commerce, which had been granted, were turned by the catholics to the best uses. Merchants and tradesmen had become rich by commerce, and had by the interchanges of trade united themselves insensibly together in one common interest, this had gradually frittered away the narrow prejudices which had hitherto alienated them; and from this, principles of liberty were awakened, till growing from strength to strength, they at last burst forth into one grand flame, which lighted up the whole island.

That ever-watchful eye which sees the end from the beginning, when the cycle turns round which is to produce some new event, always has the material ready to develope and carry forward the plan.

Mr. Wyse, Dr. Curry, and Mr. O'Connor, were the instruments to put the machinery in motion which startled the kingdom. Dr. Curry seems to have been honoured with the first intimations of what should be done; having returned from the continent, where he had been educated, and seeing the degraded state into which his country was sunk, his generous heart was pained at the sight, and he studied what to do for his fallen country.

It was in the Castle-yard in Dublin, that he was brought to a point, which urged him to prepare *A Historical and Critical Review of the Civil Wars of Ireland*,

which stands high as a work of candid, clear, and authentic investigation. He heard a young girl exclaim with horror, and uplifted hands—*Are there any of these bloody papists now in Dublin?* He ascertained that the girl had been to Christ Church where she had heard an inflammatory sermon against the papists, which had frightened her childish heart, and drew forth this exclamation. He obtained a copy of the sermon, and found it filled with terrific statements, and unjust slanders, which called for refutation.

O'Connor was a philanthropist, and a great antiquary, had made himself acquainted with the history of his country; and in 1747, wrote a pamphlet which did much good, entitled *A Protestant Dissenter*. He wrote afterwards many others, which enlightened and roused the public mind.

Mr. Wyse was active, judicious, and conscientious, and well calculated to gather the fragments of his scattered nation together, and cull from them the material best fitted for their great purpose.

These three noble men addressed the few catholics among the aristocracy to unite with them, and petition the throne to mitigate the sufferings of their country; but they rejected the plan entirely. They next applied to the priests; *they* had been so hunted and secluded, that they thought of no more than to crawl from their hiding-places unseen, and administer to the sick what their duties required as priests, and from them all hope was vain. They then applied to the mercantile body; they responded heartily, amidst opposition and ridicule from the catholic gentry and clergy; they persevered, formed an "Association," and in 1759, they ventured to send a most servile address to the throne, styled, "The Roman catholic gentlemen, merchants, and citizens of Dublin." So crushed had they become, that this address must be sent through Mr. Ponsonby, a protestant, to the lord-lieutenant. The hour was a propitious one, the threatened invasion of the French was arousing England, and the government had always a few opiates at hand for the galled Irish, when her pugnacious abilities

were needed to aid them. The appeal was heard and answered, joy lighted up the dark countenances of many who had opposed the measure, and delegates were appointed from all parts of Ireland, to meet the association, and this plan of Mr. Wyse was the starting point from which issued a body of gigantic growth.

George II. died, and George III. succeeded. He declared that he would be tolerant to religion, and that all should enjoy liberty to worship God as he pleased.

Yet these three men had much to oppose; the aristocratic catholics had an aristocrat for their leader, who had been injudiciously chosen, because of his influence, and extensive wealth. Haughty and overbearing, he would not be opposed, which soon alienated the people, and caused dissensions in the association.

But as something important was to be achieved, an unseen hand that turned the wheel presented a restraining power, that kept the threatening avalanche from demolishing the trembling framework of the building. In the person of Lord Taaffe, who, though he did not finally, like a Washington, bring his country to the consummation he most desired, yet like a Lamartine he checked the fierceness of the torrent, and set an example of integrity, love of country, and discriminating zeal worthy of a statesman and christian. He was by birth an Irishman, but had been driven into Germany by the penal laws, and had gained great honours in the German court. He saw the difference in governments, where all religion was tolerated, and where it was not, and he too ardently hoped that he could do something effectual for his bleeding country. The attachment of the Irish to their native land has no parallel; and this man, when age had whitened his brow, paid annual visits from Silesia in Prussia, in the "depth of winter," to Dublin. He struggled hard against his opponent and the anti-remonstrant party, but succeeded no further than to awaken new opinions, and keep alive the dying embers of hope in the hearts of the people. The association dissolved in 1763, yet it did not extinguish the fire that had been kindled, and the stone that was set

rolling gathered force as its velocity increased. The catholic shopkeepers and traders had suffered much from an imposition called *quarterage*, which was considered as a badge of servitude, as a right of conquest after the revolution. This protestant revenue was used for the "purposes of providing regalia, ensigns, and colours for the different fraternities, to supporting reduced free-men, to burying the dead, to waiting on the mayor on days of solemnity, and providing anniversary entertainments." Like the hated church tithes, these taxes were collected by seizures of goods and imprisonments, till the burden became so intolerable, that the catholics in different towns determined to resist, and many were successful. Petitions were multiplied from the protestants, complaining that the catholics were collecting money to resist these *sacred, long-established imposts*; and a bill was prepared to encourage the protestants by "confirming the rights of *quarterage*." The catholics, in order to defray the expenses of courts, had levied a small sum of a half-penny or penny a head, and collected these sums into a general fund to be called out when required. This was the origin of what is now called the "catholic rent." This was all voluntary, and extended to France and America, till it swelled to a greater amount, and accomplished a greater object than was first designed.

The "Octennial Bill" now passed, which caused great rejoicing; the parliament which had allowed the members seats for life, now gave them but eight years, and though this upturning turned many catholic families from their farms to give protestant freeholders their places, yet in the end it roused a liberal party among the protestants. A new parliament met, and disputed concerning a privy council money bill, which curtailed the right from the House of Commons to dispose of the public money. The Irish aristocracy, headed by Mr. Flood and Lord Charlemont, were too strong for government. This ended in the dismissal of the house till the following March, and in the meantime all was activity, preparing bills for the catholics, that they might

obtain leases of lands, which leases should be recorded for the information of future generations. A bill for encouraging papists to become protestants reads thus, "Papists may take leases of land for any term of years, in any city or other market town not exceeding fifty square perches, and in any other part not exceeding fifty plantation acres ; no papist to have more than *one* lot ; on taking his lease to take the oath of allegiance, and at his death the lease to be divided among his successors ; and if the widow or children should conform within twelve months, the conformist was to have the largest share."

Mr. Flood became discouraged, and the state of the country was distressing in the extreme. An extravagant government had exhausted the treasury, pauperism abounded, and in the midst of this, 4000 soldiers were voted to go out to America to help England to conquer the rebels there. This drew from the 12,000 which were stipulated for the defence of Ireland so large a share, that she was left exposed to attacks from foreign invaders.

It has been said that the American Revolution was one of the most important eras of the world, because in it was involved the interests of so many nations, and because it has successfully proved that trade and commerce, arts and sciences, literature and religion, move more harmoniously under the voice of the people than when propelled by a few. The one hundred and thirty million sterling which England lost, with her two armies and colonies beside, gave great hope to Ireland that *they* might yet shake off the incubus, and be a free people too. Great opposition was made against voting an army to assist England in her war with America, but the men were sent. The Americans were emancipated, and Ireland rejoiced. But before she had achieved her independence, an embargo was laid on the exports of provisions from Ireland, and the American war stopped the trade in Irish linens in that country. Distress was again seen in Dublin, by black flags, denoting that trade was stopped, and great suffering prevailed. When the news reached England that America had declared

her "Independence," the penal laws were a little softened. The fugitive Irish in America had stood nobly in defence of the country which had given her an asylum, and this had greatly attached the Irish at home to that country. They felt that the interests of both nations were, in a measure, mutual, as their condition had been somewhat similar ; and if the state of Ireland was not a little bettered soon, she might be strengthened by her transatlantic brethren to make a desperate effort for her own emancipation. All this, doubtless, flung into the scale, produced that famous "Popish Relief Bill," passed in 1778. By this, catholics could take leases for lives or for 199 years, and could purchase lands, with a few restrictions, on condition of taking the oath of allegiance. The catholics associated again under a leader, who was inefficient ; and they were startled by a new association springing up by the protestants in the north. These noble-minded liberals, looking with pain upon the sad state of the country, determined to merge all minor differences of opinion into one common interest for the great good of all. Government was nearly palsied. The Irish landlords were in a sad dilemma ; the lord-lieutenant stopped payment, and all the wheels which moved grants, pensions, barrack and ordnance payments, &c., ceased their motion. England could spare them nothing ; her own debt was enormous, and she could neither help or oppose Ireland effectually, had she been disposed. Ireland applied for the removal of restrictions on trade, but she was not heard. Lancashire remonstrated that Irish trade would ruin her, and the request was waived by granting the Irish leave to export all her manufactures to the plantations but her woollens ; and though this grant was of no use to them, as woollen was their great commodity, yet British merchants were much disturbed at this condescension.

Matters were turning dark in England ; she wanted an army of 20,000 soldiers, and could not muster more than 5,000. Spain and Holland had joined France in declaring war. The American war had exhausted the British treasury, and now the protestants arose to defend

Ireland. They saw the storm, and determined to avert it, and defend their country against a common enemy. Ireland would be the most favourable mark for an onset by France, and she put herself in a posture of defence. Belfast began the movement by providing what she could to defend herself, and then applied to government : she could give them sixty troopers. Never was there a more noble, disinterested movement ; every man, protestant or catholic, was at his post. "Volunteers" was the appropriate appellation of these self-moved patriots ; for, like Deborah's army, they offered themselves willingly. The catholics, who, by a statute, were not allowed to carry arms, yet they aided, by their money and counsels, in raising volunteers. The catholics of Limerick alone subscribed £800. to raise men for the national defence, though they would not be allowed to mingle in the ranks. Drogheda and Dingle did their utmost, as well as many other places, till the number swelled, in a year or a little more, to forty-two thousand men. Government was alarmed, but could do nothing ; opposition might turn these armed men upon them, and an attempt to connect them with government failed. An offer was made of temporary officers, only to be used in time of need ; this they refused, choosing officers whom they knew. Various uniforms were put on, some green, some white, some scarlet, and others blue. They grew into an army, of regiments and brigades, till protestant and catholic were one united body of valiant soldiers ; and if war were not a most reprehensible evil, this body of patriots would have deserved the highest honours. They were, indeed, a most *noble* body of men as ever combined for an *ignoble* purpose.

The Duke of Leinster, Earl of Clanricarde, and Lord Charlemont, were not ashamed to be ranked among them, as well as many others of the nobility. The moral grandeur of the whole was, that all equipped themselves ; a general purse was established ; there was no bribe, no inducement but love of liberty and country. And in these was centred the true greatness of the whole. These volunteers increased as the danger seemed to threaten,

till they were obliged to apply to government for arms. 20,000 stand of arms were handed out from the castle of Dublin. They now had accomplished their wishes, in getting a supply of arms—and the priests chose officers; all worked without pay, and subordination was complete without military law. A higher law than force governed these men, a law of love, a law of honour; and when the soldiers returned from the American war, they were hailed with the greatest enthusiasm, and their experience was of great use in teaching the volunteers the discipline of troops and armies.

It is pleasant to dwell on the principles which were embodied in these volunteers; they were principles of *instinct*; they had never seen the example of impartial justice, unrestrained freedom, or love to men, any farther than party-interests. And *here* the two antipodes who hated each other from *duty*, and killed each other in obedience to what they called *religion*, were now without coercion, without bribery, all simultaneously rallying round one standard, to accomplish one *great* object—*justice, and the good of all*. Well might the historian say, “It was one of the most purely democratic bodies which the world has ever witnessed.” How pleasant to dwell on these few short days, when that stricken country had made such rapid strides towards that goal which she so much desired to reach, and which she so richly merited.

France, it appears, did not invade the coast; and when this well-organised body had found herself in readiness, she turned her attention to looking into the causes of the miseries under which the country groaned. Manufactures were what they wanted, and they resolved at once to adopt the advice of Swift, and refuse to purchase goods of English manufacture, and besides, to refuse trading with those merchants who dealt in them. A public meeting held at Dublin, by the high sheriffs, adopted this resolution:—

“That we will not from the date hereof, until the grievances of this country shall be removed, directly or indirectly, import or consume any of the manufactures of Great Britain; nor will we deal with any merchant or shopkeeper who shall import such manufactures,” &c.

This was recommended to all the country who regarded the commerce of Ireland. This was obeyed ; and a writer observes, that the happiest change took place in habits ; there was no violence, no religious bigotry taunting an opponent ; each sat under his own vine and fig-tree ; and none made him afraid. Smiles beautifully expresses it : “ The poor oppressed catholic now dreamt of deliverance, and was satisfied ; the famished beggar looked up from his crust moistened with tears, and hoped.” The wide distinction of rank was so removed, that the “ volunteer private could sit at the same board with the volunteer general,” and order and quiet reigned universally ; and that island of natural beauties had her civil and moral ones, such as she had never seen since the days that their patron St. Patrick had blessed it with his faith. There was no need of “ White-boys,” or “ Oak-boys,” and the Rapparees too, the most fearful and dreaded of all, were now quiet.

These Rapparees deserve a name in the history of that devoted country, for they were the terror of all the bad, and the good sometimes were made to tremble by these desperadoes. They originated among the Connaught exiles, who, driven from their own hearths, determined to revenge by robbery and murder, whenever robbery and murder was convenient. They were armed with a kind of half-pike, and hid in the fastnesses of mountains ; often without houses, and like the beasts of prey, they prowled at midnight upon defenceless inhabitants, destroying their property ; and when detected, they sometimes disappeared so mysteriously, that the superstitious imagined that they had communication with the infernal regions ; and when pursued, they entered by some unseen passage into the earth, to the dark abodes below. One of them had been committing depredations, and when hunted he suddenly disappeared in a bog, when lo ! he was found safely sunk in the quagmire up to his chin, he was pulled out and hanged immediately. But now these dark gentry had either all gone down to the *lower regions*, or they had become safe inhabitants of the upper.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ A little sun, a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.”

IRELAND seemed now to be looking beyond the dark cloud that overshadowed her head, and feeling that she should yet stand forth in her own national strength, and again rejoice in that freedom which was hers, when no foreign foot had trampled her soil to enslave it. October 1779, was the eventful opening of a parliament, when assembled men of sterling principle, whose gigantic minds grasped at once that *liberty*, that *equality*, that *justice*, which are instincts in the soul of every man, and which every man should boldly claim.

Daly, Forbes, Flood, Burgh, Yelverton, Bushe, Pery, and Grattan, were there. Yes, the noble Grattan, whose influence had been felt in that parliament since 1775, and who now came forth robed with new dignity, hallowed that assembly, and gave to it a tone which nothing but true greatness *could* do. The electric spark which had been kindled throughout the country he fanned brighter; and his country, sunk and degraded as she was, knew and appreciated him; and she appreciates him still. Now, in the desolate chambers of that once proud “Linen Hall,” in Dublin, he stands, pointing to the ruins that encircle him, while his weeping countrymen, as they show him to the stranger, say, “*O, that we had him now!*”

Henry Flood had stood long in that parliament, and his logical powers were said to be masterly. Opposition armed him at once cap-à-pie with the whole panoply of argument; and his presence of mind never failed him. Yet he had been so long conversant with the intrigues, the vascillations, and waverings of political life, that he had become, as Barrington says, “sceptical.” His wisdom made him so, and he sometimes doubted, from a

shrewd discernment of human nature, which the purity of Grattan's own mind, never allowed him to do.

Burgh was a little differently moulded from either of the preceding. He was a speaker of great brilliancy, his manners of the highest polish, and to sum him up, Mr. Flood has graphically said, "He did *not* live to be ennobled by patent—he was ennobled by nature."

Barry Yelverton was distinguished for oratory, nice taste, and strong understanding, bold and vehement; but alas! he debased his noble powers by selling his country at last.

Pery was an experienced patriot, had been an efficient member of parliament since 1751; he did much for his country, when opportunity allowed him, and was always found on the right side when the question was doubtful. Freedom of trade, corn-laws, tenantry bill, tithe bill, and independence of the Irish parliament, always had from him a strong support. The crowning of his whole character was, his historian says, "There was not a particle of deceit in his whole constitution." Would that this could be said of all the men of talent that appeared on the stage at that important era. John Fitzgibbon was one of Ireland's bold patriots, when she was rising; but he basely trampled her under foot when his own fortunes demanded it, and when she most needed his aid.

Dennis Daly was a most strenuous advocate of freedom in trade, in religion, and in politics; and was always on the side of the oppressed. Noble, praiseworthy trait!

Parker Bushe was morally great, and strongly opposed to the American war, though he held office under government.

John Forbes contended powerfully against all that opposed the welfare of his country, and was a man of strong and active talent.

Haly Hutchin, should not be forgotten, as a strong advocate for liberty, though a great office-seeker.

These are not all the noble-minded patriots who sat in that house, October 1779; nor were these spirits idle, and well is it known that the important subjects then discussed, carried weight beyond *that* house. "*Free trade*"

was the subject. "Free trade" was granted; but coming so tardily, and with such humiliating extortions, they proved quite unsatisfactory, being resumable at pleasure by the English parliament. *Independence*, entire *independence*, was the unanimous demand. A speech from Burgh, as pithy as it was effective, produced the most thrilling, if not alarming effects. "Talk not to me," said he, "of peace; Ireland is not in a state of peace, it is smothered war. *England has sown her laws like dragon's teeth, and they have sprung up in armed men.*" Never, never was a *clearer, juster* figure than this; and though scattered among 42,000 armed volunteers, like arrows, and at such a crisis too, yet it could not be unsaid; and its fearful echo is *now* on every breeze—the houseless, homeless outcast, on mountain and in glen, by the highways and ditches, are the *living* the *dying* mementos of these piercing "dragon-teeth."

Grattan now arose in all his moral strength, to move for a declaration of Irish rights: he met opposition, many deserted him, and he was defeated; but though he fell, he "fell in his robes," for the discussion, though lost in the house, had full and free course outside the walls. They had no mutiny bill, and denying the force of the British law, the disarmament of the militia might at any time take place; and when the bill which was read and carried in the Irish parliament, was returned from England, a clause was added, rendering it *perpetual*. This was a dreadful blow, the dragon-teeth were watered again, and the people were roused; councils were held, the volunteers awakened to new life, reviews were now common, all classes witnessed these well-disciplined bodies with the deepest interest; ladies plied the needle, embroidered colours, and presented them to the different companies. These companies, though they had been moving in perfect harmony, self-governed, yet now resolved to choose leaders, and the Duke of Leinster was elected with great pomp, as general-in-chief over that province; the other provinces followed the example, and the Earl of Charlemont was elected as commander-in-chief of the whole.

He was not fitted wholly for so great a work, his domestic virtues were more brilliant than his public ones; small things disturbed him, and he lacked decision. His appointment to office was followed with great and grand reviews; at the north, Belfast was the most complete, 60,000 spectators were present, and Lord Camden on reviewing it said, "Keep it up, keep it up, for depend upon it, England will never forgive you."

The volunteers felt that as parliament had refused to grant a declaration of rights, they must know the mind of the nation, and delegates from all the corps were elected, met, passed resolutions and published them. A great meeting was held at Dungannon, when two hundred and forty-two men, delegates from twenty-five thousand of armed volunteers, assembled in the church of that place, dressed in the various uniforms of their respective regiments; and such was the solemnity and stillness of that assembly for some time, that "many were softened into tears." The resolutions then passed, were proposed by Mr. Grattan, Mr. Flood, and Lord Charlemont.

These resolutions are too numerous to be embodied here—but they are such as a Grattan and Flood could embody, which reflects honour on them as lovers of liberty and country; and such as, if they had been adopted by England, and carried forward, would, long before now, have wiped the foul blot of Ireland's wrongs from her escutcheon, and which aroused all parties to renewed exertions.

The Bishop of Derry, an Englishman and English peer, was at the head of a party to throw off the English yoke, and urged the volunteers forward, while there was no power to resist them. They were now strong, united, disciplined, and England was in trouble with Cornwallis; they, therefore, had every thing to hope. This bold man was opposed by Lord Charlemont and the whigs, and every energetic movement discountenanced. England now felt that these "rebellious Irish" would slip from their grasp, if new sops were not sent over; and the Duke of Portland was prepared, at the open-

ing of the House of Commons, to apply the soothing opiates as soon as the declaration of rights should be presented. The volunteers made imposing sights in different parts of the city, but no riot and no noise was heard. Grattan entered, when after a little pause, the lord-lieutenant said—(and ye who are politicians and parliament men *hear*, for who can better understand than you, the zigzag windings, the secret connivings, the empty blusterings, and the nameless intrigings of men in office, men in power, and men who *love* office and *love* power, when this their blessed “craft is in danger :”)—

“His Majesty, being concerned to find that discontent and jealousies were prevailing amongst his loyal subjects of Ireland, upon matters of great weight and importance, *recommended the house, to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to effect such a final adjustment as might give satisfaction to both kingdoms.*”

This was followed by Huchinson and Ponsonby, who praised the king, and ended by assuring him, that his faithful subjects would act in accordance to his wishes. This declaration changed the face of things. And now Grattan arose, and in the might of that moral strength which carries all before it, he made a speech, which stands as one of the most finished specimens of oratory and patriotism, that was ever made in any house of parliament; his generous, and too confiding heart, discovered in this message nothing but love for Ireland, and he told his hoping, deceived hearers, that they were now a free people, and that that *this* was the first joyful moment for ages that this happy title could be claimed. “Ireland, he added, is now a nation !” He then invoked the spirits of Swift and Molyneux, and said, “Your genius has prevailed! *Esto perpetua.*” Thanks were now returned to his Majesty, with the warmest testimonies of attachment to his government, that while they willingly acknowledged that they are annexed to the British crown, yet they claimed a parliament of their own, and to be the sole legislator thereof. This they claimed as a birthright, and “which we cannot yield but with our

lives." The house was carried away with this speech of Grattan's, and many that had doubted were now conciliated. One in that assembly saw through a different medium, he had seen sudden revolutions before, and throughout the whole he continued silent—he saw the hollowness of the entire machinery, and the people at last saw that Ireland had no guarantee for her liberties, but only kind wishes and good intentions. But the sound had gone forth, the whole nation caught the enthusiasm, and assembled in different counties to rejoice together, and pledge themselves to one another and their country, and the hitherto enslaved catholics now presented an address to the Duke of Portland, couched in this humiliating language: that they felt the most sincere gratitude, that they were "*allowed to have a home in their native land*, hoping that his grace would represent them to his majesty as a body of people capable of returning gratitude for benefits, and not unworthy of his royal protection and favour."

Politicians can better understand the deep policy of the Duke of Portland, by reading from a note sent to Fox, when he there declared that conciliatory language better suited the present exigencies, and that through these influential gentlemen thus appeased, something in future more favourable to England might be achieved.

One hundred thousand pounds were voted to Grattan for his services, and was received with great acclamation by the people in general; but his *friends* requested that but fifty thousand should be granted. Parliament now finished her work, by introducing bills to repeal the 6th of George I., which declared the supremacy of England, and the dependency of Ireland on the crown of Great Britain, to repeal the perpetual Mutiny Bill, to secure the freedom of election, and the independence of the judges. The work was now thought to be complete, and the revolution of 1782 triumphant.

Upon these hopes, sandy as they were, the sanguine Irish began to build anew their nation, and applied themselves steadily and effectually to merchandise, manufacture, and agriculture, beside making Dublin,

by her rich and tasteful architecture, one of the handsomest cities in the kingdom.

The discerning Flood saw symptoms that all was not safe, and that Ireland was still in the grasp of a ministry that would eventually crush her hopes, and brought forward a bill to make all her laws, external and internal, independent of all foreign power. This movement startled the hitherto satisfied Grattan, and great opposition followed, which ended in little else than arousing the volunteers to new action, and to demand a thorough *parliamentary reform*.

It has ever been the case in Ireland, that the Irish members in the house of the English parliament have, many of them, opposed the best interests of their country, either from selfish motives, or from a cringing servility to the English government. The Irish Secretary in the British House of Commons declared that the king himself could not relinquish the inherent right of the British legislature to legislate for Ireland. Lord Abingdon seconded this declaration in the House of Lords, and moved to introduce a bill to re-assert the rights of England to legislate externally in the concerns of Ireland.

The volunteers, hearing this, beat to arms, and collected 120,000 men. The British government again talked of conciliation, and actually passed a bill renouncing *in toto* all future right to legislate for Ireland. Now this sunshine was eclipsed by their own corrupt parliament; and the volunteers, encouraged by the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Fox, Pitt, and many others of influence, determined that strenuous efforts should be made to correct those abuses which the parliament was inflicting, and would further inflict, if not checked immediately.

A convention was held in Ulster, at Lisburn, by the volunteer delegates, and an address, signed by Lieutenant-Colonel Sharman, and another at Dungannon, to decide upon the best means of effecting their purpose; and here they resolved to correspond throughout the country on the subject, to send five delegates to Dublin, and apply to Lord Charlemont for his opinion. A national

convention was appointed on the 10th of November for the purpose, and the answer of Lord Charlemont so disappointed these liberal-minded men, that discussion after discussion took place, and when the 10th of November arrived, 300 delegates, representatives of 150,000 armed men, and men of influence, were escorted to Dublin by small detachments of volunteers, and the sight was one of the most imposing that the city had ever witnessed.

Whoever has visited Dublin, must have seen the Rotunda, proudly standing at the head of the noble Sackville Street; and here the delegates, headed by Lord Charlemont, and guarded by a strong body of horse, assembled. Twenty-one guns were fired, and the members, with broad green ribbons across their shoulders, walked two-and-two, and the volunteer battalions followed with national banners and mottoes; and the clergy, in "full canonicals," attended each regiment, while the bands of music played the "volunteers' march;" and labels were affixed to the mouths of the cannons belonging to one brigade, on which was written, "*Oh Lord, open thou our lips, and we will sound forth thy praise.*"

This was a singular motto on the mouth of a cannon, whether construed as an "Irish blunder" or a happy mode of praising God through the instrument of death. But war and death were not the objects of this assembly; it was a *grand*, a *noble*, a *moral* struggle, for those rights which man should possess in common with his fellow-man. That music was not to drown the groans of the wounded, it was not to stimulate bloody warriors to fiercer combat, but to kindle still brighter the flame of liberty burning in their breasts; and well might the enthusiastic multitude, from the house-tops and windows, throw green ribands and wave handkerchiefs, as this well-disciplined army passed on to the place of conclave.

History states that so deep was the feeling, that a stillness prevailed through the whole march by the crowd as well as by the procession. But when the artillery gave notice that the delegates had entered the Rotunda, an acclamation long and loud rolled upon the ear, till

burst after *burst* of feeling rent the air with renewed enthusiasm. Ah, they hoped, they thought liberty was achieved, and this joyful song was a token of their gladness. But listen! Lord Charlemont was there, the *nominal* friend of Irish freedom, but the *real* tool to accomplish its ruin. His own words were, "I had, upon mature deliberation, determined that, to render the assembly as respectable as possible was the next best mode to the entire prevention of it." The Earl of Bristol, too, was there; his entrance into the city was in an open carriage, drawn by six beautiful horses. Several carriages were in his suite, and his dress, which was purple, together with that of the liveries of his servants, made a most picturesque display.

Robert Fitzgerald, his nephew, had raised a cavalry which were splendidly dressed, and mounted on the finest chargers; and when this procession presented itself at the portico of the House of Lords, and sounded their trumpets, which echoed through the long halls of that spacious building, the astonished members of both houses hastened to the door. The sight of the Earl, with his dignified salute, and the company which attended him, was imposing, while the band played the volunteers' march, and the volunteers presented arms, and then amid the acclamations of the multitude they moved on towards the Rotunda. The Earl entered and took his seat with the convention, with motives totally averse to his rival, Lord Charlemont. His eye was single to the good of Ireland, his heart free from intolerance, and he determined to exert his influence for the emancipation of the catholics. But alas! Lord Charlemont took the presidency, and the deliberation of parliamentary reform went on. Lord Charlemont vascillated; Flood and the Earl of Bristol obtained a preponderance; a bill of reform was prepared and sent the House of Commons by the convention. This bill embodied the rights of the catholics, in despite of George Ogle, who had stated that the catholics were quite satisfied with the liberties granted them without demanding the elective franchise. The catholics replied, "that we do not so widely differ from

the rest of mankind, as by our own act to prevent the removal of our shackles." When the great body, dressed in uniform, presented themselves in the House of Commons, the confusion was great. The Bill of Reform was presented by Mr. Flood, accompanied with forcible language, demanding if they would or would not accept it from us your members. A tumultuous scene followed. Some of the members, who had been decided volunteers, deserted and turned to the government. Fitzgibbon and Yelverton were among the number, who declared, that it was inconsistent with the dignity of the house to receive a bill from "armed demagogues." Curran severely rebuked these dissensions, the scene from debate proceeded to clamour, and the bustle continued till morning, when Mr. Flood saw his motion overpowered by a majority of 154 to 49. Parliament now resolved to maintain its privileges against all encroachments whatever, and sent up an address to the king, testifying their entire satisfaction and loyalty; and thus ended the parliamentary reform.

Lord Charlemont remained in the Rotunda, while Flood and his delegates were presenting the bill, but growing impatient, he moved for an adjournment to the Monday following:—they adjourned and never met. The members who assembled on Monday found the doors closed, and that the lord had duped and deserted them.

They were dismayed, disappointed, and in many places beat to arms, but finally were scattered and dissolved. Grattan, who had thought all secure, was startled, and found too late that his dream of bliss was a false one; that he had looked quietly indifferent while the volunteers were acting, thinking that liberty was already achieved.

The association was dissolved or suppressed by government, and Dr. Madden states that the error of the leaders was, thinking to retain the confidence of the catholics, while they denied them their rights. Grattan now saw the corruption of parliament, and most boldly denounced its proceedings. He charged them with bribery, with selling peerages, and challenged them to deny it. "We do not affect to treat them as other than

public malefactors. We pronounce them public criminals —will they dare to deny it.” They did not deny it.

During the administration of Westmoreland, the Place Bill was carried, and through this, Pitt, it is said, was enabled to bring about that hated union, which, like a contending man and wife,

“ United jar, yet loth to part.”

CHAPTER IX.

“ Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad.”

AGAIN the catholics began to feel that they should have a place somewhere in their country; and though they had been told that they *should* be satisfied, yet they did not see cause to be so. Their body was numerous and many were wealthy, they had tasted enough of partial liberty for a few years to find it palatable, and determined to struggle for more; and they had some efficient and intelligent men. And in 1791, they resolved to petition parliament, if they could find one in their body to present it. Among four millions they had not a representative. At length, a Dublin merchant, by the name of Keogh, called together a select committee, and pressed them to send one of their number. He was chosen. Bold and coarse, full of true patriotism, and possessing sterling sense, united to a happy facility of winning opposite opinions to his own, he was the more fitted for the exigencies of the time. He went forth, another opiate was given. England was fearing the French Revolution, and in 1792 a partial relief was granted to the catholics, the legal profession was thrown open, protestants and catholics were allowed to intermarry, and catholic education was a little more tolerated. And now, as we are on the precincts of the rebellion of

'98, it may be well to see what catholic privileges were, a few years before.

When they had succeeded in gaining these minor privileges, they resolved to lay their entire grievances before the government, and demand redress.—“Behold us before you,” they said, “four millions of the people of Ireland, subjects of the same king, inhabitants of the same land, bound together by the same social contract, good and loyal subjects to his majesty, his crown and government, yet doomed to one unqualified incapacity—to a universal civil proscription. We are excluded from the state, we are excluded from the revenues, we are excluded from every distinction, every privilege, every office, every emolument, every civil trust, every corporate right. We are excluded from the navy, from the army, from the magistracy, from the professions. We are excluded from the palladium of life, liberty and property—the juries and inquests of our country. From what are we not excluded? We are excluded from the constitution.

“We most humbly and earnestly supplicate and implore parliament to call this law of universal exclusion to a severe account; and now at least to demand of it upon what principle it stands, of equity, of morality, of justice, or of policy. We demand the severest scrutiny into our principles, our actions, our words, and our thoughts. Where is that people who, like us, can offer the testimony of a hundred years’ patient submission to a code of laws, of which no man living is now an advocate, without sedition, without murmur, without complaint. Our loyalty has undergone a century of severe persecution for the sake of our religion, and we have come out of the ordeal with our religion and with our loyalty. Why then are we still left under the ban of our country.”

This appeal was not in vain. These scattered fragments of wrongs and suffering, had never before been gathered and embodied in one mass, and presented to view at one time, and new impulses were revived. The protestants of the north were not quiet, a parliamentary

reform they wanted, and were forming committees which swelled into companies, till the fearful body of United Irishmen were formed. The catholics, as they saw that justice long delayed, began to draw towards these directors of the United Irishman, and both were looking to the French for aid if needed. The protestants who belonged to the United Irishmen were for complete catholic emancipation.

Another class, called the Defenders, sprung up from the oppressed catholic peasantry; these having no law were a law to themselves, and they united to defend themselves. All this looked a little startling, if not *seditions*; and to quiet all a message was sent through the Duchess of Buckingham, that government was very anxious to lighten the penal laws. She was a catholic, and this intimation was given to the higher order of catholics. The catholics immediately forwarded a petition, which was at once rejected, as a step towards religious supremacy. A relief bill was introduced and rejected by the protestant gentry, as most dangerous; but Pitt succeeded in gaining it at last, and by this bill the catholics obtained the elective franchise, though they were not allowed a seat in parliament; subordinate rights they might exercise, and the landlords determined to use this right of franchise for their own profit, by their tenants, in turning their votes to their own advantage.

This tolerant relief bill was followed by intolerance; the people were prohibited assembling to draw petitions for redress of grievances, arbitrary fines were imposed on editors of newspapers, &c. Westmoreland was called home, and Lord Fitzwilliam sent, as viceroy. He was a lenient landlord, owning great possessions in Ireland, and he set himself in earnest to correct the abuses of public funds, persecution of catholics, &c. He chose what instruments he pleased to carry out his plans, cast out men who were rich and powerful from lucrative stations where they had been unjust; and so thorough was his work, that he was called back, and Lord Camden substituted. The people were enraged, riots and seditions every where multiplied. Camden could not appear

abroad without a guard. The United Irishmen gathered strength, and all was fast approaching that fearful rebellion of '98, the scenes of which many now live to relate.

Though the volunteers were nominally dead, yet *virtually* they lived and moved in the United Irishmen, who having seen their order and machinery, had taken lessons of vital importance. The French Revolution had infused fresh ardour into the Ulster presbyterians who first formed that band, the principles of which may be better known, by using the words of Theobalde Wolfe Tone, only at that time twenty-eight years old. He formed the society for this purpose—"To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connexion with England, the never-failing source of our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country; these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of *Irishmen*, in place of the denominations of protestant, catholic, and dissenter. Their first meeting was held in Belfast, and their resolutions were such as no freeman would be ashamed to avow."

1st. "That the weight of English influence in the government of this country is so great as to require a cordial union among all the people of Ireland, to maintain that balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties, and the extension of our commerce.

2nd. "That the sole constitutional mode by which this influence can be opposed, is by a complete and radical reform of the representation of the people in parliament.

3rd. "That no reform is just which does not include Irishmen of every religious persuasion."

With these noble resolutions the society proceeded forward, with Tone for their leader; a paper called the *Northern Star*, was commenced at Belfast—one called the *Evening Star*, was issued at Dublin.

The catholics had not joined the United Irishmen, nor did they consent to do so till the northern protestants had, as they supposed, matured their plans.

The leaders in this movement were—Tone, Emmett, Russell, Lord Fitzgerald, and many other prominent men, who were all protestants. Tone had attempted to arouse the catholics, by a pamphlet which he published, in which he shewed that the sad state of Ireland could never be remedied till there was a kindlier feeling between the two parties—that they had one common cause, the good of their country, and this cause could never be effected but by a common union. Parliamentary reform was what they needed, and this could never be effected while the country was divided. The dissenters and catholics at last were unanimous, the relief bill was thus gained, and the catholics again ceased all effort. Government having pacified this party, undertook to suppress the movements at the north. The people were disarmed, the standing army increased ; while the gentry, magistrates, and clergy of the established church, encouraged the government. A secret committee was established, and from this issued the most fearful deeds of cruelty ; hired witnesses multiplied, juries were packed, and soldiers were quartered upon the pretended disaffected districts ; committing all manner of wickedness, provoking the inhabitants to insurrection ; till finally, the whole country was in a ferment. Some of the United Irishmen were arrested, and in 1794 they were tried ; and it was on that occasion that Curran delivered the unparalleled speech that has been the admiration of the civilised world.

It was in '97 that the United Irishmen were dispersed from their place of meeting, Tailors' Hall, in Black Lane, Dublin, by order of government, and their papers seized, and they forbidden to meet any more.

Secret societies now sprung up, and these United Irishmen concocted a system more efficient and determined. Parliamentary reform and catholic emancipation merged their names in democracy, or "the full representation of the people of Ireland." These societies well understood each other, and were so skilfully managed, that orders could be transmitted without risk through all the grades of the organization, by a short notice.

These societies, which at first were civil, changed into military detachments when needed ; and in proportion as government became coercive, they became desperate. The oath which bound them it has been called a *capital offence* to take, and, as a specimen of the justness of their motive and the principles of government, it is well that it has been preserved. It is—"I, A. B., in the presence of God, do pledge myself to my country, that I will use all my abilities and influence in the attainment of an impartial and adequate representation of the Irish nation in parliament, and as a means of absolute and immediate necessity in the establishment of the chief good in Ireland, and will endeavour, as much as lies in my ability, to forward a brotherhood of affection, an identity of interests, a communion of rights, and an union of power, among Irishmen of all religious persuasions, without which every reform in parliament must be *partial*, not *national*, inadequate to the wants, delusive to the wishes, and inefficient to the freedom and happiness of the country."

Emmet, when employed to defend a case of one who had taken the oath, after faithfully reasoning for his client, concluded by—"My lords, here in the presence of this royal court, this crowded auditory—in the presence of that Being that sees, and witnesses, and directs this judicial tribunal—*here*, my lords, I myself, in the presence of God, declare *I take this oath*." He then took the book that was on the table, kissed it, and sat down. The astonished court was struck mute—there was in this act a moral greatness which overpowered them. The prisoner was discharged, and Emmet left unrebuked. His fate afterwards is well known, and the recital of those dreadful scenes of '98 would be superfluous ; living witnesses still, with grey hairs and weeping eyes, rehearse the fiendish scenes that blackened those dreadful days.

Government spies were lurking in every quarter, and woe to the United Irishman that had taken the oath. All manner of barbarities were inflicted, some of them too bad to be written, and which would be incredulous,

did not Ireland now possess undeniable evidence, from verbal testimony, as well as from the *spirit* which now manifests itself, so far as the improved state of society and more lenient laws do not prohibit. The forcible cruel gathering of tithes, the spirit of the Orangemen which is annually manifested publicly, and *above all* and *over all*, the turning out whole tenantry into the mountains, where not a tree grows to shelter the naked heads of old men, women, and children, in the years of (1847, 1848, 1849) a terrible famine, are all *undying* testimonies, that *tyranny* is *tyranny* in whatever age it may reign, and when its power is let loose, its "*tenderest mercies*" are fearful. The question is now often made respecting the famine, "Are not the accounts greatly exaggerated?" The answer is, "*Come and see.*" One look will satisfy that language could not reach the *reality* of cases daily existing there. *So of the rebellion.* "I can give you no idea," said an old respectable lady now living in Arklow, "of the horrors of those fearful days." And *now* the dread of a British soldier among the peasantry of Ireland can be compared to nothing but the dread of children in the far-west of America to the scalpings and fiendish yellings of the war-whoop of the savage; and still do they sing the old song of bygone days—

"Ye soldiers of Britain, your merciless doings
Long long shall the children of Erin deplore."

The watchword, "Free quarters," gave unbounded license to their brutality, and whatever cabin or house they entered, their infuriated passions spared neither virtue, age, life, or property. And here it should be recorded, not only as a rebuke upon the English soldiery but as a tribute due to the Irish, that the English soldier is celebrated for his wanton plunder and abuse of females, while the Irish soldier cares less for plunder, and never abuses women. General Abercrombie says, that "the army were let loose upon an already tortured and desperate population; the huts and houses of suspected persons were burned; their families were tortured and frequently murdered; and women were often subjected

to the outrages of lust and brutal passion. The Orange yeomanry and militia especially distinguished themselves by their monstrous cruelties. Sir John Moore stated to the Lord-Lieutenant, that the presence of the troops was necessary more to check the yeomen and protestants than the people in general ; and these Orangemen were made up, as they are mostly, of Scotch and English of the north. Gordon also testifies, that the " Irish soldier always conducts himself with honour towards women when in his power."

Not content with the most dreadful floggings, tying the culprits up by the hands in the streets, and as they termed it, " flogging the truth out of them, they flung them into carts, stopped under some convenient tree, and with the ropes which they always had with them hung them up often without the slightest trial, while weeping wives, mothers, and sisters, were rending the air with their cries. But the torture of torture was the " pitch-cap ! " This was made of linen, or brown paper, the inside lined with pitch and tar, heated, and set on fire, and the poor victim, utterly unable to pull it from his head, ran in awful terror and suffering, often with the brutal soldiers in pursuit pricking him with their bayonets and exulting in his torture, till the miserable victim ended his sufferings sometimes by plunging into the water and drowning himself, where a river or lake might be near. Kely remarks, that from the humble cot to the stately mansion, no property, no station was secure. Multitudes died under the lash, refusing to confess or implicate others ; many were strangled, while pardon was offered if they would acknowledge ; and hundreds died rather than implicate an associate.

" Here," said an old woman, pointing to a tree, " I followed my fair boy of seventeen behind the cart, one fine mornin', and when they put the rope to the neck, he looked on me and said, ' Go home darlin' mother, ye cannot help me, and I die innocent ! ' "

Trees were then a convenient gallows to hang rebels on, where they were often left swinging in the breeze for days and weeks—sometimes taken down and quar-

tered. In the pretty town of Castlebar, there are trees standing, on which a gentleman now resident informed me that multitudes had been swinging to and fro for days together.

Gordon makes a statement of the spirit of the royalists, who, after "Father Murphy had fallen, cut open his breast with an axe, took out his heart, roasted his body, and oiled their boots with the grease that dropped from it!"

The Irishman, too, will resort in a case of extremity, while passion is high, to all modes of warfare which will best suit his emergency; but when he sees his victim powerless or dead, his temper is cooled, and he stops not to roast or cut him in pieces; and in many cases pronounces a blessing on his "soul" as he sees him departing. But the more persevering Saxon leaves not his work unfinished till every vestige belonging to his enemy has received the finishing touch of revenge.

It should be remarked, that the cruelties before mentioned had been practised for a considerable time, before a general rising took place, and when the peasantry did so, who were called insurgents, the carnage was dreadful. Wexford and Wicklow first aroused, and soon other counties followed. These peasants were undisciplined, but they had invented the pike, which they could shorten or lengthen, to suit their convenience, and it proved a most fearful and effectual weapon. They rushed pell-mell upon whatever opposed them, and with this they subdued the royalists at Oulard, and secured the possession of Vinegar Hill. The royalists sent out to sue for peace, but the reply was—"to Wexford, to Wexford." The garrison was soon taken, and the green banner of the Irish reared upon the walls. The British flying, massacring all, both women and children, that fell in their way.

Gorey was then taken by the insurgents. New Ross was an important position, and the insurgents, and they under General Harvey, with an army of some 20,000 prepared for an assault; but the general and his officers took quarters with a gentleman whose wine was good

and abundant, and the first night was spent in drinking. The morning found all in confusion. A battle commenced, sometimes they fought hand to hand, and for ten hours, till darkness came upon them, when the scene was terrible. The blaze of houses, firing of cannon, drunken men, mingled with the dead and dying, and the wounded crowding to find shelter, all made a scene too horrible for description. Many perished in the flames, seventy-five were burned in one house, which the royalists fired, and in cold-blood did the garrison kill, till exhausted they "lay down, and slept among their slaughtered enemies."

About 300 were burned, the garrison lost 300, and the insurgents 2,000, most of whom were slain after the battle ended.

The peasantry now attempted Arklow; that well remembered battle ended in defeat; and the north, which before the rising at Wexford had been inactive, now, near Antrim, with M'Cracken for their leader, answered his stirring appeal, by "Lead us to victory, or to death!" M'Cracken at first was successful, a young man of noble spirit, and with his "Spartan band" he struggled on till his men were reduced to twenty-eight; he was then taken to Belfast, and executed.

More battles were fought, continual risings at the north taking place, sometimes with great success, then with defeat. General Lake with a royal army of 20,000 men, attacked Vinegar Hill; the insurgents had no ammunition, but with their pikes they fought desperately. The women encouraged them, and many fought by the side of their husbands and brothers; but a torrent of fire at last so poured upon these pikemen, that they gave way and fled. Wexford was at length evacuated, and the wretched soldiery, under Lake, who were many of them Germans, entered the houses, and all manner of cruelties were perpetrated. They entered a hospital, where the sick insurgents were, and shot them in their beds, the wadding of their guns set the beds on fire, and thus the house and patients were all consumed together. The cruelties practised by burning houses, and abusing

women, kept the peasantry in constant alarm, and they in return retaliated in acts of horrid cruelty.

Lord Camden was called home and Cornwallis sent, and measures were more conciliatory ; negotiations were entered into with many of the Irish leaders, who were confined in Dublin prison, and a proclamation was made to all, that pardon should be granted if they would turn to their allegiance.

Everything seemed hushed, when news arrived that a French army had landed at Killala in the county of Mayo, they took Killala, marched to Castlebar, where they surprised Lake, unawares, but who had 4000 strong and fourteen pieces of artillery ; the French army was about 800, and 1000 of the peasantry, and their artillery one curricule gun ! When the surprised British saw that, while they were defending themselves against the musketry in front, small parties were attempting to carry their left, the panic seized the whole British army, and not understanding orders, in confusion they fled helter-skelter, the French getting such horses as they could to follow them.

The Castlebar people now tell you of the "*Race of Castlebar*," when the affrighted British, John Gilpin like, ran through the town without looking behind them after the French, who came at galloping speed at their heels ; nor did they check bridle or spur till they reached Tuam, and from thence they fled to Athlone, a distance of sixty miles. Here in safety they peeped behind the walls of the castle, to catch the approach of the desperate French, who had returned to the town and were enjoying their racy conquest by balls, songs, and dances.

Lord Cornwallis routed them, but not till they had taken Lord Roden a prisoner ; but they at last surrendered, were sent to Dublin, and thence to France. The royal troops at Killala, finding little else than defenceless men, and a few women and children, murdered at pleasure, and each boasted of his superior skill in killing "croppies." This was an appellation given to all opposed to government, which took its rise from the French, who wore short hair. These playful soldiers

made sport of shooting women and children wherever they met them. They erected tribunals at option, and hung when and how their pleasure dictated. Lord Cornwallis gave the insurgents at last thirty days to surrender or be slaughtered.

Now another French line appeared on the coast. On board the *Hoche* was Tone, who had, after having been banished to America, gone to France to solicit aid, and returned with one of their ships, which he commanded, and a dreadful action ensued, but not until the whole masts and rigging were torn in pieces did they yield. Tone was taken, sentenced to be executed, and while the soldiers were erecting his gallows, under his window, he cut his throat with his penknife ; he lived a few days, uttering as his last words, "What should I wish to live for?" All confidence was destroyed among the people, so many had proved themselves that few could trust or be trusted. Nationality was about to be extinguished, and the "Union" effected all that was remaining.

The whole time of the insurrection, when regular battles were fought, was but a little over one month ; 70,000 on both sides were slain, 50,000 insurgents, and 20,000 of the government ; a great part of the former were massacred, not falling in battle.

Ireland certainly ought to be worth something to the crown, for she cost it much to acquire. The money expended upon spies and informers in the course of this rebellion was very great. The standing army in 1798 cost £4,000,000, and the whole has been estimated at £21,000,000. This poor country, instead of paying off this immense debt, is still crying "Give, give !" and England by this appendage has got a ragged, tattered, besmeared, and hungry child hanging to her skirts, whom she will neither relieve nor shake off. "The black-guard Union," which the Irish peasantry call it, has a "name to live but is dead." It resembles much in essence a trembling slave, who, dreading the lash of the overseer, when he speaks of his owner, he calls him "dear master," and sometimes, "sweet master."

Ireland was never subjected, and well she knows it.

She is fastened to England like a tow-boat, which serves to carry the luggage of the *great* packet, dragged along at the governor's will, taking the smoke which comes from the leader's chimney, but tasting none of its meats that are cooked upon its hearth.

CHAPTER X.

“How can two walk together except they be agreed.”

WHEN we find a fellow-creature in any painful or unnatural position, the instinctive enquiry always is, “How came you here?—What is your name?—Where do you live, and have you a father or mother, wife or children?” &c. If we find him ragged and dirty, ignorant and bigoted, and he tells us he belongs to one of the most respectable families on the globe; that his avowed parents are rulers of a vast territory; that they dwell in palaces, and ride in chariots, fare sumptuously every day, &c., the question then is immediately solved in *our* minds, and we tell him at once, that his statement is *false*, or he has been a disobedient son, and therefore an *outcast*.

If he tell us again, that he is not a natural born child, that he was first *kidnapped* and then *adopted*, and that this adoption was but covering the manacles with silk, that the iron might not be so easily seen, or gall so much; that he has not been allowed to share in common the privileges of children; that he has been sent into the field to feed swine, and not allowed at *all* times to eat sufficient of the husks with which they are fed; and when above all he tells you, that because he does not always sing in his chains; that when he looks on the scanty rags that cover him, and the stinted food that feeds him, because he has the sensibility to *feel* his real degradation and petition for redress; he is then branded with the name of “rebel,” called ungrateful, that he

does not fall on his knees and do homage to the cook who invented some new spice for the sop, which his starving stomach might never have needed had he been allowed the use of his own kitchen garden ; we then find the question more abstruse, and, if philanthropists, resolve, if possible, to seek a true solution.

Ireland stands out a mathematical problem, which neither pupil or teacher of Euclid has ever *yet* been able to solve. *Here she is*, and *there she is*, in everybody's dish ; and though everybody may strive to skim her out. What then ? She is there still ; and though she may sink to the bottom, and you make her into mince-meat, every particle of your mince, like the polypus, contains the living germ of the whole animal. *You cannot kill her, she will not die.* Pinch and squeeze her *here*, starve and freeze her *there*, she makes her way across a sea or channel, and some "Micky or Paddy," in the shape of a fiftieth cousin, takes her in, and she finds a ditch-side, or some manure-heap on which to vegetate, and you find her shooting *up* and sprouting *out*, threatening, like Joseph's "fruitful vine," soon to "run over your wall."

She goes to Scotland with her spade, heavy hobs, and dirty bag, to dig in some railway, or work in some harvest. The Scotchman's acquisitiveness starts up ; he takes a fresh pinch of snuff, puts out his horns, and declares, no "dirty Irishman canna hae" the labour that a "gude" Providence has allotted him. Pugacious Paddy responds, "tisen't ye that'll bate me ; and won't I work chaper for the master,—and he'll give the job." He succeeds, and if the Scotchman demolish his temporary mud hut, he sleeps in the ditch, and through wind and tempest finishes the job, takes his sovereigns, and returns to his bog, or mountain cabin, and shares with his waiting family the avails of his labour. He goes to some port in America, sits down on the dock, or boldly walks into some street in tatters and filth, he inquires of every passenger till he finds the cellar or garret where Bridget or Maggy lives, who came from the parish of K— in Kilrush, or Skibbereen. If you ask him if he has any money, "Not a ha'porth by dad," will generally

be the answer ; “ but it’s ye that have the sovereigns, and may be ye’ll give me the work in your fine country till I fill the fist.” If haply he be a disciple of Father Mathew, he is soon in possession of a blue coat and brass buttons, and decently clad for church or chapel. He takes apartments, carpets his floor, and sends for his “ darlin’ Peggy,” and her little ones, across the water ; and he is found on days of public festivity among his respectable appearing countrymen of like occupation, in the procession, with his green flag and Irish harp, for he loves his country still, and is glad to keep in remembrance these lively insignias of his national festivities.

Another comes to England, and asks for employ that he may get bread ; if the market be full, and he will lower the price of the labour, he is told to go back to breaking stones, or into the “ union,” where provisions are made for all the “ poor and lazy ;” but not repulsed, he waits, eating little or nothing, and sleeping as no human being *should* sleep, till a little job is procured. He earns the “ lucky sovereign,” sews it up in his ragged coat and crosses the channel, probably without once eating, till he reaches the still padlocked door of his cabin, for his wife and children have been abroad to beg in his absence. Thus, he lives and hopes on, from generation to generation, enduring what none other ever did, still appended to a wealthy nation, who know him not, and hitherto has loved him *less*.

But now for the “ Union.” The rebellion was put down ; now to *keep it down* was the next undertaking. Martial law found work enough, the flood-gates had been opened, and forced submission without redress of grievances could not be relied upon.

The ascendancy were on the government side, because to her they owed their lands, and rich livings, and were ready at any time to weaken the hands of the oppressed, by merging her into the sea of Britain, where she would float about, without the power of concentration, as when enclosed in her own little waters.

William Pitt now felt that his wished-for object might be gained, and the Union was proposed and re-

jected with great indignation. But what of all that? What could not a standing army of 137,000 do, backed up, if necessary, by bribes for the people? A debate of twenty-two hours, gave the government a majority of *one*, and the following day defeated it. The most talented lawyers were against it, while Mr. Pitt insisted, that as Ireland had been so prosperous under her *own* parliament, her prosperity would be trebled under a British legislature.

Bright pictures were drawn of what it would do, in reconciling religious jealousies, protecting manufactures, &c. The other side contended, that as her prosperity had been unparalleled, when alone, why should she desire to surrender all this, and be lost as an individual nation. The eloquent Plunket told the parliament, that "they were appointed to *act* under the laws, and not to *make* nor *alter* them, that they could not *transfer* the constitution, any more than a king could transfer his crown; they could abdicate it, but it would revert to the next in succession. *Yourselves you may extinguish, but parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people, it is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution, it is as immortal as the island which it protects.*

Lord Castlereagh gathered all his forces, but was overcome by a majority of six. The acclamation was great by the populace, who drew the speaker's carriage through the streets, and Lord Clare was laughingly pursued by the crowd to attach him to it; but he presented them his pocket pistol, and they left him. But their enthusiasm was but a prelude to the sad disappointment that awaited them.

The titled aristocracy were in favour of the Union, and the corrupt parliament, who had ever acted against the mass of the people, were willing to sell their country, if they could be well paid, and Lord Castlereagh proposed a compensation of £15,000. to every returned member of parliament, and every purchased member should have his purchase-money returned, and £1,500,000. should be raised from the public treasure for recom-

penses, to such as should be losers by the Union, and that Irish parliament proved its own baseness by selling itself, and the people for a million and a half of money ! This bill was sanctioned by royalty, and £1200. a year each, was granted to four commissioners to carry out the salaries.

Grattan, in despair, retired from the House of Commons, he had seen their nefarious bribery, had known how Lord Cornwallis had traversed the island, and flattered the gentry. His caitiffs, Grattan observed, "were in the lobby, in the streets, on the steps, and at the door of every parliamentary leader, offering titles to some, offices to others, and corruption to all ;" and this staunch friend of Ireland, went to Wicklow, became ill, but when emaciated and apparently past recovery, by disappointment and grief, he was prevailed upon to be placed in a carriage, and taken to Dublin in the night, and once more raise his voice for his country.

He was led into the house, the astonished members rising to see a ghost, at the hour of five, come among them ; but this ghost again took the oath, attempting to rise, but was too feeble, and, requesting to retain his seat, he made a speech, a last one, which collected strength both of body and mind as it proceeded, and nearly two hours he thrilled the audience with facts, but these facts had come too late, and the anti-unionists ceased any further effort.

Daniel O'Connell, then but a stripling, had, in a meeting of the catholics, in 1800, which had assembled to petition parliament against the Union, declared, that rather than concede to a Union, he would prefer the penal code in all its horrors, and would much rather confide in the justice of his protestant brethren at home than place his country at the feet of foreigners ; and from that hour to 1847, when he died, did he maintain those principles which he there avowed. For more than forty years has he clamoured, long and loud, for the same thing, *Irish independence and the people's rights*, whether *catholic or protestant* ; and though, in much of his creed, he was a papist in the fullest extent, yet this never in-

fluenced him where justice pleaded for protestant rights. To him do the presbyterian ministers of Ireland owe the privilege of marrying their own people, and having their children acknowledged as *legitimate*; and had none but dissenters been taxed with tithes for a state church, he would probably have been effectual in battering down that wall. Peace and universal freedom were not only his watchword, but in practice he carried them out. Through all his repeal agitation, he kept down every appearance of insurrection; and while in jail, the country was then in such a state of agony, resentment, and despair, that they feared nothing but his mandate, and that mandate was peace, and peace was maintained.

"We are all dead," said the poor peasants, as they stood about his jail window, or sat upon a bank in front of it, or breaking stones by the way-side, "Ireland is dead, and O'Connell wont let us fight." That it was the people's rights he was seeking, more than popish ascendancy, was manifest from the state of feeling among the catholic aristocracy; many of them were his bitterest foes, and though for their religion and the priest's sake, they might pay for masses at his burial, yet in their *hearts* they thanked the holy Virgin for their good luck in his removal, and prayed her from the very *soul* not to send them another such a "son of thunder."

That he hated slavery he gave sufficient proof, by refusing money sent him by slaveholders. "*Take back your money, and let it perish with you—it is the price of blood,*" he said to the astonished repealers at the south in the United States. Let the Free Church of Scotland blush when she reads this.

He was certainly an *indulgent* landlord, for he demanded but a shilling an acre upon the same kind of land for which others claimed twenty or more, and never disinherited any. Pity that the *Times'* commissioner forgot to tell this part of the story, when it told the world truly that his tenantry looked as miserably as any in all Ireland.

His enemies say, and his friends do not *all* deny it, that he loved money, and was aiming continually to

aggrandise his children. He loved money, and no man was acquiring it faster by a profession than *he* was, when he relinquished it for the repeal agitation. That he wished to aggrandise his children is, doubtless, true ; and let the kingdom of Britain in toto answer, if this is not the *god of gods*, the great Juggernaut of the nation, to leave a name and inheritance for their children, to make them "*respectable*," to toil early and late, that their children may forego the luxury of earning honestly their bread by the disgraceful "*sweat of the face*." Should every member who has sat in the British House of Parliament, from the time of the Agitator's election, be called to testify what was *the* torment, the *never-dying worm* that ever and anon was gnawing them, they would, with one heart and voice, respond, "*Daniel O'Connell*;" his crashing thunderbolts were falling every *where*, and his scathing lightning was scorching every *thing* ; he tore *up* and turned *out* all that was fearful and hateful, and boldly, yes, *impudently*, told them *to look at it*. With one hand he held up the mutilated laws, with the other his country ; and while his deep-searching eye penetrated the *former*, he challenged his brethren to look well at the disgusting tatters of the *latter*. In that house, would it be profane to say, that he was obliquity itself.

He sleeps in a gilded coffin in a cemetery at Dublin, the hoarse grumbling of his voice will be heard no more by his countrymen ; but let the loud whistling of the winds on the bold mountains of Kerry, and the mad dashing waves that wash their feet, sing the requiem of the man who nestled his solitary dwelling there, amid their wild roar and tempest. His "*mantle*" has fallen on no one, his bishopric who will desire to take. Let his epitaph be written :—

DANIEL O'CONNELL, AND NOBODY ELSE.

Pardon this straggling episode, the Union is left safe, for beside 130,000 glittering bayonets to hold it together, the Insurrection Act, kept every "*rebel*" in-doors, from sunset to sunrise, under the penalty of *transpor-*

tation. The government might now well sympathise with the pious mother, who whipped her daughter most soundly, to make her love God!

It was after this Union, and during the Insurrection Act, that young Emmet, who had fled to France, returned; and burning with love for his country, determined on the rash act, the termination of which is well known, and can never be forgotten, for as he said, "My country will write my epitaph," so it has, his spirit ever and anon rises up in the person of some Mitchell or O'Brien, which like his, has been zealous beyond prudence, and daring beyond reason.

O'Connell escaped better, with nothing but a well-furnished parlour, locked at night for a few months, because he understood how to keep within the limits of law. The catholic emancipation which was so faithfully promised at the getting up of the Union, had to struggle on for years in "durance vile," and not till the famous Catholic Association, organized by O'Connell and Sheill, was in full operation, did the government move on the subject. This was too formidable, and was once put down; but only drew in its horns to push them out still further, for instead of meeting in one vast body at Dublin, they met in smaller detachments, and every man was at his post; at last O'Connell was elected, 1,500,000 people met in different parishes at the same hour, January 21st, 1828, and petitioned parliament, all was peace and ended in a favourable answer; their host was too numerous, too well organized, and their claims too just to be rejected.

Twenty years have they been looking out, partly released, but the cords are not all cut, and the partial emancipation served only to give them a higher zest for more of the savory repast, which their unsatisfied stomachs demanded. The *great* the *grand* prime right of all is still withheld—*Land, land*—something to call their own—where they can dig for themselves, and not beg from those who withhold from them their just and moral rights.

The Queen has lately made them a visit, so did George

IV., in 1821. He was received with all that enthusiastic warmth that the Irish ever manifest and *feel* for their superiors who show them the least condescension. A monument, of excellent taste, is modestly looking out upon the sea, in Kingstown Harbour, where his majesty first landed, and his foot is engraved upon the base of the pedestal. He expressed great satisfaction with his reception, and through one of his ministers, he sent a letter to testify the pleasure he had enjoyed in the visit, wishing them all peace and prosperity; he ratified all this the next year, by renewing the Insurrection Act, and suspending the Habeus Corpus Act. The Queen has made them a visit the past year, and to the hoping and trusting Hibernians it was a *joyous* one. Gladly would they pluck out their eyes for her sake, if need be, for in the midst of all their repeal agitation, and the so-called late "rebellion," if the name of Victoria were mentioned, like electricity, every cap was doffed, and the echo after echo went up, "God save the Queen!" from every lip. The ragged peasant who sat on the hill-side when her majesty entered the Cove of Cork, and said,—“God bless her honour, not a ha’porth of the cratur’s would died of the hunger, if she’d had her way,” was but a true representative of all the suffering poor of that country; and shall her visit do no more for that miserable race, than to gladden their hearts and raise their hopes, to be plunged again in deeper despondency.

Surely, had she *unknown* gone into *one* miserable hovel, and seen the *reality*, the *true* state of millions of these her devoted subjects, her liberal heart would have devised more “liberal things” for that stricken people. But she has ministers, and though they most reverently “spread their garments in the way,” and say, “her majesty,” yet this “majesty” is expected, if not *required* to have no *practical* will distinct from what they in their wisdom may direct. *Am I right?*

Allow me now to say, that the preceding pages, dull, and hackneyed as they may be, *will*, if no more, help those readers, who are inquiring, *how* Ireland has become so *singularly* wretched, to reach the question by

a shorter route, than plodding through the scores of writers on Ireland to meet the subject. The second part is, to prove the fact, so far as ancient documents show, that the Emerald Isle *once* was a *bright* spot in the ocean, that she had in *deed* and in *truth* her "saints," her men of learning, her churches, surpassing all those of the neighbouring nations—that she had her poets and bards; and that even before *vital* christianity was lighted up in Tara's halls, she had a refinement, a morality, an equity of laws, a philosophy, a class of just thinking, and just acting legislators, that a Seneca or Socrates, might not have disowned as disciples.

And they had their bards, and poets too. In vain does Macpherson attempt to rob them of their "Ossian." No discerning traveller can go now into the fastnesses of the rocky sea-coast; but he will hear in every utterance from the wild mountain dweller, a breathing of that Ossianic spirit, that no other nation breathes. That spirit which with him tells you—

"My soul, I replied, O, warrior, burns in a light of its own."

it is, indeed, their *own light*, and who shall dare to puff out his breath to extinguish it!

The world, says Maria Child, in words to this effect, needs just such a warm-hearted people, to mingle through it, and check its hard-hearted selfishness. But her enemies say, she is warlike, she loves to fight. And what nation does not; when money and honour too, are held out? What christian nation in the nineteenth century, had not rather boast of her "thousands slain," than to read that *one* regiment turned its back upon the enemy? Does not a proud navy-yard, with her arsenals, her cannons, her bomb-shells, and her bold masts of war looking up to the heavens thrill with exulting delight through more bosoms, than the shelves of Bibles and tracts in a mission-house? And could not a few thousands be collected with greater facility to scatter death into a foreign nation, than to send the word of life and peace to a benighted isle of the sea. Then though in the early history of Ireland, we find not only her de-

voted saints, but her proud-boasting chieftains of war, who were raising their stones of victory, wherever a neighbouring clan could be routed, candour can only say, that an advanced christianity has carried forward more effectually, and more genteelly, in the "dry tree," what was done more roughly in the "green."

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XI.

"Turn back the page and search the ancient pedigree."

WE have been passing through some of the "Shades" of the Emerald isle, and let us look through the thick gloom and dwell for a little time upon some of her "Lights."

When for eighteen months I had explored the entire counties of the south below Dublin, and met everywhere such strange antipodes of variety and deformity,—wealth, and poverty—but above all, so many remains of ancient grandeur trodden under foot, I resolved that as I further proceeded and explored the north, I would inquire and read, and make myself better acquainted with the history of past ages, while passing along. The Archæological Society of Dublin, has for the last few years been making researches into this subject and have been able to compile a number of volumes of valuable material, gathered from manuscripts, written in Irish, and some collected from the "Four Masters." These "Four Masters" were learned men of integrity, who travelled the island collecting facts, and in 1632, commenced writing the annals, which were finished in 1636, and are now in the library of the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin. They are valued as works of the greatest merit on ancient Ireland. Tadhy of the Mountain, otherwise Michael, spent ten years travelling in Ireland to collect manu-

scripts for Colgan, in compiling the *Acta Sanctorum*. A high character is given of him. The customs of the bards, who celebrated the character and feats of consequential families, have thrown much light on the ancient manners of this people.

Having had access to a number of volumes of the Archæological Society, through the kindness of one of its members, of the family of O'Dowdas, I copied some of its records, and will give the life and character of Cormac, who preserved the "Records of Tara," and to whom writers of ancient Ireland are greatly indebted.

CORMAC.

"So wise and so good a king as was Cormac of the beginning of the third century, that his records should be carefully preserved, and his name held in honourable remembrance."

He was the son of Art, and grandson of Con of the "hundred battles." He attempted to reform the religion of the Druids, and as a reward met with violent opposition. Ireland in his reign reached the height of civilization and learning. He was expelled from Ulster by Fergus, the monarch of Ireland, but by applying to the greatest warrior of the day, Lughuidh-Laga, who had killed his father, Art, he destroyed Fergus and took possession of the kingdom, and for wisdom and splendour, he is said to be the Solomon of Ireland. He built the palace of Tara, and revised the annals of the kingdom—he founded three academies at Tara, for law, literature, and military science. He was himself a bard, a lawyer, and philosopher. He caused the Psalter of Tara to be compiled, in which were the pedigrees of whole families, the boundaries of their territories, the tributes payable by the provincial kings to the monarch, &c., a copy of which is said to be in the British Museum. He wrote some laws on different degrees of punishment, and many useful proverbs.

He lost one eye, and was thus, by the laws of the country, rendered unfit for government, though he reigned in great justice for forty years. He then retired

to his cottage of Clethy near the Boyne, and devoted the remainder of his life to philosophic contemplation. He resigned his crown to his son Cairbré of the Liffey, and to him he wrote his royal precepts, which are left on record, and translated by Donovan the editor of the *Archæological works*, from the original Irish. They are beautiful specimens of wisdom and greatness. "O, grandson of Con O'Cormac," said Caibre, "What is good for a king?" "That is plain," said Cormac, "it is good for him to have patience without debate, self-government without anger, affability without haughtiness, diligent attention to history, strict observance of covenants and agreements, strictness mitigated by mercy in the execution of laws, peace with the districts, lawful wages of vassalage, justice in decisions, performance of promises, hasting with justice, protection of his frontiers, honouring the nobles, respect to the filias, adoration of the great God." The question is a second, third, and fourth time asked, respecting various duties, all which are answered in wisdom, becoming a christian.—"Attention to the sick, easy of access, liberal, serene, and good-hearted, abstemious, kind to orphans, affectionate and intelligent, mercy and good morals, union and love; to hearken to the instruction of the wise, and deaf to the mob; charity to the poor; let him communicate his secrets to few; let him abominate falsehood; let him love truth."

Next follow the customs of a banquet at Tara, and well may Tara's halls be held in pleasant and sad remembrance by the Irish, well may they sigh when—

"They think of the days of other years."

"Let him (that is the king) appear splendid as the sun at the banquet, in the house of Midchurta, that is the middle house at Tara.

"The son then asks the duties of a prince at a banqueting-house.

"A prince on Laman's day, (1st of November,) should light his lamps and welcome his guests by clapping of hands, procure comfortable seats; the cup-bearers should

be respectable and active in the distribution of meat and drink. Let there be moderation of music, short stories, a welcoming countenance, faillie for the learned, pleasant conversations, &c. These are the qualifications by which a king and chieftain should be esteemed."

His death is recorded by Tigernach of Clonmaenose, thus:—"Cormac, grandson of Con of the Hundred Battles, died at Clethy, on Tuesday, the bone of a salmon sticking in his throat; or, according to others, it was the Siabra (invisible genii) that killed him, at the instigation of Mackleim the Druid, because Cormac did not believe in him." From this, it appears, that Cormac fell a victim to the envy of the Druids.

TARA'S HALL.

This celebrated hall, of which so much has been said and sung, was in the county of Meath, and was called the palace of Thee-more, meaning large-house, built of wood, 300 feet long, 45 feet high, and 75 feet broad, with 14 floors, each king, prince, and deputy having a separate apartment. In the middle was the throne for the elected monarch of Ireland, facing the west, the kings and deputies of Munster on his left, those of Ulster on his right, Leinster in front, and Connaught in the rear, to guard and watch the whole. The great court was surrounded by four large ones, with three more for female attendants, state prisoners, and felons. A sumptuous dinner was taken before business commenced. When the dinner was prepared, the grand-marshal ordered the chief-trumpeter to sound three times, with a pause between each. At the first sound the shield-bearers of the princes and deputies went to the grand door, and gave their masters shields to the marshal, who hung them in the order of precedence; on the second blast, the shield-bearers of the generals did likewise, and they were placed in a second row; on the third sound, all the members politely entered taking their seats under their shields; the poets and antiquarians at one end of the table, and the officers of the court at the other. After dinner their business com-

menced soberly and solemnly. The transactions of the day were then written by the bards, and registered in the Psalter of Thee-more.

Before this, an annual settlement was had, when all disputes were adjusted, and plans for futurity laid down. The druids and bards then instructed the youth; but these laws and records then confined to the memory of the druids and bards, often became suspicious, as the false honour of these depositors of facts, often led them to exaggeration.

The records written down at the time, were kept at Tara's hall, which dissatisfied the lords; but the promulgation of the scriptures, in the year 600, showed the necessity of written laws, and finally almost banished traditionary records. Yet now may be traced among the old ancient families and among the mountain and island peasantry, a spicing of this habit, which is not only rich, but highly poetical, and the lover of antiquity almost regrets that the custom was ever abolished. Ah! where is

“The light that once in Tara's halls,”

shed beauty over that vast assembly.

Now, the peasant as he stands on that hill of Tara, and points the stranger to the spot,

“To show where once she lived,”

gives a brightened tale, half fable, yet mixed with sprinklings of *real* fact, well borne out by the manuscripts preserved by Cormac.

In the Archæological Museum at Dublin, are golden shields, golden balls, and golden bracelets, all of the brightest lustre and beauty; the bracelets heavy, and all testifying that gold was used in great abundance. When looking on these ornaments and reading the narration of that vast and well-ordered assemblage, convened to transact and record the history of the nation, imagination reverts to the Temple of Solomon, and we say, with the Queen of Sheba, when she saw the sitting of the servants, the attendance of the ministers and their apparel, and his cup-bearers, &c. : “Happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee.”

Learning was then so highly cultivated, before France or England had scientific men, that the Saxon youth from England, through special favour of the Irish princes, were sent to receive their education at the college of Mayo, and this was *gratis*. The celebrated Alfred was educated here, and laid, it is said, the foundation of the college at Oxford, sometime in 800.

“The Druids who watched over the sacred class, required twelve years of divinity study, the bards were over the profane class, and the Brehons acted as lawyers over the last class, and these were bound to study all their lives.”

The true language of Ireland is said to be a compound of Celtic and Phœnician, and the most copious in the world. Books became so voluminous, that king Lugiere, in 433, caused the records to be searched, and expunged from them the druidical ghosts and fairy annals. The true records were preserved, including the Book of Armagh, the Psalters of Cashel and Tara, and the Book of Glendalough.

Learned men were then numerous, and they bequeathed vast sums of money and land to educate the poor, and though but a few traces can now be found where this money is appropriated, according to its original design, yet a solitary case here and there, shows that such a legacy has been left. The Blue Coat Hospital in Dublin, is a specimen of some ancient legacy, of the kind.

SAINT PATRICK.

As this celebrated apostle stands pre-eminent in the Irish heart and calendar, he merits a place near the time when these sketches are here recorded, living as he did in the 4th century.

From Wills, I find so simple an account of this good man, that most of it shall be given in his own words. The Society of Irish Researches agreeing to the history.

This sketch states that Niall of the Nine Hostages, when on an expedition to Gaul, found this boy of sixteen, and sold him into captivity in Ireland. Patrick

was captured by pirates and sold to a chief named Milcho, who dwelt in the county of Antrim, near the mountain of "Slieve Mis." Here, at the foot of this mountain for six years he passed his time, feeding the flocks of his master. His simple unvarnished confession is, "My constant business was to feed the flocks. I was frequent in prayer; the love and fear of God more and more inflamed my heart. My faith was enlarged, and my spirit augmented, so that I said a hundred prayers by day, and almost as many by night. I arose before day to my prayers, in the snow, in the frost, and in the rain, and yet I received no damage, nor was I affected with slothfulness; for then the Spirit of God was *warm within me*." Simple, beautiful and affecting expression—"the Spirit of God WARM within me."

The writer of this has truly said, "This simple and beautifully just and harmonious view of the growth of christian piety will convey an evidence of genuineness far beyond any elaborate reasoning of ancient records." At the end of six years, Patrick says, "He was warned of God in a dream to return home, and arose and betook himself to flight, and left the man with whom he had been six years." Wills adds, that there seems to have been a law in Ireland, agreeable to the institution of Moses, that a servant should be released the seventh year. He fled, made his way to the sea, and want of money made it difficult to obtain a passage; he obtained it—was again seized at the end of a month, and kept two months in captivity. He reached home, was joyfully welcomed by his parents, who wished to detain him, but a dream again set him on a different course. In this dream he received letters, a man from Ireland presenting them; and opening one, he read "*vox Hibernianacum*," and imagined, at the same time, that he heard the voice of the inhabitants that lived hard by the wood of Fallut, near the western sea, crying to him with *one* voice, "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us." From this moment, he resolved to go and instruct the Irish, whose language he had thoroughly acquired, while tending his master's flocks at the foot of the mountain.

He resolved first to travel into foreign countries, to acquire more knowledge and experience. At the age of thirty, he placed himself under the tutelage of Germanus, a bishop of Auxerre, in Burgoyne. Here he seems to be lost for many years in history. He is then said to be ordained by the bishop, who gave him the name of Magonius. He afterwards dwelt in a community of monks, on an island of the Mediterranean. The state of christianity in the island was deplorable ; the holy men had spent their lives in almost a fruitless struggle against the pagan priests. Palladius, the immediate precursor of St. Patrick, had retired in terror and despair from the strife. The gospel, it is said, had been carried to this island in its purity before this ; but it now had become so tinctured with Pelagianism, it had lost that vitality necessary in contending with a pagan religion.

Palladius had been sent by a bishop of Rome in the year 431 to the Irish Channel, "to the Scots believing in Christ," but being ignorant of their language, and void of courage, he left the island in the same year, and died in Scotland. In 429, Patrick accompanied Germanus and Lupus to Britain, and there he determined to visit Ireland and preach the gospel. He went to Gaul, received episcopal orders when in his forty-fifth year, and Auxilius, and Isernus, and twenty other pious men accompanied him thither. They landed in Jubber Dea, now called the port of Wicklow. He first converted the grandson of Finchad, the eighth in descent from Cormac, king of Leinster. Nathi, the chief, who had terrified Palladius, opposed him. He proceeded to a place near the mouth of the river Bray, and reached an island on the coast of the county of Dublin, where he and his companions rested awhile ; he then sailed to the Bay of Dundrum, and landed in the county of Down. A herdsman seeing him, in fright ran to his master, who rallied his men, but meeting the venerable appearance of St. Patrick, his fear was changed to respect ; he invited him and his company to his house, and became a convert to his religion. The barn, where he celebrated worship, obtained the name of Patrick's barn. Success now followed the

saint wherever he went ; his sanctity of appearance, his eloquence, united with the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, made him an object of veneration in every place. Conal, the grandfather of Columbkille, became a convert, and a monastery was founded, now called Downpatrick, and the prince built a dwelling near this for himself. Patrick went next to the county of Mayo, where the false legend of his banishing the serpents from the island, from the top of Crough-Patrick, took its rise. He founded a monastery in the county, called the Omalys. It was at a well now pointed out near Killala, that he is said to have baptized seven sons of the king of Connaught, together with 7000 men. I have stood by the side of this pool and tasted its pure waters, and when the tale was related by my companion, it was received as a fiction, but higher authority places it on creditable ground. Many fabulous accounts are related of him ; but his own confessions are, that in his travels he converted many thousands, and formed ecclesiastical institutions in places where converts had been made. Mention is made, that in 452 one of his bishops died—the first that had died in Ireland. His name was Secundus, and he published a poem in honour of St. Patrick.

He wrote a letter about this time to the tyrant Coroticus, who was a piratical chief, and though he professed christianity, he carried away captive a number of converts. St. Patrick wrote him a private letter which was disregarded ; he then wrote a public one, full of decision and christian kindness, proclaiming to all, “ that these murderers and robbers are excommunicated and estranged from Christ, and that it is not lawful to show them civility, nor to eat and drink with them, nor receive their offerings, until they sincerely repent, by liberating the servants of God.” Could any christian church in the nineteenth century go beyond this in gospel discipline and christian faithfulness ? This letter, Wills says, breathes the deepest piety, and the utmost abhorrence of selling the children of God to pagan nations. “ His entire life is replete with faithfulness and trials, and his perseverance almost unparalleled.

In Dublin he baptized king Alphin, and all his people, in a fountain called St. Patrick's well. He built a church on the foundation of which stands the cathedral of St. Patrick. He then went to Armagh, founded a city there, and established schools, a cathedral and monastery, and intended to make it the primatial see of the Irish church. This was in 454. Here, and at a favourite retreat, Sabhul, he passed the remainder of his days. He was seized with his last illness at Sabhul, near Downpatrick; he wished to die in Armagh, and attempted the journey, but was compelled to return, and died on the 17th of March 465.

Those who deny that such a man ever existed, will find a difficulty in reconciling, how, so many in all ages, would have agreed to lie together, like Ananias and Sapphira, with no seeming contradiction for so many ages. Not a ruin, scarcely, in Ireland, but is in some way connected with his history. I found at Newry, in the north of Ireland, a history of a monastery founded in 1182, and the annals of the "Four Masters" give this description of it:—

"The monastery of the monks of Newry was burned with all its furniture and books, and also the yew tree which St. Patrick himself had planted." The yew is a native of Ireland, lives to a great age, and is often found in a fossil state. The fact, that both protestants and catholics claim him as belonging to their party, is *circumstantial* evidence at least, that he belongs to neither. The more rational conclusion is, that when a simple shepherd-boy, like the Psalmist of Israel, he was sweetly drawn by the Holy Spirit, whispering in his bosom while watching his flock among those romantic mountains, and there, in the school of Christ, disciplined and trained for all the duties and hardships he was afterwards destined to perform among that interesting people. He was simply a *christian taught of God*; and as well might the history of Josephus be disputed as that of St. Patrick.

COLUMBKILLE.

This second St. Patrick lived in the sixth century, was born in 521, when, as his historian relates, Ireland was in its glory, and sent out the words of life and peace to the British isle.

Columbkille was of royal race, in the fourth generation of the Nine Hostages. He studied at Down, under St. Finian, and early acquired a reputation for piety and knowledge of the scriptures. He was so celebrated for his meekness, that the children when they saw him called him the "Pigeon of the Church." This epithet adhered to him, though his name given at his baptism was Crionthian. He founded a monastery at King's County called Dearmach, that is, the "Field of Oaks." Another, near the city of Derry, which was a great favourite, and which was subject to much change and trouble. A tract of land was granted him by Prince Adrian, and his monastery at length grew into the famed city of Derry. The annals of the "Four Masters" say, that from 783 to 1222, when it was plundered by O'Neil, it passed through twelve burnings and plunderings. So attached was he to this place, that he requested that the delightful grove near Derry might ever remain uncut; and if any of the trees should happen to fall, or be torn up by a storm, the tree, or trees, should not be removed for nine days; the tenth of the price should then be given to the poor, a third reserved for the hospitable hearth, and the remainder distributed among the citizens. One might imagine to stand upon an eminence that overlooks a part of that city, and the beautiful water that borders it upon the other side, and see the rich forests of trees that are waving beyond, that Columbkille's grove was still kept in sacred remembrance, and if his trees had been burned upon the "hospitable hearth," from their ashes had started others equal in stateliness and verdure.

He established, not far from a hundred monasteries, though at first he was opposed to, nunneries. After he had established his Derry monastery, he travelled through the country to exhort the inhabitants to a life of piety, but like all other good missions his met with difficulties;

but he succeeded in founding many churches, and then resolved to visit the Picts. He arrived in Britain in the ninth year of Brude, king of the Picts, who soon became a convert. Then commenced a great work—many were converted ; and after labouring among the Grampian Hills, and the islands of the Druids, he revisited Ireland, and his establishments in the island ; he then returned to his church on the island of Hy, where he had loved to reside in his earlier days.

He had there laboured and seen the fruits of his labour, and when sensible of the approach of death, he retired to a small eminence from which he was enabled to overlook the holy settlement, which was his work of piety, and the last worthy object of his affections, here lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he invoked emphatic blessings on his monastery. After this prayer, descending from the hill he returned and sat down in his shed or hut to transcribe the psalter, and coming to that verse in the third psalm, where it is written, that good shall not be wanting to those that trust in God, he said, “Here I must stop at the end of this page—let Baithu write what is to follow.” Notwithstanding this he rallied so far as to attend evening service, after which, he retired to his cell and lay down upon his stone-bed. Again, at midnight, he made another effort to attend worship, but finding his strength to fail he sunk before the altar. Here, the monks approaching, saw his reverend head extended in the last faint torpor of approaching death. Gathering round with their torches, they were giving way to their sorrow, when, as the writer of his life says, as I heard from some who were present, the saint, whose life had not yet departed, opened his eyes, and looked round with wonderful joy and cheerfulness ; then Diermitius raised the saint’s right hand to bless the train of monks there, but the venerable father himself at the same time moved it by a voluntary effort, and in the effort he expired, being then seventy-six years of age.

Columbkille is still mentioned with such veneration by many of the peasants in Ireland, that a stranger to his history might suppose he had but lately died.

When Hy was infested by the Danes, Kenneth III. had his bones taken to Dunkeld, on the river Tay, and founded a church there to his memory. The *Annals of the Four Masters*, in 1006, mention a copy of the four gospels, said to have been written by Columbkille's own hand, and preserved in a cover richly ornamented with gold. This manuscript is now said to be preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

SAINT KIARAN.

It was about the year 516, this peculiar man made his entry into the world; was baptised by St. Patrick; and in 548, Dermot, then monarch, granted him a tract of land near the bank of the river Shannon, on the east side, in the county of Meath. He built there an abbey—the ruins are now called Clonmanois—and so renowned did it become, that kings added nine churches for the burial of their own remains, within the space of two acres, and to this day one burial-place of the family of O'Maclaghlin, king of Meath, now remains. O'Kellys, Conors, MacDermots, show the remains of temples there built by their ancestors. One of these churches has been repaired for the parish church. These remains are considered the most remarkable for their venerable appearance of any in Ireland, telling so emphatically of the ancient grandeur and taste of the Irish church, in her days of splendour. The title of Clonmanois, means “the retreat of the sons of the noble,” and was once a seminary of the sons of chiefs and nobles. It continued long the see of the ancient bishopric.

MacDermot's church is described as having some workmanship of the highest finish. The low doors had fine-wrought marble pillars, curiously hewn; another church has an “arch of greenish marble, wrought and neatly polished, and the joints so close and even set, that the whole work seems one entire stone, as smooth as either glass or crystal.”

This saint founded the abbey of Clonmanois in the King's County, which was afterwards bestowed upon Saint Finian, by Cervail, monarch of Ireland. This

abbey underwent many abuses in 838 ; the Danes destroyed it, and killed all the clergy ; and in 888, they destroyed it again. In 1136, the county of Leitrim and part of Cavan were, more cruel than their predecessors. In 1201, it was sacked by Meiler Fitz-Henry, an Englishman, and the work of destruction continued, till it was left to moulder away by time, till nothing remains but a pile of ruin, echoing faintly its former greatness. Like Glendalough, it has seven churches, and an annual patron is celebrated there in honour to the saint, who is held in such sacred remembrance that, in cursing or blessing, they often unite his name with God—"God and Saint Kiaran after you," is the imprecation. He died somewhere about 549 or 550.

SAINT MOLING.

"This saint was born in Wexford, and became a mighty man, and was called one of the four prophets of Ireland. Cambrensis says, that the books written by Columbkille, St. Patrick, Bracean, and Moling, in Irish, were in use in his time. He spent years in Glendalough, and wrote many proverbs, and was appointed, at the request of the clergy, by the king of Leinster, to the vacant see and chair of Moicley. Ware says he was a signal benefactor to his country, and persuaded Fianacta, the king of Leinster, to undo the heavy burden of a tribute of oxen, which had affected that province ever since the fourth year of Techmor, 134, and had always been the cause of much blood." Unfortunate Ireland has ever been doomed to some unreasonable tribute from time immemorial. In ancient days, the country abounded in cattle of the most beautiful kind, the land being admirably adapted to grazing, the grass, is rich and sweet ; and some centuries gone by, the dames prided themselves on the number of their cows more than all other riches but the number of their sons. And now, nothing looks more picturesque than the little fat cows, feeding in the green fields of the county of Kerry, which are generally black, small, and give an abundance of the richest of milk.

In St. Moling's time, cattle were the great sources of

wealth, and the avaricious tribute which government required drained the inhabitants so, that the burden became something like the poor-rates now, insupportable. Moling happily succeeded in undoing this oppression, then retired to a monastery, and resigned his see to other hands, and lived to a great age, and died in 697, and was buried at Tegh Mong.

SAINT BRIDGET.

The name of Bridget in Ireland stands inferior to none but the "blessed Virgin's ;" and she has no rivals but St. Patrick and Mary. That such a person existed remains no longer doubtful. She was born in 439, and by her father was put into the charge of a bard, or rather the mother was placed there, to conceal the guilt of the father, who was married, and the mother of Bridget quite an inferior in rank. This bard was faithful to the infant, instructing her in all the knowledge of the age, by which he soon obtained a good reputation. But her sanctity of life and wisdom were the wonder of the age. Even the ecclesiastics consulted her, and her advice was once alleged as being authoritative, in a synod held in Dublin."

So much that is fiction is related of her, that the *real* truth has been obscured ; yet enough is legible to prove that she was indeed valuable. Wills says, "she built herself a cell under a goodly oak." This was certainly Deborah-like, and probably from this she went up to sit in the synod in Dublin. This cell became at last a monastery for virgins, and was called the "Cell of the Oak." The crumbling church of Kildare is a faint memento of what was once the favoured resort of dignitaries who chanted the praises of the holy saint, long after she had taken her flight. This church was much injured in the rebellion of 1641 ; a round tower stands at a distance adorned with a battlement, which is a rare novelty, on one of these towers, and a little distance from this is the old "Fire House," where the inextinguishable fire was kept up by the nuns of St. Bridget.

It seems that she was a great lover of the scriptures,

for she desired a copy of the "Harmony of the Gospels," written by St. Jerome, to be made out, written in gold. Boetus mentions seeing it, and Stonihurt says, it was preserved as a memento of Kildare. She died in 510, and with Colombkille was taken from Iona and buried in the tomb of St. Patrick." Her memory is held in great veneration, and a day called St. Bridget's day is now commemorated by children, who dress up a St. Bridget, and present it to the windows of the gentry, asking a penny.

SAINT KEVIN.

"This saint is of great consequence in the calendar of the holy, and was cotemporary with, Colombkille, born in 498, baptised by St. Cronon, and led a hermit's life in Glendalough, where the remains of the seven churches now are, in the county of Wicklow. He died on the 3rd of June, 618, at the age of 120."

The cave he inhabited has been mentioned in my first work on Ireland, hanging frightfully over the deep waters of the little lake, between the two mountains of the celebrated Glendalough, and his longevity may justly be attributed to the purity of the air that is circulating through the current of the mountains, over the sparkling waters that are rippling there ; as well as to the abstemiousness of his diet, for which hermits and monks are always celebrated. They must have taken their food for the most part uncooked, for their cells, which abound in Ireland, have no appearance of smoke, though a stone seat is often in the centre, and one in the corner for a pillow, plainly indicating that they sat and slept there. The remains of the seven churches which are in sight of this cave are a faithful memento of the religious zeal of the disciples of St. Patrick, for like people in all ages, when religion revives, these churches and chapels, rear their towers to the skies.

Saint Patrick had drawn out, in the fourth century, men and women of like purity and zeal with himself ; and though the scriptures were not *abundant*, yet they were, considered the more sacred on that account, and perhaps,

were studied with great care. Living as they did so near the apostles, and knowing the persecutions that they endured, is it not rational to conclude that they supposed, from the legacy of the Saviour, "Through much tribulation," &c., that this must, in some way or other, be verified, and if it did not occur by *actual* persecution from without, they must make it up in penance on themselves, or rather, that they felt required to be very self-denying. And though there is now much that is superstitious mingled with these practices, especially among the most ignorant ; yet in the mountain districts, where they retain the primitive manners, where they wail for the dead, and where, like old Abraham and Sarah, they go out to welcome the stranger into their cabin, and set water to bathe the feet ; *there* seems to be a *patriarchal* spirit, a germ of christian vitality, which is burning in gospel purity.

These ancient records, supported by good authority, have detailed the lives of multitudes of these christians, but the limits of this work will allow but one more at present. This man, Saint Declon, is so connected with a celebrated tower, that both deserve a passing sketch at least. "St. Declon, in the fourth century, built a tower, in the county of Waterford, in the town of Ardmore, and which is considered as perfect as any in Ireland. The tower is 90 feet high, and 15 feet in diameter at the base, and the door is 16 feet from the ground, and divided into four stories, with each a window and loop-hole. It is strongly built, and no appearance of decay, and can be seen at a great distance." This man built an abbey near the tower, which was always the custom, to place a tower near a church or abbey. When Declon was young, he visited Italy, returned to Ardmore, and preached, and lived to a great age. He was buried in the churchyard, in the dormitory, and the peasants have carried away so much of the clay from his grave, that there is an excavation some feet deep. This seems to be a tradition from the ancient Hebrews, or rather in accordance with the prophecy of Jerusalem, where it is said that the people shall "favour the dust thereof."

The Jews now mingle the clay of Jerusalem with the dust of their departed relatives, by putting a handful into the coffin : so do the Irish this clay of St. Declon. A plate of it stands near the corpse, till put into the coffin, then the clay is put in, sometimes at the feet, and sometimes near the head. This is done in many parts of Ireland, where one dies who is considered peculiarly holy. They use the clay to put in the coffin of their dearest friends. There is likewise a holy well bearing the name of this saint.

On a shelving rock, overhanging the bay of Ardmore, is the ruin of an ancient temple, called Dissart. This ruin had left, a few years ago, a gable, with a well-finished gothic window, but this has since been blown away by the wind. Hugh Byrne, a soldier of the Donegal militia, after the rebellion of '98, resorted to this spot, lived and died here, and was buried by the side of Saint Declon. Though there is danger of idolatry in retaining relics of the dead, yet there is something beautiful, if not sacred, in this respect for the *places* of the departed ; and we find the nearer we approach the customs of patriarchal days, and where nature is not stifled by the absurdities of fashion, this fine sentiment predominates most.

I would not check that wild mountain wail which the Irish mother often "raises over the grave" of her "fair-haired boy," as she visits it, after he has long departed, when she cries, "Ah, my vourneen, my darlin', why did ye leave the bosom of her that reared ye, and why did ye go from the waurm cabin for the cowl'd bed that covers ye." I would not envy the elevated attainments of that heart who could pass through the field of Machpelah, and not visit the sepulchre of Abraham and Sarah, if they could be identified, nor the pillar of Absalom, if it be now standing.

CHAPTER XII.

INAUGURATION OF KINGS.

“ He shall ask about the stones and the aged shall reply.”

THIS ceremony has now faint traces left, especially in Connaught, of the truth of the following dialogue descriptive of its peculiarities, by stones, like steps, which are fixed in the side of a hill, where we are told they stood on the occasion, sometimes one stone on a hill, which is called the throne, is pointed out to the traveller.

Spencer, who lived in the days of Elizabeth, gives the following account of the inauguration of a king in the form of a dialogue.

Endoxus.—What is that you call Tanist, and Zanistry—they be terms never heard or never known to us?

Irenus.—It is a custome amongst all the Irish peasantry after the death of one of their chief lords or captaines, they do presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed, and known unto them to choose another in his stead, when they do nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him of blood,—that is, the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother; and to him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept, and then next to him do they choose that of the same blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said capitantry if he live thereunto.

Endoxus.—Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites?

Irenus.—They used to place him, who shall be their captaine, upon a stone, always reserved for that purpose, and placed it commonly upon a hill, in some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say “ was the measure of their first captaine’s foot,” whereon he standing receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customs of the country inviolable, and to deliver

up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him, by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round thrice forward, and thrice backward.

Endoxus.—But how is the Tanist chosen?

Irenus.—They say that he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captaine did.

This form continued in Ireland till the reign of James the First in England, who succeeded Elizabeth, and abrogated all the Irish laws. The presenting of the wand was done by the chief bard, or chronicler of the district, and the historian gives the ceremony thus—(the account is inserted in the book of Lucan, of the inauguration of the O'Dowd):—

“ And the privilege of first drinking (at the banquet) was first given to O'Caonhain by O'Dubhda, and O'Caonhain was not to drink until he first presented it to the poet, that is to MacFirbis. Also the weapons, battle-dress and steed of O'Dubhda, after his nomination, were given to O'Caonhain, to MacFirbis, and it is not lawful ever to nominate the O'Dubhda, until O'Caonhain and MacFirbis pronounced the name, and MacFirbis brings the body of the rod over the head of O'Dubhda, and after O'Caonhain, and MacFirbis, and every clergyman and conhorbu of a church, and every bishop, and every chief of a district pronounced the name. And there is one thing should O'Dubhda be in Tirawley, he may repair to Carn Amhalgaidh, to be nominated, so that all the chiefs are about him, but should he happen to be at Carninghine Bhrian, it is not necessary for him to go over the Moy to have the title given to him, and it is not necessary for him to come across to Carninghine Bhrian from Carn Amhalgaidh, for it was Amhalgaidh, the son of Fiachra Ealgach that raised that Carn for himself, and all those that should obtain the lordship after him, might receive the style of lord upon it. And it is, in this Carn, that Amhalgaidh himself is interred, and it is from him it is named. And every king of the race, that shall not be thus nominated, shall have

shortness of life, and his race or generations shall not be illustrious, and he shall never see the kingdom of God. Finit Amen."

Another part of the ceremony it is stated, was that at the inauguration of the O'Conors, MacDermont, chief of Mayburg put on his shoe, and it is stated that in inaugurating the chief of the O'Neil family, O'Hara threw a shoe or slipper over the head of the prince: this was in token "of luck or prosperity." This turning round "thrice forward and thrice backward, was in honour of the most Holy Trinity." The Holy Trinity has been held in great veneration by the peasants of Ireland since the days of St. Patrick, who illustrated it as he was teaching and baptising, by the shamrock, which pretty leaf like the clover, is interspersed thickly over the mountains of the wildest part, its three leaves precisely alike growing out of one common stem, were a simple, happy illustration of the "Three Persons" in one; and unlearned theologians of the schools will not more beautifully expound this mystery, than will many of the unlettered peasants of the wildest districts; and so tenacious are they of the doctrine, that renouncing it would draw excommunication, with all the fearful denunciations of the Romish Church.

The ceremony too of the shoe, retains a faint tradition of the ratifying an agreement in the days of Israel, when the "plucking off a shoe" was the confirmation of the covenant.

In the Archæological Museum in Dublin, are a pair of shoes, taken from the bogs, which have become petrified and hard as wood, these shoes are united by a short strap, the width of an inch, which extend from one sole to the other where the hollow of the foot is, this strap is left when the soles are cut out, and therefore needs neither sewing nor nailing. The king at his inauguration was placed in these shoes—he could not walk in them, and the illustration *was*, that like these two shoes, he was united to the people, and as he stood firm in them, so he must stand firm in all that would promote the good of his people. These shoes were as carefully

laid aside as is the crown of the queen, till the next king should need them.

This idea is certainly as appropriate as it is novel, and savours much of a correctness of principle, and of the undivided unity which should subsist between the ruler and the people everywhere.

Their custom of burying kings too had a significancy, which when understood, tells more for integrity than for barbarism.

“Kings and chieftains, were always buried in a standing position.” The idea was, that they might always be looking at their people, in a figure implying, that though they were literally dead, yet the principles they had inculcated were living, and looking them full in the face.

Eoghan commanded that they should bury himself with his red javelin in his hand in the grave, “Place my face towards the north on the side of the hill by which the northerns passed when flying before the army of Connaught ; let my grave face them, and place myself in it after this manner, and this order was strictly obeyed. This so panic-struck the northerns that they were routed, and fled before their foes ; and the people of the north came with a numerous host to Raith, and raised the body of Eoghan, and carried it across northward to Sligo, and buried it at the other side of the river, the mouth down, that it might not make them fly before their enemies. The poets, of which every family of note had one or more, have been quite lavish in their praises on Eoghan, and give his family and character in the following words : “The family of O’Madden about which there is little disagreement, some saying that it numbers but eighteen, others nineteen generations ; but the beginning of their generations must have been as early back as 1100, for when the first English adventurers landed in Ireland, 1170, to the time of Edward Bruce, who landed in Ulster, 1315, with a fleet of 300 ships, mention is made of Eoghan Madden, Madudan, Mor, Cathal, Gadhra, &c. This Gadhra was prince of Hymana, and was slain in 1027. Eoghan Madden died in 1347, and by the poet

is represented as a man with the courage of a lion, with the venom of a serpent; the hawk of the Shannon; a tower which defends the frontiers; a griffin of the race of Con of the Hundred Battles; a large man of slender body, with a skin like the blossoms of the apple-trees, with brown eye-brows, black curling hair, long fingers, and a cheek like the cherries."

From a manuscript found in the library of Trinity College, he is described thus:—"There is a tranquil, benign, great, and honey-sweet voiced, regal, mild king; and this king I mention is the noble-weapon, venomous Eoghan, son of the loud-voiced Murehadh—son of the lively-preying Cathal—son of the munificent Madudan—son of the expertly-wounding Diermaid—son of the renowned Madudan—son of the bright-faced Diermaid—son of the affluent Madudan—son of the filtering Gadhra."

After thus tracing him back to the original stock, it adds:—"And this rapid-routing Gadhra was the last of his tribe who had dominion over the third of the province of Smooth Callows, the river Grion, in the peaked mountains; meaning the river that falls into Lough Greney, in the barony of Tulleggh, and county of Clare. The poet then breaks out, saying—

"My heart was wont to brighten as I viewed Loch Greine,
The land, the country, and the aspect of the sky;
Pleasant and delightful the situation of the mountains,
Threatening their heads over each other."

Then after naming the predecessors of Eoghan, who "ruled justly in good peace, illustrious for hospitality," then flourished Eoghan, for twenty years in the famed chieftainship, undisturbed in his prosperity by his neighbours, and his country not oppressed by lords. "And in his time Scottish foreigners, less noble than our own foreigners arrived; for the old chieftains of Erin prospered under those princely English lords, who were our chief rulers, and who had given up their *foriegness* for a pure mind, their *surliness* for good manners, and their *stubbornness* for sweet mildness, and who had given up their *perverseness* for hospitality."

This is a *trite* circumstantial evidence of the ancient disposition and manners of the English, proving, perhaps, unintentionally, that the English had become *refined* by dwelling among the Irish.

A note upon this lowers the flattery, by saying, that the writer of this tract was probably on good terms with the English of Connaught, and perhaps in their pay. The Irish remonstrated to Pope John, expressed that the English residing among them were a nation of extreme perfidiousness, and asked to shake off entirely their yoke. They then invited the gallant Edward Bruce, to whom, as being descended from their most noble ancestors, they would transfer their own right of royal dominion. It is further said of this Eoghan, that he had a powerful enemy in the person of Tadgh O'Kelly of North Hymany, who with his sons and great tribes, were ready on the slightest occasion to attack Eoghan; but we are told that God and his great virtues preserved him from destruction against all their assaults; his valour saved him from being plundered by his neighbours; his generosity protected him against the unjust. The blessings of the poor guarded him against diseases, and his piety sheltered him against bad men.

The conditions of peace obtained by Eoghan from William, Earl of Ulster, were, that the third of his province should be under the control of him and his sons; that no English steward should preside over his Gaels, but that his stewards should be over the English of the entire territory of Hymany, both towers and castles. And it is added, that what procured him these privileges above all others was, the goodness of his truth, which was incorruptible, for he would not break his pledged word, for obtaining a recompense—a lordship equal to his own territory, and for the splendour of his house and his hospitality the English chieftains were fond of frequenting it, for he erected a strong castle of stone and fine timber, the like of which has not been erected by any sub-chief in Erin. He also repaired the churches of the country in general; he cherished the civil customs of the people, teaching humanity and truth to the chief-

tains ; and for his wonderful character, his people were in such dread of him, that he needs no fetters, nor takes any hostages ; he refuses no gold, or horses, food, or kine ; and he is the wealthiest of the race of Gaedhal for bestowing them.

Then the eulogian breaks out in a stream of poetry :—

“ He never sees hostages or fetters :
He never refuses any one riches :
The Prince of Ce is thus the richest :
He is the firmest in his patrimony :
He is the hardest to protect the prey :
And the best to destroy insurgents :
He is the slowest to utter falsehood :
He is the most expert of action, the most regal of size :
He is the most generous to bestow kine :
He is the hardest in the battle of hard spears :
The Prince of C. has got a hostage without treachery :
He is the comeliest in every assembly.”

Though these poets would be naturally prone to lavish all manner of fulsome praise on the princes who employed and payed them well, yet the poets of neighbouring princes would be as eagle-eyed to discern their faults. And though on one side we might be in danger of finding a prince *too good*, yet on the other we should find his faults as much exaggerated, so that by taking a medium course we might meet with something like truth.

Branches of these families are now existing, scattered through the west and south, and are easily distinguished by those who have studied that people from the beginning ; feeling as they do, that they are of royal descent, they, by an instinct which the Milesian peculiarly possesses, show *that* royalty, by a nobleness which carries conviction, that it is not put on for the occasion.

The armorial bearings of the family of Eoghan are sculptured on a monument in the Abbey of Mulish, but so defaced that it is not to be taken as authority without other proof, which proof not being in my possession cannot be given.

Once having the honour of spending a few days in one of these princely families, nestled among the mountains of Connaught, no history was needed to prove, that the

blood which flowed in their veins, was from a fountain unalloyed with the haughty bearings of the upstart great, or the cringing servility of the aspiring sycophant.

It was a rainy sunset when I reached the mountain, and the courteous hearty salutation at the door banished all hesitancy on my part, of saying at once, that the shelter, which was greatly needed, was sought not only *as a shelter*, but as a specimen of an ancient noble race, which had retained the lineaments of a stock once existing among these mountains, and whose last glimmering of light I longed to behold before the fading rays should be extinguished for ever.

The clumsy walls and heavy antiquated furniture testified, that olden days had entertained guests for other purposes than mine, and that if the "comely" Eoghan had not graced these halls in person, his "mantle" must have fallen on sons and daughters worthy of his name.

The spacious rooms were soon lighted; the ancient Irish harp was there, and fingers that could give it sweet sounds; the flute, viol, and piano, had been added; and when the manly sons and graceful daughters assembled together, to perform a few old Irish airs for my amusement, had I seen among the ancient pictures which gilded the walls, a golden shield or two glistening, I might have imagined, that Tara's halls were lighted again. It was too much—I hid my face in my hands. "I thought of the days of other years, and my soul was sad;" I thought of the days when the sons and daughters of Erin, noble as these, were singing their sweet melodies every where among these mountains and dells.

"Ah!" said the comely mother, "and does she think of the country and kin that's far away." This family was the best specimen of true Irish nobility of any I have met, owing probably to the fact, that it had not gone to decay so far as to induce a spirit of struggling resistance against the changes of fortunes, and therefore had no reasons for an apish conformity to modern manners to keep good its standing. They were proud rather to be called "*Mere Irish*."

Honour, justice, and hospitality, were the peculiar

characteristics of these ancient people, and when one not possessed of these qualities was found among them, he was a mark of neglect and oftentimes great contempt.

A noble personage was sure to be celebrated by the poets, and an ignoble one met a sarcastic rebuff, which put him out of countenance in all good society. It is remarkable that poetry changes into rhyme as it descends down; where the book of nature is obscured by the books of the schools—then man looks more outwardly to *man*, while the child or student of nature looks *inwardly*, more to the true life within him.

A proverb originated in the province of Munster, which is retained to this day, when they wish to lower the vain pretensions of boastful persons. It took its rise from the pride of a woman in the humbler walks of life, of assuming consequence as being the possessor of three cows. Its date is the early part of the seventeenth century, when rhyme was in its infancy, and though quite homely, it is much in agreement with that sense of propriety which a *true* Irishman possesses.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

“O woman of three cows, agraph ! don’t let your tongue thus rattle !
O don’t be saucy, don’t be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen, and here’s my hand to you, I only say what’s true,
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.
Good luck to you, don’t scorn the poor, and don’t be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human
brows.

Then don’t be stiff and don’t be proud, O woman of Three Cows !

“See where Monmia’s heroes lie, proud Owen More’s descendants,
’Tis they that wore the glorious name, and had the grand attendants.
If *they* were forced to bow to fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can *you* be stiff, my woman of Three Cows ?
The brave sons of the lord of Clare they left the land to mourning,
Morrone ! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
Who knows in what abode of want these youths are driven to house :
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O women of Three Cows !

“O think of Donnell of the ships, a chief whom nothing daunted,
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted ;
He sleeps, the great O’Sullivan, where thunders cannot rouse.
Then ask yourself should you be proud, O woman of Three Cows ?

“O'Rourk Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story,
 Think how their proud achievements once made Erin's greatest glory;
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs;
 And so for all your pride will yours, O woman of Three Cows!
 The O'Carrolls too, so famed—when fame was for the boldest—
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres, with Erin's best and boldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore, in cattle or carouse.
 Just think of that and hide your head, O woman of Three Cows!

“Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, iagh! you've got three cows, one more I see than she has.
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows,
 But if you're strong, be merciful, O woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now there you go! you still of course keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you, but by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but *four* myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd *thwack* you well to cure your pride, O woman of Three Cows!”

This has more *homely* truth than *fine* poetic effusion, but, it is quite in keeping with Irish character to this day—to suppress all vain pretension by ridicule. Whenever one of their grade in the humbler walks of life assumes what is thought unfitting, somebody has a ballad ready, and the streets resound with the chorus till the offender feels his insignificance, and is glad to retreat.

These ballads are often sung for money, and often for amusement; and though the higher classes would not be willing to be found listening to them, yet, in the dark days of the famine, when but now and then a solitary song was heard upon the streets, they were spoken of with regret. Connaught has always been the theatre for much that is poetic, as well as warlike, and the people now retain unadulterated the most of the true Irish character of any other province; unlettered as some of them are, there is a true politeness, which being wholly unmixed with affectation in the genuine Connaughtman, that whoever reads their early history will find a striking resemblance. They are famous for kings and chieftains, bards, and poets; and though the higher families are losing that peculiar characteristic of national character, as they mingle more with others, yet the peasantry are still Connaught peasantry.

In the county of Mayo, there is a pretty river called

Moy, and it runs through a picturesque country, which in ancient days was celebrated for kings, and bards, and noble families, some traces of which are lingering there still. One noble vestige is the family of the O'Dowdas, living on an hereditary estate, which was once a place of taste and beauty. These O'Dowdas are descendants of the principal families of the Hy-Fiachrach race, the origin of which is traced to Eachy Moyvane, king of Connaught in the year 364.

These O'Dowdas have been famed for deeds of valour, and were an athletic race, many of them of great stature, and in 1849, they are not so far degenerated but they can exhibit a young O'Dowda of six feet and seven inches. When he sits upon a horse, his straight towering figure might entitle him to a rank among the noble Rechabites, were he seated upon an Arabian steed.

In the year 1666, there was but one of the O'Dowdas in existence, viz., David O'Dowda, who married, and in the reign of king James II., he had a son, by the name of David, who was more than seven feet in height. He was an officer in the army, and slain at the famed battle of the Boyne. A second son, James, was in the same battle, but survived to be killed soon after, in the fatal battle of Aughrim. When his body was found, his sword was in his hand, and so swollen was the hand from exertion, that the guard of the sword had to be filed off before the hand could be disengaged from it. Another son, the fourth, was named Dominic; by him the line was continued. His eldest son, David, is said by Charles O'Connor to have been the head of the O'Dowdas in 1753. Thaddeus, the third son of Dominic, entered the Austrian service, married a German lady, had a son named James, afterwards called the Baron O'Dowda. He, by the death of an uncle, fell into the possession of an estate in Ireland, and returned to the country; and finding this Bonnycollen in a wild rude state of nature, composed of immense rocks, steep hills, and hideous caverns, without roads, he applied himself untiringly to reclaiming the land, and soon made a coach-road to and from Ballina and Castlene, but did not succeed to a long enjoyment

of these improvements, for he unfortunately lived in '98, and was executed at Killala. Too great a friend to his suffering country, he was implicated as a rebel. He was godson of the Emperor Joseph, and father of the present Thaddeus O'Dowda, now living on the estate."

This Thaddeus is a man of the real amiable Irish stamp, conciliating in his manners, kind in disposition, cheerful without vulgarity, and dignified without austerity or hauteur, maintaining a mild dignity, which emanates entirely from instinct. The wife of this man was the daughter of Charles White of Dublin, merchant; and they have five sons and four daughters now living. They are the *last* of the kings of Connaught.

These facts are gathered from the Archæological Society formed in Dublin, in 1840, for the purpose of searching the genealogies, tribes, and customs of Hy-Fiachrach, or the O'Dowdas country, taken from the book of Lucan, in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, and from Duald MacFirbris, in the library of Lord Roden.

O'Dugan, in his topographical poem, mentions the river Rodba, and the river Codnach, as the extent of the O'Dowdas' territory. Their possessions were much celebrated, and many a poem is sung of their beauty and extent. Among the poems is one thus—

" From the Codnach of gentle flood,
The mark of the boundary,
Is the boundary of the Rodba to be mentioned.
It is a beauteous fertile territory,
There is not a finer region than this,
In O'Dowda's inheritance.
Fourteen kings of the family
Obtained the chief sway of the province,
By deeds of puissance and battle,
Of the illustrious race of Fiachra."

The fertility of the land is then spoken of, the bovine crop—meaning the grazing field—where the cattle were put to graze, which must have been very numerous. In the days of these kings it was a law that every Irish brughaidh, or farmer, should keep a hundred of each kind of domestic animals, cows, horses, pigs, sheep, goats, hens, cats, dogs, geese, &c., &c., beside a

hundred labourers, stated in the heabhor-buidhe, in the Library of Trinity College.

The beauty and fertility of the Barony of Tyrawley, which implies the province lying along the Moy, is frequently mentioned by the Irish bards, as well as the hospitality of its inhabitants. The abundance of its mead is often poetically sung, which the farmers poured profusely to their guests.

Sir Richard Musgrave says, that the O'Dowdas counted twenty-five castles on their extensive estates, many remains of which are now in existence, and they have a burying-place appropriated to them in the Abbey of Moyne, where are the bones of one of the family measuring more than seven feet. Surely the peasants have some tangible tradition or cause for saying, that giants once lived on these coasts.

The power of these famed O'Dowdas was checked by the O'Connors, Burkes and Barretts, somewhere about the years 1580 and 1600, but the kingship died in their hands — they were the “*last of the race of the kings of Connaught.*” But the stone or stones now remain where the kings were acknowledged, and the beautiful Abbey, where lie the bones of these mighty ones, is a living proof that great and ambitious people once inhabited that province.

The finish of the Abbey is a work of exquisite taste and great strength ; its proud arches have withstood the ravages of centuries, and there they are entire, thirty-eight in number, with beautifully cut pillars between every two, making nineteen pillars, ranged in the interior of the building, forming a long corridor in the centre, turning at right angles at the top and bottom, reaching the wall of the Abbey on one side, forming a kind of room which might serve for dining. The arches unite the Norman and Gothic. The walls of the building are of hewn-stone, and so well fitted that they remind one of the stones fitted in the mountains of Lebanon for the temple of Solomon. The ascent to the top of the tower is by one hundred and twelve steps, all in good repair, and rendered easy of mounting by a

support on the right like a banister, made of polished stone. The view from the top is picturesque, and it may be easily imagined that the ancient bards from the top of this, viewing the graceful winding of the river Moyne, and the fertile meadows upon its banks, might well sing—"It is a beauteous fruitful territory." The sea and bay where the French landed, when they enjoyed the "races of Castlebar," in pursuit, are here seen from this tower.

In one corner of the building is a place consecrated to the family of O'Dowdas, and here lies the bones of many generations sleeping together. Here we found an oven in good order, of brick, and large as well as small apartments, and the beauty is much heightened by a little clear running stream murmuring through a narrow enclosure, which by a work of art had been turned from a brook, and where we were told that the friars caught fish, when swimming through.

Rosserk is a small, beautiful abbey, in the vicinity of the abbey of Moyne, it is in good repair, and is 500 years old, and is four miles from Ballina. It is called Rosserk, from Searc the daughter of Cuibri, who blessed the village, which is at the mouth of the river Moy. This ruin stands alone near the margin of the sea, and taken as a whole is an object of interest. The arches of the doors and windows are of tasteful gothic finish, and the roofs or ceiling of some parts of it of excellent workmanship, some with pointed stone, and some with large flat stones; but the singularity of the whole is the steeple, which is placed upon four arches rising from the roof of the building; these arches are very beautiful, but prevent the erection of steps to ascend the steeple. The burying place was not crowded with stones and strewn with skulls as is Moyne, not a monument could be deciphered, nor was there the appearance of any new-made grave. This building may outlive many a modern edifice. It would seem that the invaders of this beautiful part of the country, had more mercy upon these two abbeys than on others in the island, or their strength must have been unyielding. It is said that

the cement which was used in the castles and abbeys of olden time was more indestructible than any now made : the art of making it is lost. The beautiful river Moyne, or "river of gentle flood," rises in the barony of Leymy, in the county of Sligo, flows through the barony of Gallen, in Mayo, and empties into the bay of Killala, near Ballina.

The O'Dowdas are connected with another ancient family, by the name of Kelly : Peter Kelly married the daughter of Thaddeus O'Dowda, and now resides in Ballina. This family can trace a long pedigree, and like the river Niger in Africa, whose source has always been disputed, this family seems almost like Melchisedek, having no "beginning of days." O'Halloran says, they were hereditary treasurers to the kings of Connaught ; how long they might have figured before them is not exactly known. They possessed a territory of 200 square miles, extending through the county of Galway, and southern part of Roscommon. It takes the name of Hymaine, meaning territory, Hy like O implying some remarkable progenitor ; the O was taken from the name by the request of Queen Elizabeth, who thought the prefix O tended to keep up the clanship in Ireland, and to foster disaffection towards England.

Many most interesting records are retained of this family, and *one* which stands pre-eminent, without *one* solitary exception, is hospitality, such as making feasts of long continuance, giving to the poor, &c., and of this trait the branch now remaining are remarkable specimens.

Many of the Kellys have held high stations in the army, and acquired great celebrity for their valour : sometimes they are found sitting in the house of parliament, sometimes leading armies, sometimes as chiefs, sometimes bearing the title of count, and in all these situations their name stands untarnished, so says history.

It is said of *one* that he never refused the countenance of any man, and was the most eminent man in Ireland for his hospitality, and of *another*, that his death was the cause of lamentation to all Hymania, and of

many that they were eminent for building castles. Many of their ruins now remain. Castle Kelly, now the property of Denis H. Kelly, Esq., is in the county of Galway. Sir Richard Cox, in his *History of Ireland*, calls Hymania the O'Kellys country, adding, "the O'Kellys were kings of the country;" and Camden says, treating of Roscommon, "More southward lies Athlone, the barony of the O'Kellys. Crest: on a wreath, an Enfield statant, vert., with a bushy tail turned over the back." This fabulous animal is said to have risen from the sea, at the battle of Clontorff, to protect the body of O'Kelly from the Danes. He is said "to have fallen in that battle like a wolf, fighting the Danes."

The Hymanians had distinct privileges granted them: the third part of the province of Connaught is to be their patrimonial estate for ever; the third part of any treasure found buried in the earth; the third part of any treasure thrown by the sea into the harbours of Connaught is to be given to that tribe, that is, the articles of commerce washed ashore after shipwrecks; and last of all, the third part of the eric for every man that is killed, is to be given to the family of the arch-king. Donnell O'Gallagher states in his will, made in the year 1626, "that the eric for killing a man in Irish was 168 cows: that "the hastings of spring and autumn," that is, that none of the tribes should be compelled to go out to war in seed-time or harvest; and if they voluntarily did so, they should have liberty to return home at the expiration of six weeks. Another privilege the Hymanians possessed was, that no man of the province could witness against them; but another Hymanian is to bear witness. Another law was, "However great may be the accusation brought against them by dishonest people, only *one* man, or one witness, is required to deny it, or prove it against the other party." This law savours much of that in the United States, which admits no evidence of a negro against a white man.

St. Bridget had the baptisms of all the Hymanians, and though the children might not be brought to the church, her Com horba had the power of collecting the

baptismal penny from the tribes ; these pennies were divided into three parts, one part to herself, one part to the old church of Drum, and the other to the parish of St. Peter, lying along the Shannon. A syrea-vall ony tha, or scruple, the value of three old Irish pennies, was to be paid to the com horba for every Hymanian that was anointed, or prepared for death during illness. The crozier of St. Grellan he graciously bestowed on the Hymanians. (A relic used as a standard to be raised before them in battles, to insure success.) This favour was granted under the condition that tribute should be paid, a scruple out of every town for the first-born of every family baptized by him. The tribute was every firstling pig and firstling lamb, and the firstling fowl. He adds, "While they remain obedient to my will, they shall be victorious in every battle." "Refuse not to pay tribute to *me*, and you shall receive as I have promised." "That race shall not be subdued so long as they carry my crozier."

"The territory called O'Kellys country, is divided into five principal barronyes ; that is to witte, Athlone, Killconnell, Teaquine, Killyone, and Maycornane, all which contain $665\frac{1}{2}$ quarters of land, each at 120 acres."

These laws and special favours bestowed on the Kellys, show that their pretensions to family distinction are not false, and that these distinctions were granted for the merit which they were acknowledged to possess, viz., their valour and hospitality, two important characteristics in the Milesian race : a "good soldier, and open hand and heart," are special requirements to make a nobleman, in the estimation of the Irishman.

There are various branches of the Kelly family in Ireland ; one is now living in Castlebar, a nephew of Peter Kelly of Ballina ; a sister of Peter is likewise a Kelly in the hospitality of her board, she resides on the bold sea-coast of Mayo, called "Old Head," where the proud ocean is dashing its waves against the defying cliffs, and the majestic Croagh Patrick on the right, has from the creation been looking down unmoved upon his waters. Here the contemplative lover of nature

need never tire—need never look for new objects of beauty and grandeur to feed the mind. The indescribable clouds of a western Ireland sky, and the sun rising or setting when he breaks through them, are probably unearthly, when compared with any other part of the globe. When old Croagh Patrick puts on his “night cap,” (as the children call it,) which he generally always remembers to do before sunsetting, the white fog which surrounds the top, if the sun happily looks out upon it, is penetrated with rays of such beauty and richness, such a soft blending of every colour, that each is lost in each, and you can make no choice in lights or shades, they are all swimming in the eye in one mellow picture; and when twilight gradually lets down her soft drapery, you dissolve and float away with the dying rays, as if commingled with the essence of light, shade, and mist, and are soaring away to be lost in the infinity of space that surrounds you.

Here on these bold, yet beautiful sea-coasts of the west, where persecution has driven them, have the Irish of Connaught caught that healthy buoyancy of mind and body which they peculiarly possess, and here may the O'Dowdas and Kellys delight to say, “Ye are my mountains and crags—my ocean—my clouds—my soft mists, and noisy tempests and storms. I would not exchange ye for the ‘sweet vale of Ovoca,’ or the rich foliage of the northern meadows and hills of the boasted County of Down.” *Here is God's own school—here is patriarchal training—here are geometrical lines, drawn by the finger of the Almighty, and here is a book written, printed and stereotyped by his own hand. Here the prophet speaks again, “As the morning spread upon the mountains.”* As the first rays of light open in the east, and “spread” upon the mountains—here you see the figure in all its beauty, and you hear again the Almighty challenging Job—“Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the day-spring to know his place.” Well might Ossian sing here, if he climbed these heathy mountains and slept in these sea-girt fastnesses, “O lay me, ye that see the light, near

some rock of my hills, let the thick hazels be around.”
 “*The thick hazel.*”—Though the mountains of the western coast are now void of trees, and covered mostly by the purple heath, yet once the oak and hazel were there, as Ossian adds, “Let the rustling oak be near.” The roots of the oak are found in many parts at the present day, and one of the ancient bards has sung of Erris—

“ There the kernels of the fragrant hazel nuts
 Not larger were the apples of the apple trees.”

A great value was set upon the hazel-nut, and in seasons of scarcity they were used for food, and the swine were fattened upon them.

These bards, though often fulsome in their praises, have left much that explains otherwise inexplicable things, in the lingering habits, and the multiplied mementos scattered every where ; and could a patient investigator of antiquities take Ossian, and, in sunlight and moonlight, in tempest and mist, linger among the mountains, and in the deep fastnesses and dells of the south and west sea-coast, that imaginative, misunderstood, fascinating writer, would have many of his supposed highly-wrought figures changed into plain matter of fact history.

A tale is related by one of the bards of the brave O’Cuim and his daughter, which becomes doubly interesting when the bard’s allusions are understood. A vellum manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, in Dublin, happily spreads the picture in an intelligible light.

“ O’Cuim happened to have
 A beautiful marriageable daughter, who was wooed :
 She did not receive a gift of cattle,
 Though she was wooed by chieftains.”

“*A Gift of Cattle.*”—This manuscript states, that presents of this kind, given by the bridegroom, were of four distinct kinds, viz., Slabhra, was a present of live cattle and horse bridles ; coibche, in clothes and warriors ; the tochra, in sheep and swine ; and the Tinnsera, in gold,

silver, and copper or brass. The first present of coibche, given to each daughter, belonged to the father, and Tinnsera meant a bar of gold, weighing three ounces. These chieftains, it seems, did not offer these presents, and the poem proceeds to state, that there came a king into the southern district, who was poetically called "A fishing-rod," to whom "every river was known." This king came to the house of O'Cuim,

"To get his warlike refection."

The custom then was when a king or chief set out on a regal visitation, that the sub-chiefs were obliged to entertain him and his retinue for a certain time. Sometimes his demands were so exorbitant, that he was under the necessity of exacting them by force; but this seldom was the case, unless they were suspected of not being the rightful heirs.

The king, who was called Ruaidhri of the "rapid onsets," viewed—

"The black-haired fair-skinned daughter;
In the door of her beauteous Grianan,
The steady modest maiden was brightness.
Ruaidhri of the bright-eye loved
The splendid comely daughter;
Mightily was his attention engaged
In what became the cause of tears to the goodly mansion."

The poet goes and says that the daughter was violated. O'Cuim slew the king, and early next morning he went out to the vigorous Sil Muireadhoig and to the MacDermots, but the tribe of O'Cuim submitted themselves to the enemy of O'Cuim, and by this lost their charter for their tributes. The poet says—

"But though the clan of Maoebruanaidh
Have obtained of them possession,
To cling to them is not meet for this people—
Its nut separates from the parent branch."

Meaning, poetically, that the tribe of O'Cuim was a nut from the branch O'Cuim, and it was not meet for the tribe to cling to those who obtained the conquest by treachery.

SAYINGS OF FITHIL TO LUSSON.

It seems that the wise men of ancient Ireland had some knowledge of physiognomy, and like Solomon of old, had their wayward women to vex their "righteous souls" from day to day ; for when the son of Fithil inquired, "What was the best thing to maintain a family?" the answer was, "A good anvil."

He asked, "What anvil?"

"A good wife," says Fithil.

"How shall I know her?"

"By her countenance and virtue ; for the small short is not to be coveted, though she be fair-haired, nor the thick short, nor the long white, nor the swarthy yellow, nor the lean black, nor the fair scold, or talkative woman, nor she that is fond and jealous, nor the fair-complexioned, who is ambitious to see and be seen."

"What woman *shall I take*?"

"I know not," said the father ; "for though the large flaxen-haired and the white black-haired be the best, but I know no sort fit for a man to trust to, if he wishes to live in peace."

"What shall I do with them, then?" says the son.

"You shall let them all alone, or take them for good or evil, as they may turn out ; for, till they are consumed to ashes, they shall not be free from imperfections."

"Who is the worst of women?"

"Beccan."

"What is worse than her?"

"The man that married her, and took her home to his house, to have children by her."

"What can be worse than that man?"

"Their child, for it is impossible that he can be free from evil or malice."

Thus we find that good men of all ages have been driven to their "wit's end," to know how to manage to their liking these vexatious "help-meets ;" and not till they are "consumed to ashes" will their foolishness depart.

CHAPTER XIII.

DATHI.

“What was she then?—what is she now?”

THE history of this king deserves to be recorded, because he was the last pagan king of Erin. He was the son of Fiachra, and succeeded his uncle, Neil of the nine Hostages, in the year 405. This was about the time of the appearance of St. Patrick in Ireland, who scattered paganism by christianity.

“This Dathi fought many battles in defence of Erin, and many in Scotland. He then went to the Alps, where he found Parmenius, king of Thrace, who had fled there, for the love of God, as a pilgrim. He erected a tower of sods and stone 60 feet in height, and lived in the middle of the tower, 11 feet from the light, and he saw not a ray of light from the sun, or any other light. Dathi came to this tower. He was called Dathi from his expertness; for if there were one hundred persons shooting arrows or javelins, he would be protected against them by the agility of his hands. Dathi's people saw this tower, and demolished it. Dathi was then killed by a flash of lightning on the spot.”

Tradition says, that the son of Dathi took command of the men of Erin, and carried the dead body of his father with him, and gained nine battles by land, and ten by sea, by means of the corpse; for when his body was exhibited, the enemy dispersed. The body was carried to Erin, and interred in the cemetery of the kings at Creachon. In 1660, MacFirbis writes, “that the caerrthe-dheory, red pillar stone, remains as a monument over his grave to this day. This red stone is now there prostrate, having been thrown down by the cattle.” How much of this may be fabulous I do not pretend to know, but that such a king existed cannot be doubted; for the races and families of kings have been so well preserved in Ireland, that, though some exaggeration may,

and doubtless is, always attending a description of them, yet the substance of the history is correct.

The specimens of manuscripts now preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, and the Museum of the Archæological Society, are so fair and legible, many of them written with such care in the Irish language, that one who understands the tongue may read it without any hesitation, though written many centuries ago. The ink is very black and clear, and some of them appear as if but lately written.

A monument standing in Ballina has ever been a wonder to all who have seen it, and the peasants call it the "Giant's Table," because no one knew its age or pedigree; and not till a member of this Archæological Society visited the West of Ireland, to compare these written traditions with what might be the professed reality, was this Giant's Table ever known. The description was so accurate, and the spot so well defined, that it became an object of deep interest in itself, beside proving the integrity of the manuscript, which was more than all."

GIANT'S TABLE.

Ardna Maob Hill of the Mado, where four foster brothers were interred, who were hanged for killing a son of Caghan Benel, by instigation of Guaire Aidhue, through envy about the sovereignty. A cromlech now called the "Table of the Giants" stands over them, and it is said to be the only one *clearly* connected with history, that is, where every detail of time and place can be indisputably traced. It stands on a beautiful hill, on the east side of the river Moy, near Ballina; about 800 years it must have stood, and will endure no doubt to the end of time. It is a large stone like a table, thick and square, standing upon three upright stones, and must have required immense strength to have elevated it. Unlike the position of other elevated stones supported by legs, it stands upright; those supposed to be the Druidical altars are on an inclined plain, that the blood of the victim might flow off.

Doubtless if this earth were turned up, the instrument with which the son of Cohan was slain would be found, with the armour of the four brothers. It is now looked upon as too sacred to be molested, both by the scientific and peasantry.

It would be quite superfluous for the purpose of elevating Ireland in the public mind, after having extolled her learning, her religion, and her valour, to crown all by saying that it was once a land of *giants*—that her men like the renowned giants of old, had bedsteads of iron, measuring many cubits, or that their spears were like “weavers beams,” and that six fingers and six toes were on each hand and foot. But the armoury and bones that have been dug up in that island, testify that a race of greater men than *now* inhabit it were there, and that the supposed superstition of the incredulous peasantry respecting giants, is nothing less than a *false* coin made from a *true* one.

In the county of Donegal, near Fermanagh, there is a curiosity called the “Giant’s Grave.” This grave is entered by a low aperture, formed by a projecting block of stone, resting upon two others, and the cave is now blocked up by large stones, covered with weeds and brambles, which stones must have fallen from the roof. The sides have each one flag-stone, and as there is no lime-stone in that place, the people must have had a knowledge of mechanics, or else have had giants in those days to have elevated and fitted these stones.

A peasant living near, being asked if he would open the grave, refused, “because some had tried to do so and found their feet sticking fast to the spade.”

There is a tomb of the giant’s armour-bearer on an eminence near, which has been opened, and an earthen urn containing some ashes, supposed to be the heart, was found, and bones of great size. “The lower jaw-bone was quite perfect, and so large that it went with ease over the jaws of the biggest headed labourer present.”

Men of great stature must certainly once have been lifting their proud heads over this island.

In my journeys through the north, which in all made

four, new wonders were continually meeting my eye ; castles of proud strength lifted their half-crumbling remains over some cliff or water, and that of Carrickfergus, so well known as the battle-ground of Bruce, claims a passing notice, not only for the events which passed there, but for its own history, which is left on record.

It was built in honour of King Fergus, who was drowned there, and the rock on which it stands is called Fergus. It commands a most noble view of the harbour. John De Courcey, in the reign of Henry II., having grants given him of all the lands he could conquer in Ulster, erected this castle, and it is said to be the noblest in all Ireland. The English, French, Scotch, and Irish, have in their turn struggled to take and keep possession of this stronghold, all in turn have defied the enemy through its loopholes, and all in turn have been driven from it.

Here Edward Bruce, in 1315, undertook to take it from the English, who promised to surrender at a limited time, when Bruce on the day appointed sent his thirty Scotchmen to take possession ; the English seized them as prisoners, and kept the castle, till reduced at last to such hunger, they ate the thirty Scotchmen. The French at last had possession, and Carrickfergus now looks like a noble monument of greatness, that though much mutilated, gives striking marks of her high origin.

Carrickfergus is the assize town of the county of Antrim, and if ever stone and mortar were worth fighting for, the castle on this broad bay might claim a right, so bold, so strong, with every convenience for killing men without being killed.

In 1567, George Clarkson thus writes :—"The building of the said castle on the south part has three towers, the gate-house tower in the middle thereof, which is the entry, at a draw-bridge over a dry moat ; and in the said tower is a prison and porter's lodge, and over the same a fair lodging called the constables lodging, and in the courtain between the gate-house and west tower, in the corner, being of divers squares called Crady-fergus,

is a fair and comely building, a chapel, and divers houses of office on the ground and above the great chamber, and the lords-lodging, all which is now in quite decay, as well as in the coverture, being laid also in timber and glass ; and without help and reparation it will soon come to utter ruin.

“The walls of the town are flanked with seven bastions, and are now in tolerable keeping, and about 6 feet thick, and 18 feet high ; and what is peculiar, the corners of the bastions are of cut free-stone, of a yellowish colour, different from any found in the vicinity. There are four gates, Glenorvan, Woodbrum, West and Jewry Gate ; Glenorvan Gate, and West Gate, were entered by draw-bridges. Part of the arch over Glenorvan Gate is still to be seen, and the draw-bridge and trench of West Gate, were in existence but a few years ago.”

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

On my way alone to the Giant's Causeway, I passed this castle, which, when in its glory was the residence of the Earls of Antrim. It is now a noble, crumbling ruin, bowing its head in a majesty which bespeaks its becoming origin. It stands boldly out on a perpendicular rock, and completely covers the surface, so that the walls are built upon the edge of the rock. The castle was not high, but contained much room, covering entirely the rock, and one room now projects over the sea, the rock having crumbled away. The design of the building of this is quite ingenious. The rock is united to the main land, by a ledge of rock higher than the ocean. Two parallel walls, 7 or 8 feet asunder, are built, and planks flung across for visitors to walk to the castle, when this is effected the planks are removed. Thus the castle was always secure from the enemy, and was taken, as has been named in the preceding pages, by treachery, under the guise of friendship. It is one of the most interesting castles, on some accounts, in the north, having so much the appearance of unpretending defiance, saying rather “Come and be *entertained*,” than “Come and I'll shoot you.”

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

This hackneyed curiosity, like the Falls of Niagara, has been on the tongue and pen of every traveller for centuries ; and like Niagara, all attempts at description have been faint and generally obscure. I never understood even its *outlines* from all the historical sketches which from childhood had been studied ; and am not so vain as to suppose that my pen can present it clearly before the reader. "Come and see," is the invitation which every wondering visitor must say. One day and a half were passed sitting and walking alone, my meditations interrupted only by occasional salutations of "God bless, or God save ye kindly !" from the poor peasant women who had crossed a precipitous mountain by a dangerous sliding footpath, the distance of from three to five miles, with baskets to gather sea-weed which collects upon the rocks and pillars of the Giant's Causeway, in stormy nights.

Was Kerry or Connaught worse ? "*The enlightened, the fertile, the happy north,*" has many a bare foot yet to cover, and many an empty stomach to fill, before she can sit queen over *all* the kingdom. *But the Causeway.*

Never, never did my mind fall so abruptly from the sublime, to the—I would not say *ridiculous*—but to the tame, the *flat*, as when, through the difficult narrow pass which led to it, my eye first greeted, what the peasant who had followed me said, "There, lady, and ye'll see." "See what," in disappointment, I vexingly responded. "The Causeway of the Giant, ma'am." I had expected to see lofty cliffs hanging over the sea, ornamented with massive pillars, like organ-pipes, and a frightful path for the feet of the giants to pass, with many indescribable wonders, and here I was facing an uneven platform of basaltic pillars, of more than 30,000 in number, of a pentagonal or hexagonal shape, varying from 15 to 20 feet in height, and from 15 to 26 inches in diameter. On these and over these I could and *did* walk, though they were slippery and dangerous. These pillars extend along the shore two miles, often interrupted, and some-

times they extend into the sea, and are lost ; very many suppose that they are united to the chain of the Staffa, in Scotland. No diving-bell has as yet sounded the sea between these two antipodes to ascertain whether any hidden link connects them in the bottom of old ocean.

When standing upon what is called the pile of the Giant's Loom, on the opposite side is seen the "Organ," having the appearance of the pipes of that instrument, and between these pipes are cavities which extend into the mountains, appearing like caves.

As you stand with your back to the sea, on the eastern side, which you face, there is a great colonnade of 36 feet in height, appearing like round pillars hewn by the artist. Here, too, are caves, one called "Port Coon," giving a grand echo, resounding to the waves. There is one likewise at Dunkerry, between Port Coon and the Bushford Strand, accessible only by the ocean, entered between two mural ridges of jet-black rock, and a lofty dome, girdled with a green and crimson belt of marine plants, 5 or 6 feet in breadth, which entirely surrounds it, is spread over the head. The extent of the cave is not known ; it narrows so that no boat can enter, yet the waves can be heard dashing in deep roar at a great distance.

In no country does the basalt, we are told, present so many varied wonders and interesting appearances as in Ireland ; they are piles on piles in awful grandeur, in some places so regular that they appear as if morticed and fitted by the hand of man. A lady who has cut and fitted her counterpane of patchwork in five and six sided figures can see how a pentagonal and hexagonal figure looks, and how snugly it fits, when the corners are matched : this is precisely the appearance in *form* of the Giant's Causeway, as you walk over it, with this exception only, that though the sides are evenly matched, yet the tops of the pillars are of unequal heights.

For a mile or two, as you go from Port Rusby to the Causeway, the shore is as white as though covered with snow, owing entirely to small round stones, some like small bullets, some like peas, and some a little oblong,

like the white bean, and they give the most cheerful aspect to the rugged coast. When the sun shines in full splendour, they are too powerful for the eye to rest long upon. But the rocky rough land on the right, scattered here and there with a miserable ragged-looking peasantry, remind the traveller of Connaught and Kerry, that the dwellers *there* have come out on a tour to see the "Causeway," or that the northern cabiners are "akin" to the wretched southerners in most of the mountainous parts.

Before reaching the Causeway, a neat hotel greets the eye, pleasantly situated on a rising ground, and well kept by the accommodating inhabitants, who have considerable company during the year from abroad.

It has been found that granite is the great bed of Ireland, appearing not only inland but on the sea-coast. Ochres, fuller's-earth, and slates are found, the latter in great abundance. Marble quarries are found in Kilkenny, Carlow, and Connomare, free-stone is also found. Precious stones are there, coal mines, copper, and gold beds, and what is not on the surface or in the bosom of that ill-fated isle : it seems to be a motley panorama, a theatre where nature has delighted not only to play her *fantastic freaks*, but to sow her *richest*, her *choicest* gems, and where men of all ages, nations, and rank, have played their ill-chosen games, and though crying "sour grapes," yet ever robbing the fruit.

The artificial curiosities dug from the earth tell more its history than its *written* records, for though these on the whole may be substantially true, yet many things may be left out and colourings added, but *here* is naked fact.

In 1737, a coat of ancient texture, three sacks of nuts, iron heads of arms, and wooden bowls, were dug from under a moss of 15 feet in depth, this moss possesses antiseptic qualities, wood may be wrapped in it and will remain for centuries.

It is a question to be answered, why, as the Irish retain such a sacred memory of their dead, they do not bury them in the bogs, that their bodies might be preserved. There is now in the Archæological Museum

in Dublin, a keg of butter and a piece of cheese, taken from a bog, how old none can tell, the butter is light like a piece of cork, and void of grease to appearance, but when melted is oily, and the cheese emits a pleasant smell. Many urns with ashes in them are found, the urns are made of clay mingled with blood, which makes them very strong.

OGHAM STONES AND ROUND TOWERS.

These still remain paradoxical with respect to their use, that they exist cannot be disputed, and that the ancients designed them for important purposes must be acknowledged. The Oghams are thinly scattered in the north, but the west and south have them abundantly. It has been supposed till of late, that the characters upon these stones can never be deciphered, but a few have been made out at the south, which go satisfactorily to prove, that Ireland was early a colony from the east ; and that while a pagan nation, she had the use of letters, as the characters on these stones bear the marks of Babylonian and Persian origin. Ogham implies secret, and the Irish had a mysterious character, which was a dart, and the lines on these stones are always straight ; besides, they are always found in places which are unconnected with cemeteries of baptised children, which in Ireland is an important item—that some of these are used for memorials of the dead, is placed beyond doubt, they are found in Rathes, which are mounds entered by steps through a hole in the top, here are rooms sometimes divided by a partition, and these stones are found upright, and bones likewise have been found in one near Killarney, explored by “ Mr. Mahony, and afterwards by A. Abel, of Cork.” Those which have been interpreted are figurative oriental inscriptions for the dead, such as, “ Beneath this stone is interred Conaf the warlike and quick-footed,” &c., another, “ His foot was that of the hound.” As the Druids delighted so much in mystery that they never committed anything to writing, but in mystical characters, these stones have been attributed to them : yet so little for certainty has been traced of

their age and sole object, that a decided testimony must be left doubtful.

The Towers have been called everything, therefore the *right* name must unknowingly have been hit upon. Fire-worshippers, by some, are supposed to have built them, but others call them Church Towers or Watch Towers, but how used for either is left quite uncertain, though they always stand near churches. Probably when the ancient manuscripts shall be better known, it will be found that some bard has sung their praises. Rocking stones, too, have been objects of marvellous curiosity, and they are objects of interest to the less superstitious—to see a rock of tons weight trembling upon a little pivot, might well make the credulous suppose that it must be ominous. The children of the peasantry look upon them with great interest, and consider them as put there “by the great God” for a special purpose.

In walking over Ireland, if the eye become satiated with green fields, sparkling waters, and wooded parks, it may exchange them for the purple heath-mountains, and the towering eagle-nest—if tired of climbing old crumbling castles and church steeples, it may wander among the tombs of ivy-covered dilapidated abbeys, and read the epitaphs of lords and ladies, bishops and priests, who centuries ago, called these lands by their own names—and if the wailing for the dead grate too mournfully upon the ear, he may turn away and listen to the harp, which sweetly lingers in some ancient family at the south and west; and in mountain or glen, something to please or awaken thought will present itself anew in all his wanderings.

The north is not on every account so connected with the romantic as the south and west, it has beauties, and it has its deformities: the county of Down, which is the picture to which all strangers are turned as the fairest model, has something to do, something to correct, before all will be right. There I saw luxuriant harvests waving in the breeze, for it was drawing near the time for the sickle, there I saw the comfortable farm-house,

and the more lordly mansion, and there too I entered many a floorless cabin, where the poverty-smitten tenants told me they had not tasted the "sup of milk for three months"—there too did the labourer say, that his reward was but eight-pence or ten-pence a day, and the only difference perceivable was, that the unemployed labourers were not so abundant as at the south. My lodgings were as poor and filthy as in the mountains of Connomare, whenever I stumbled at night-fall into a cabin when no inn was near; yet as a whole the county has more comforts than most of the neighbouring ones. The vicinity of Warren Point wants nothing beautiful in nature or rich in cultivation to make it a spot much to be desired, and the bold Moron mountains have defied the storms as bravely as those of Kerry or Mayo.

The county of Derry has in some places almost imitable beauties; around the waters of the Foyle that lie along that old famed city, have I lingered when the inhabitants were asleep, at the sun-rising, and thought that the heavens had been lavish in "dropping down fatness" upon these pleasant hill sides, and why should the cry of want be known here? But *here* one day taking a morning's walk of seven miles, to a beautiful watering place, called Fawn, four little miserably clad girls, with sacks upon their arms came up to me, and pleasantly giving me the "God bless ye," passed on hurriedly. On asking where and how far they were walking,—*"To pick potatoes ma'am on a bit,"* was the reply. Knowing that both a Scotch and Irish "bit" were quite indefinite in length, again I inquired how many miles. *"Sometimes we go four miles, and sometimes we find a field nearer."* These fields were such as had been planted the year previous, and the potatoes had been dug from them, and these poor children were daily sent to glean from the ploughed ridges what by chance might have been left, and this was all the food they and their families daily had, at night when they returned with their sacks. *"Poor things,"* said a well-dressed gentleman who met me as they passed on, *"this is their daily employment till the seed is put in, and this is all their support."*

This was the beginning of May, 1846, and the famine had not yet begun its fearful ravages. The walk would have been pleasant indeed, had the people I met looked as suitably clad as are the trees and hedgerows of God's clothing. The little town of Fawn was a picturesque spot, and the young English widow who kept the parish school, said, "I would not exchange this little place for my own country—I like the Irish hospitality, I like the Irish heart." Glad was I to hear this acknowledgment from an English tongue.

The next morning I took a walk in an opposite direction, to Strabon, and passing a labourer at work with a wheel-barrow, I spoke to him: "Ye must be a stranger," said he, "ye are so free; no lady here would speak to a labouring man like me." "From America." "Ah! that's the place where the poor get mate, and are kindly traited, and well paid for their work." I next entered a cabin, and saw misery brooding as though it had been her settled abode, till despair had fixed her strong talons in the heart of the woman abiding there. She was alive to all the tender sensibilities of the heart and the deplorable condition in which she was placed. "You cannot sit down ma'am in my dirty cabin, and my heart is so proud, I sin. You see me here so wretched, my husband is lame, and my parents didn't do their duty, they never sent me to school and I cannot read; here, in my lonely cabin, could I read the word of God, it would be company—I am a protestant, but cannot go to church for want of clothes, and must sit all day without a book." I could not give her any worldly consolation, for she said the case of the poor was hopeless. A piece of bread was on her cupboard, and she insisted that I should take it, for "the walk under yer fut is long. "Pray," she said, "that I may not sin so about my poverty as to lose my soul."

These isolated specimens are inserted to show that poverty in Ireland is the same in its features, and springs from the same source, whether in the north or south; and happy would it be that if even the multitudes I could quote were but isolated cases, when compared to

the sum total in the north. But I may be answered that I visited the *worst* places, and *sought* to do so. I visited the *poor* every where, and sought to do so ; but if the *poor* were not every where in my path, why should I meet them ? Had the poor in the north been like angel's visits, "Few and far between," I might have said with the Highland Scotch woman, when she was told in her mountain glen of the death of Christ and the time that it transpired : "It's so far awa' and so long gone by, that I dinna' care to ken about it."

But what shall be said of poor Donegal ? She in some parts has ever been drinking the cup of sorrow, and the last three years she has drained the dregs. Who will unblushingly boast of her comforts ? Go, ye who talk of the well-clad and well-fed happy north, into the squalid huts of the peasantry there ; see how they sleep, how they eat, and how they are clothed.

The praiseworthy Lord George Hill, might tell a few tales of the state of the cabiners, when he turned his noble heart towards them ! He has greatly changed the condition of his tenants ; but the task was a mighty one, and none but a George Hill could have carried it thus far. The pit had been long in digging, and was both deep and wide. But we are now approaching the famine, and the north and the south are to be shaken ; we shall then no longer hear the "voice of joy and gladness," from any of the cabins where the song was once heard, desolate as they might previously have been, nor shall the sport and glee of children playing in the streets be seen and heard, in those dark days of despair : nor scarcely the loud wailing over the dead shall be raised. This lamentation when performed, as it often was before this, in true *pathetic*, *poetic* style, is the most painful and pleasant, and brings the most touching associations that can possibly be conceived ; and my heart's sincere desire is, that no false refinement of modern education may ever put to the blush this truly patriarchal ceremony. It has Bible authority, and is an instinct deeply implanted by nature ; and the rebuke of an unlettered peasant in the cemetery, where a grave

was opened for his brother, was to me a beautiful illustration of the principle.

He and his sister had seated themselves apart from the grave, while the dirt was being put upon the coffin the sister burst forth into loud weeping : a young man near, rudely bade her hush her crying, the brother heard it. "Be aisy, let her weep, it's nature. Do ye think when the blessed Saviour touched the bier of that young son of the widow, that the grace of God would put life into that dead body if the mother's cheeks had been dry?"

This was emphatically true Irish poetry, flowing spontaneously, and from one probably who could neither read or write. This was telling the story of the widow of Nain, in the most graphic and comprehensive manner. No circuitous route, but first the fact *touching* the bier, then the grace of God instantly animating the lifeless body ; and the efficient cause of all this, the *state of the mother's cheeks*. Here were cause and effect, as graphically described as possibly *could* be, in a story containing so much. This, without education and without study ; and all the lamentations over the dead are accompanied with such pithy language, whether praise of the departed, or grief at his loss, that every sentence is full of instruction.

"Ah ! the wail of the dead will be soon lifted over yer cowl'd clay," said a starving half-clad peasant girl to a famishing old man, who had crossed from one of the bleak islands of the sea, in a stormy wintry day, to procure a pound of Indian meal. She did not say, as an Englishman would probably have said, "You'll soon be dead and not want any meal."

Cambrensis has left a sketch of the ancient usages at funerals, which is here copied, likewise one from Adam Clarke, both translated from the Irish, which are so beautiful that they should be preserved, not only as mementos of ancient manners, but as happy specimens of nature's poetry.

He says : "They divided their mourners into two parts, placing one at the head and the other at the foot of the deceased, being dressed in grave-clothes and orna-

mented with flowers; the bier is placed on some elevated spot, the bards had previously prepared the 'caoinan.' The chief bard at the head sung the first stanza in a low doleful tone, softly accompanied by the harp; at the conclusion, the foot semi-chorus began the lamentation, from the final note of the preceding stanza, the head semi-chorus answered, and both united in one general chorus. Thus alternately were the song and chorus continued through the night. The genealogy, rank, and possessions, the virtues and vices of the dead were rehearsed, and the deceased interrogated, 'Why did ye die?' If married, whether his 'wife was faithful to him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or warriors?' If a woman, 'whether her daughters were fair or chaste?' If a young man, 'whether he had been crossed in love, or whether the blue-eyed daughters of Erin had treated him with scorn?'" &c.

This custom prevailed till within a few years. A lady, at whose house I passed some weeks, informed me that she once attended where a woman of rank was dead. Two keeners, meaning the officiating mourners, were there—the first commenced by reciting the virtues of the deceased, then her rank and wealth—that the shoes of her copple (horse) were of silver—that her neck was encircled with a chain of gold—that her fingers sparkled with diamonds; but that her husband had been unkind—had caused her death by winding her golden hair close about her snowy neck, &c. The second took the counterpart, and recited the rank and wealth of the husband, shewing that *he* too was of noble blood, and that all which the first "keener" had said of her abuse was a *lie*. All this the husband hears in silence, nor would he dare to interfere.

The following is from Adam Clarke, who translated it from ancient Irish:—

"Lament of *Morian Shehone*, for Miss Mary Bourke.

'Silence prevails; 'tis an awful silence! The voice of Mary is heard no longer in the valley! Yes, thou art gone, O Mary; but Morian Shehone will raise the song of woe, and bewail thy fate! Snow-white was thy

virtue—the youths gazed on thee with rapture ; and old age listened with pleasure to the soft music of thy tongue.

“Thy beauty was brighter than the sun which shone around thee, O Mary ; but thy sun is set, and has left the soul of thy friend in darkness.

“Sorrow for thee is dumb save the wailings of Morian Shehone ; and grief has not yet tears to shed for Mary !

“I have cried over the rich man ; but when the stone was laid upon his grave then my grief was at an end. Not so with my heart’s darling—the grave cannot hide Mary from the view of Morian Shehone.

“I see her in the four corners of her habitation, which was once gilded by her presence.

“Thou didst not fall off like a withered leaf, which hangs trembling and insecure. No, it was a rude blast which brought thee to the dust, O Mary !

“Hadst thou not friends ! Hadst thou not bread to eat, and raiment to put on ?

“Hadst thou not youth and beauty, Mary ?

“Then mightest not thou been happy.

“But the spoiler came and disordered my peace ; the grim tyrant has taken away my only support, in Mary.

“In thy state of probation thou wert kind-hearted to all ; and none envied thee thy good fortune.

“O that the lamentations of thy friends, O that the burning tears of Morian Shehone would bring back from the grave the peerless Mary.

“But, alas ! this cannot be ! When, twice in every year, while the virgins of the valley celebrate the birth and death of Mary, under the wide-spreading elm, let her spirit hover round them, and teach them to emulate her virtues.

“So falls into silence the lament of Morian Shehone.”

“Twice in every year, while the virgins of the valley,” &c. This beautiful practice is not entirely lost in the west of Ireland. Being one day in a humble grave-yard, among the mountains, I saw white strips of paper attached to sticks which were placed at the head and feet of here and there a grave. I inquired the meaning, a little

girl informed me that the "comrades of Mary had come and put them there, for she died a twelvemonth since."

It is greatly to be regretted that civilized life, as it is too falsely called, should suppress these fine feelings of the heart. "Life in Connaught," Dr. Edgar has wisely said, "is not savage, it is polite—eminently polite." And, let it be added, that there pre-eminently is the question settled. That man, *fresh* from the hand of his Maker, needs no missionary societies to teach him benevolence, nor schools of the polished to teach him gentility; and it is because these have been so defaced by man's education, that they must be rubbed up and put on by artificial training.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Thy trade again shall flourish;
Thy temples yet shall rise."

I HAVE lingered too long in Connaught; in body my wanderings are in Antrim, Derry, Armagh, Donegal, &c. More of these hereafter. Belfast and its vicinity has much that is interesting, because richly cultivated; and the gentlemen's seats, bordering near, retain considerable of that old aristocracy which once was its pride. The last of the O'Neils, whose family in history are so much celebrated, still holds a domain great in extent, and much admired for richness and taste. Old Lough Neagh has lost none of its majesty by age, having now the appearance of the sea, being twenty miles in circumference and twelve in breadth, and the country about so level, that the opposite shore cannot be seen from any part of it. In stormy weather it is very boisterous. Eight rivers run into this lake, having but one outlet at Toom, which, after passing through a small lake, forms the river Bann, which empties into the sea, at Coleraine. This lake often encroaches upon the land; and once it surrounded a church standing near, and

drowned many of the inhabitants. Its depth is nowhere greater than eleven fathoms. Considerable trade is carried on by canals, which communicate with Newry, Belfast, and another, in an easterly direction.

Here and there are seen bleaching-grounds for the Irish linen, which have a most beautiful effect when seen at a little distance through the trees. The lively colour of the grass and the white strips of linen, like snow which lingers late in the spring upon the meadows, not only please the eye, but awaken many associations of industry, and what Ireland *has* been and might *still* be, if only this valuable article of use and trade might be allowed to flourish.

The Irish woman still clings to her spinning-wheel, where she can find the material to manufacture, and sighs most deeply when she points to days that are past, when all day long in every cot and cabin the buzz of the wheel and the whiz of the shuttle were heard.

A correspondence between Mr. Molyneux and Dr. Lock, gives some interesting facts how this article of manufacture was commenced and finished. Mr. Molyneux states that, in 1692, Mons. Du Pin came from England to Dublin, and by the king and queen's letters and patents thereon, he set up a royal corporation for carrying on the linen manufacture. It is said that a great bustle was made concerning it, and that many of the nobility and gentry were admitted, more for their countenance than for their heads or purses. Meetings were held, Du Pin was elected under-governor, and great sums advanced, and so much gain was expected that the shares rose from £5. to £40. The work commenced, some parcels of cloth were purchased, when a dispute arose between the corporation in Ireland and London undertakers, in which Du Pin was a chief member. The dispute caused the work to flag, and the price of shares to lower greatly. Previous to this dispute, a few private merchants established a manufactory without a patent, in Drogheda, which flourished, quite to the annoyance of the Dublin corporation, which commenced a quarrel with them also, and was terminated by the union of the

two parties. Du Pin at last played such tricks, that all were discouraged and withdrew.

The concern was dissolved and left to be carried on by such as pleased, from their own private purses, to set up looms and bleaching-yards. Many of these were carried on in the north of Ireland, and the best of cloth produced.

The law for encouraging the linen manufacture needs an Act of Parliament, obliging all landlords and tenants to sow such a certain proportion of their holdings with flax, under a great penalty on both on failure; and the sheriffs to levy £20. in each of their respective counties, to be distributed at the quarter sessions yearly to the three persons who should bring in the three best webs of linen cloth, of such a length and breadth, £10. to the first, £6. to the next, and £4. to the third.

Excellent cloth was produced throughout the country, but in twenty years from passing the Act, all the law died, except that of requiring landlords and tenants to sow flax. This law was not executed, and the neglect became universal, so much so, it is added, that if thorough investigation had been made, the forfeiture to the king was so secure that all the estates in Ireland would have been forfeited to his majesty.—Irish Acts, 17 and 18, chap. 7.

Molyneux continues, that England will not allow us to flourish by the woollen trade, they are jealous of any rival in this; but in the linen, we in no way interfere with them. The country has good land and water for flax and hemp, land is cheaper, food is cheaper, and labour is cheaper, with the necessaries for artificers.

Mr. Locke replies to all this :—"Private knavery does *there* as well as *here* destroy all public good works, and forbids the hope of any advantages by them, where nature plentifully offers, which industry would improve, were it but rightly directed and duly cherished."

In '97 Molyneux again writes to Mr. Locke: "We have framed a bill which is now before the council of England, for the encouragement of the linen manufactories, and mentions James Hamilton of Tullamore, as a chief contriver of the scheme, who requested the opinion

of Mr. Locke on the subject; who replied, that gladly would he do all in his power to further the object, promising Molyneux that he would labour in concert with him, as readily and carefully, as though they alone were to reap the profit. His words are: "I think it a shame that while Ireland is so capable to produce flax and hemp, and able to nourish the poor at so cheap a rate, and consequently to have their labour on so easy terms, that so much money should go out of the kingdom to enrich foreigners, for those materials and the manufactures made out of them; when the people of Ireland, by the advantage of their soil, situation, and plenty, might have every penny of it, if that business were but once put into the right way."

The sad state of that business now, testifies that it never was put in "the right way." Belfast does a little and does it well; the industry of that people has never flagged, and a manufactory now there of linen and muslins is in a prosperous state.

ARMAGH.

This was once the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland; and is beautifully situated on or near the river Callon; and is said to derive its name from Camhuin Macha, the royal seed of the kings of Ulster. It was in 445 that St. Patrick obtained it from Daire, an Irish Prince, and built a cathedral, with other religious houses, and constituted it the primatial see, and became the first Archbishop. He founded a college, and many of the nobility flocked to it from all parts of the British isles. He built a beautiful temple, which stood for centuries, till 836. The Danes and Norwegians ravaged and pillaged it, but it was rebuilt by succeeding prelates; and at last a native Chieftain, O'Neil, tumbled it to ruins, and pretended to the prelate, who excommunicated him, that he burned the cathedral to prevent the English troops from polluting its sanctuary, by lodging within its walls. O'Neil was butchered in a Scottish camp, flung into a pit, where he lay for several days, when William Peirs severed the head from the body, and sent

it, pickled in a pipkin, to the lord deputy, at Drogheda, who ordered it to be put on a pole, and placed over the castle, in Dublin. Margelson, in 1687, rebuilt the cathedral at his own expense, and restored O'Neil's ruins.

In 1765, Dr. Robinson, Baron of Rokebury, was appointed to the primacy of Ireland—a great advocate for the established church—and obtained an enactment of statutes for the preservation of ecclesiastic buildings, by a penal clause concerning dilapidations. This was surely a wise enactment, after destroying the abbeys and cathedrals of the church of Rome, to build the protestant churches on their ruins, and then make a penal law to secure them against catholic revenge.

In 1770, this Baron erected a palace at his own expense—a noble building of resplendent marble, taken from a quarry on the estate. This stately palace was surrounded with beautiful appendages: an obelisk on “Knox hill,” and a classic temple, and these all overshadowed by venerable trees. This prelate undertook to improve the ancient cathedral; and Francis Johnson built a tower upon the old arches, finishing it with a graceful spire and ball, 150 feet from the ground. This amiable prelate is dead, and a monument now simply tells the stranger that this is the work and this the representation of the beneficent man now gone down to the dust.

In this cathedral is buried the brave Brion Broroim, he who was slain at the battle of Clontarf, with many of his kindred and dependents. An astronomical observatory, with an inscription—“The heavens declare the glory of God”—was the last work of benevolence which this good man performed, but his mantle has fallen on others; a grammar school which he established, free to the public, and a grammar school founded and endowed by Charles I., are aids sufficient for the acquirement of a good education; Drelincourt's charity schools, the infirmary, and others of a lesser kind, speak well of the active benevolence of the gentry. The ancient grandeur has gone—the relics of churches are faint and few—leaving but here and there a vestige of this ancient

proud city. The remains of these once flourishing places tell their own history, for though there is not an *entire* building left, yet there is not a spot where one once stood, but retains *some* relic to say "*I once was,*" and most of them say "*I was beautiful, if not grand.*" The ivy seems everywhere to climb and cling to these crumbling walls as if to say "*I love you to the last, and will deck you with evergreens to cover your wrinkles, and to honour your decline.*" With all these decayed churches, abbeys and castles, some history is connected, which tradition has kept and must keep ; for religion and wars, plunder and cruelty, have all united to do what they *could* do to leave lasting footsteps of their deeds.

MAYNOOTH.

The celebrated Maynooth, *has been and still is* a bone of contention. It has long been connected with military history, and now is preparing a name for religious history ; it stands on a stream, which empties into the Liffey, and is about fifteen miles from Dublin ; it had a castle, of great strength, and nothing that is praiseworthy is recorded of its possessors.

About the year 1526, this castle, which was considered impregnable, was tested. The sixth earl of Kildare was the builder ; and a contention between him and Ormond became so violent that Kildare was called to England, to answer an accusation made by Ormond of favouring his cousin Desmond ; and though he defended himself nobly before the cardinal, Wolsey, yet he was confined within the Tower. The consequence was, that Ireland was aroused to vengeance ; and the son of Kildare, to whom the father had committed the government of Ireland while he should be absent, headed the party. Wolsey, who desired the extinction of the family, was supposed to have invented the story that Kildare was dead, which influenced the impetuosity of this youth not only to war, but to treason. The last hope of Offaley was the castle of Maynooth, which he provided well with men, for a protracted defence, and placed his own kindred and clansmen among them, and waited the appearance

of Sir William Brereton before the walls. A contemptuous reply was the result of a summons of surrender, and fourteen days siege alarmed the assailant ; but his fears were soon allayed by the perfidy of Christopher Paresse, the foster-brother of the young lord, to whom the lord had committed the keys of the castle. This unnatural wretch conveyed the intelligence to Sheffington, that he would put the castle into his hands for a certain sum of money and some other stipulations. It was gladly accepted by Sheffington ; and while he was with his men taking possession, Paresse, by a preconcerted plan, got the garrison all drunk, gave the signal to the English, who scaled the walls without resistance. It was rich with spoil—the best furnished castle in the kingdom—abundance of cattle, with which Ireland so much abounded.

The standard of Brereton was planted on the turret ; and Paresse, buoyant with the expectation of reward, presented himself before the lord deputy. The lord first remarked that the service he had shown the English, in saving so much bloodshed, should be remembered ; and then inquired what benefits he received from Lord Thomas. This unlucky bait caught the unwary silly fish. Paresse expatiated on the long and unbounded generosity and affection he had received from Sir Thomas during his whole life, as a foster brother, and as the crowning of the whole, he had been entrusted with the keys of the castle—a high trust and place of honor. “And how, Paresse,” said the deputy, “could’st thou find in thy heart to betray so kind a lord !” Paresse stood confounded. “Go,” said the lord deputy, to an officer, “see him paid the price of his treachery ; and then without a moment’s delay, see his head cut off.” Paresse had the coolness to say, “Had I known this, your lordship should not have had the castle so easily.” A person present exclaimed, “Too late,” which expression is a popular saying.—“Too late, says Boyce.” The end of Lord Thomas was a *sad* one ; though defeated, his proud spirit was not tamed, and he went on, when his army was too small to fight, he continued to pillage ; wherever he could find any

English he manifested his revenge, till at last he was confined in the Tower. We find a letter, written in a style which is an interesting specimen of the spelling then in vogue, and sufficient proof that his sufferings were great. "I suffer for mony, hosyn, dublet, shoys and shyrtys while in prison ; and so I shuld have done styll and now, but that pore prisoners of their gentylness hathe sumtyme gevyn me old hosyn, and shoys, and old shyrtes." He expected mercy, but did not find it. He was executed at Tyburn, with five of his uncles, on his way to Windsor.

The Roman catholics had an Act passed by the Irish parliament, in 1795, for the establishment of a college there, and here they send their young men to train them for the clergy. "The college is near the town, the centre was once the residence of the Duke of Leinster's agent, and now spacious wings are attached, extending the façade to a length of 400 feet, it is three stories high besides the attic, and the centre projects 50 feet beyond the front line of the wings." The building is plain, but convenient, the students have lodging-rooms attached to the wings. Private donations and legacies have mostly been its support, with small parliamentary grants. Parliament has caused much excitement, as has been mentioned in the preceding pages, by granting more money of late ; maintaining against their church and dissenting opponents, that if liberty of conscience be allowed, it would be unchristian to withhold from catholics what they allow to protestants.

The tales of castles shall be terminated by a short sketch of Granauile's, which bear no small part in the history of Ireland.

The life and character of this woman, are masculine and revolting. From her infancy, it is said, she was passionately fond of the sea, and accompanied her father in his watery excursions, and performed many feats of wonder and daring, by assisting in the plundering of vessels. She was coarse in her looks, gigantic in figure, and a terror to all foes. Possessing all that ingenious tact, which seems to be the prerogative of woman when

driven to extremity, she used this ingenuity to wicked and dangerous purposes. A castle of her's I once had the privilege of entering, and ascended to the first chamber by means of a ladder, and to the banqueting-room by stone steps. This castle stands two miles from the town of Newport, in Mayo; another is on the island of Achill; and a third on the island of Clare, where she died. A hole is shown in the wall in the castle at Newport, through which a cable was drawn, and fastened to her bed-post, the other end being attached to one of her vessels in the harbour, to warn her when danger was approaching. She was the daughter of O'Maley and widow of O'Flaherty, who were two Irish chiefs, so that she became queen of the west in due time. She again married Sir Richard O'Bourke. She did not pattern from her sister in dominion across the channel, Elizabeth, who chose to have no partner in her power. History says that she once paid a visit to Elizabeth, and as dominant and good-managing as this lady might be, Granaule was more than a rival. She could neither tame this bold Irish queen, or bring her in any way into her more refined notions of dress or manner. She persisted in being an Irish queen, and ruling in her own Irish way; comeliness of dress she scouted as feminine and quite unbecoming greatness of soul, and as to address and manner, she left them to silly girls and old maids.

Elizabeth though stern in action, could be very courteous in manner, and she studied dress with the greatest care. These sister-queens make a strange duet when side by side, and the English queen was not in sadness when Lady Grana took her departure to the Emerald Isle. This Queen "Grana" would not be repulsed with impunity, and in 1575, we are informed that she anchored four vessels before Howth castle, near Dublin, and besieged it, to avenge the offence of her messenger being refused admittance at dinner-time, she accomplished all she wished, frightened them into submission, and made conditions of peace on these terms to last for ever, "That the gates of Howth Castle should not be closed at dinner-time." This treaty it is said has

never been violated. She lived to an old age, and died unlamented, she was *endured*, not loved, and her name is only mentioned in ridicule by the mountaineers and children, who point to the castles of Granauile "and that's the lady marm that kept the country in dread, and would frighten the life of ye."

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER XV.

"Afar we stand a gloomy band,
Our worth, our wants neglected,
The children in their father land
Cut off, despised, rejected."

ALLOW me to say to the reader, that the cup I now hold in my hand is a "cup of trembling," and gladly would my sickening heart turn away from its contents, "but for this 'cause was I sent,' and the cup which my Father has given me shall I not drink it." Yes, *for this cause was I sent*, for *this cause*, in the face of all that was thought consistency or prudence, *unprotected* by mortal arm or encouraged by mortal support, was I bidden to go out, and to go "nothing *doubting*" into a strange land, and there do what I should be bidden, not knowing what that might be nor inquiring wherefore the work were laid upon me.

I came, the island was traversed, stormy days and dark nights, filthy cabins and uncomfortable lodging-houses were my lot, evil surmises from the proud professor, and the cold neglect of many were all alike to me; the "tower" into which I ran was always safe and always open, the "rock" under which I sheltered was indeed "higher than I," and the tempest passed harmlessly by.

From June 1844, to December 1846, though I could say with the disciples returning from Emmaus, that "my heart burned within me," yet with them I must add, my "eyes were holden," that I had not *yet* seen the *ultimate* object, nor had the slightest curiosity been awakened as to the result of the researches which had been made, who would understand or *misunderstand*, who would approve or *condemn*. Ireland's pride and Ireland's humility, her wealth and her poverty, her beauty and deformity, had all been tested in a degree, and the causes of her poverty stood out in such bold relief, that no *special* revelation, either human or divine, was requisite to give a solution.

"Will not God be avenged on such a nation as this?" was the constant question urging me, and the echo is still sounding as the mighty wave is now rolling over the proud ones who have "held the poor in derision," and the only answer is, "What will ye do in the end thereof?" what avails the multiplicity of prayers while the poor are oppressed, the surplus, the gown, or the robe will not hide the stain, the "leprosy lies deep within." "For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still."

Too long have ye "dwelt in your ceiled houses," while the poor, who have "reaped down your fields for nought," have been sitting in their floorless, smoky cabins, on the scanty patch where they have been allowed to crouch, till your authority should bid them depart, to eat their potatoe on some bog or ditch elsewhere. And more fearful than all, *now* that the root on which you have fed them for centuries is taken away; famished and naked you drive them into the pitiless storm. Ye withhold from them labour, and then call them "idle;" ye give them work without any just equivalent, and then cry out when the scanty food is blasted, "*Improvvidence, Improvvidence.*" That had these "idlers" put by anything for a "rainy day," they might have had money to have bought bread. That idleness and improvidence, (which are generally companions,) are two great evils of Ireland, must be acknowledged. The rich are idle from

a silly pride and long habits of indulgence, and the poor because no man "hires them."

"Would you have us work," said a shopkeeper's wife, "when we can get scores of girls, glad to do it, for 10s. a quarter?" Here is one of the sources of evil: the "ways of the household," which are specially allotted to the "prudent wife," are made over to the uninterested servant; because this poor servant was "glad" to work for a little more than nothing. The keys of the house are peculiarly the care of the mistress, and with these well-pocketed she prevents all inroads into her larder, and the servant may eat her potatoe at option, for in but few families is she allowed bread and butter or tea. This keeping everything locked we are told is to keep servants from theft—the surest method of making them thieves. Their late hours of rising and of meals, necessarily unhinge all that is good in housekeeping, and where all is left to servants, economy *must* come in by-the-by. The middle class, such as shopkeepers, good farmers, and tradesmen of all kinds, live on a few articles of diet, and the mistress seldom taxes her ingenuity to apply the useful proverb, "To make one thing meet another." Bread, butter, tea, and an egg, are the ultimatum of a breakfast, at nine, and often ten in the morning, then a yawning about, or perhaps a little fancy knitting, till lunch, which is a piece of cold meat and bread, and in the higher classes wine; a dinner from four to six, and tea often brought on before leaving the table, or in an hour after. The dinner is, among farmers and tradesmen, mostly pork, put upon a platter of cabbage with potatoes, served in two ways: first brought on in the jackets as they are boiled; next dish, which is the dessert in most houses, the potatoes are browned upon a gridle, which gives them a good flavour. Bread is seldom or never taken with potatoes, and a pudding is rarely seen, except on special occasions. Pies are often made, but these are the chief commodities, and always ended by "hot whiskey punch." This accompaniment is so necessary, that in genteel families a handsome copper kettle is kept for the special purpose, which is

put upon a frame in the centre of a table. The "lower order," only are teetotalers, because, as the reason is often given, "it was necessary for them, they were so ignorant and vulgar." Now what must be expected could the daughters of such a family be? Why the *exact copy of the mother*; the servant must do for her what would be for her own health, and what is actually her duty to perform. She is sent to school, and goes the routine of a genteel education. She can work Berlin wool, perhaps read French, and possibly German, play the piano, and write a common-place letter, in *angular* writing, made *on purpose* for the ladies; but with all this her mind is not *cultivated*, her heart is not *disciplined*. She looks pretty, walks genteelly, and talks sometimes quite enchantingly; but with all these appurtenances, the inquiry *must* and *does* arise—"What are you good for?" The little *common necessary* daily duties which belong to woman are unheeded; and when any exigencies fall upon her she has no alternative. A mind always accustomed to the same routine, and that a *frivolous* one, cannot, when unexpected adversity comes, plunge into new difficult duties, and perform them efficiently. If she have always had a dress-maker to fit her apparel and a waiting-maid to put it on, how can she, should her husband become a bankrupt, be qualified to make and repair the garments for herself and children, which probably she *must* do, or her children be in a very untidy state.

Now, as trifling as these things appear to many, yet Ireland has suffered, and is still doomed to suffer deeply, on these accounts. Many of these genteel ones are reduced to the last extremity, the mistresses not being able to give even the 10s. per quarter to a servant. She knows not how *economically* to prepare the scanty food which her husband may provide; and multitudes of this class are either in the walls of the union, or hovering about its precincts.

When the famine had actually *come*, and all the country was aghast, when supplies from all parts were poured in, what was done with these supplies? Why

the *best* that these inefficient housekeepers *could* do. The rice and Indian meal, both of which are *excellent* articles of food, were cooked in such a manner that, in most cases, they were actually unhealthy, and in *all* cases unpalatable. So unused were they to the use of that common article rice, that they steeped it the night before, then poured the water off, without rubbing, and for three and four hours they boiled, stirred, and simmered this, till it became a watery jelly, disgusting to the eye and unsavoury to the taste, for they never salted it, besides unwholesome for the stomachs of those who had always used a dry potatoe for food. The poor complained that it made them sick; they were accused of being ungrateful, and sometimes told they should not have any more; and the difficulty, if possible, was increased, by giving it out uncooked. For the starving ones in the towns had no fuel and they could not keep up a fire, to stew it for hours, and many of them ate it raw, which was certainly better when they had good teeth, than cooked in this unsavoury way.

But the Indian meal! Who shall attempt a description of this frightful formidable? When it first landed, the rich, who had no occasion for using it, hailed it with joy, and some actually condescended to say, "They believed they could eat it *themselves*." But the poor, who had not yet slid down the precipice so far as to feel that they were actually dying, could be heard on the streets, and in the market-place, to interrogate one another, "And have ye seen the yaller Indian, God save us awl? By dad and 'Peel's brimstone' has come over again, to scrape the maw of every divil on us."

The reader must be content to take the famine just as I saw it; and though the language may be sometimes startling, to refine it by any substitution or seasoning of my own invention would be weakening its force, and oftentimes frittering away the truth. In justice it should be said that they often use the word devil, in a quite different meaning from what others do, always applying it to a poor, neglected creature, however deserving he may be, as well as to those who are wicked.

Thus they would often say, "The breath is cowl'd in the poor divil's body, he'll no more feel the hunger, God bless him!" And the yaller Indian was called by all manner of epithets, and went through all manner of ordeals but the right one. The Indian meal by some was stirred in cold water with a stick, then put quite dry upon a gridle, it consequently crumbled apart, there was no turning it; and one desponding woman came to me, saying, "That the last bit of turf had died on her, and not a ha'porth of the yaller Indian would stop with its comrade." Others made what they called "stir-about;" this was done, too, by first steeping in cold water, then pouring it into a pot, and immediately after swelling, it became so thick that it could not be stirred, neither would it cook in the least. The "stirabout" then became a "standabout," and the effect of eating this was all but favourable to those who had seldom taken farinaceous food. They actually were afraid to take it in many cases, the *government* meal in particular, fearing that the "Inglish intinded to kill them" with the "tarin and scrapin;" but when hunger had progressed a little, these fears subsided, and they cared neither what they ate, or who sent it to them.

Had the women of the higher classes known how to prepare these articles in a proper manner, much money might have been saved, and many lives rescued, which are now lost.

When the first clamour had a little subsided, there followed the recipes for cooking Indian meal. One of these, highly celebrated for a while, was from Italy, and called "Polentia;" whether spelt correctly the learned must decide; but this same Polentia would do for *gentlemen* and *ladies* too. The recipe cannot precisely be given; but enough to know that it was turned and overturned—covered and uncovered—boiled and steamed in a pot—and then came out genteelly, in a becoming shape, according to the form of the pot used. Now this was often on the tables of the gentry, for the recipe and meal were from Italy; the poor would only hear of this at a distance—the cooking they could never attain.

Next came American recipes: these, with all due credence, were accepted as the one thing needful, for they possessed these redeeming qualities:—first, they were from *America*, the land which they loved, for many of their “kin” were there; next, that though they thought that nobody but negroes ate it—yet negroes *lived* on that food; and “sure the Americans would’nt hurt em.”

These recipes were prepared in due form, and made up with suets, fats, sweets, and spices, so that the Laird John Russell himself could “ate em.” A great and grand meeting of lords and nobility was held, called by the poor, the “yaller Indin maitin;” and a *bona fide* sanction put on to the Indian meal cake. Here again was a difficulty—the meal was for the hungry; Where could they procure spices, sweets, and fats for such delicacies?—and as they thought that these were necessary to make it safe to eat, then their fears were awakened anew. But a few weeks adjusted all these difficulties, for when the number of the slain had increased in every parish, all murmuring of the quality of food ceased—they suffered in uncomplaining silence.

It was on the evening of December 7th, when about stepping into the train, at Kingstown, for Dublin, I heard a policeman relating to a bystander a case of famine at the south. The potatoe, I knew, was partly destroyed; but never thought that actual famine would be the result. The facts were so appalling, that had they not come from a policeman, who, it should be said, are in general men of veracity, my mind would have doubted; and when he added that “I got this information from a friend who was present in the court, and who wrote the circumstances to me,” all queries were removed.

A man had died from hunger, and his widow had gone into the ploughed field of her landlord to try to pick a few potatoes in the ridges which might be remaining since the harvest; she found a few—the landlord saw her—sent a magistrate to the cabin, who found three children in a state of starvation, and nothing in the cabin but the pot, which was over the fire. He demanded of her to show him the potatoes—she hesitated;

he inquired what she had in the pot—she was silent ; he looked in, and saw a dog, with the handful of potatoes she had gathered from the field. The sight of the wretched cabin, and still more, the despairing looks of the poor silent mother and the famished children, crouched in fear in a dark corner, so touched the heart of the magistrate, that he took the pot from the fire, bade the woman to follow him, and they went to the court-room together. He presented the pot, containing the dog and the handful of potatoes, to the astonished judge. He called the woman—interrogated her kindly. She told him they sat in their desolate cabin two entire days, without eating, before she killed the half-famished dog ; that she did not think she was stealing, to glean after the harvest was gathered. The judge gave her three pounds from his own purse ; told her when she had used that to come again to him.

This was a compassionate judge,—and would to God Ireland could boast of many such.

I heard that story, heart-rending as it was, and soon found that it was but a prelude to facts of *daily*, yes, *hourly* occurrence, still more appalling. The work of death now commenced ; the volcano, over which I felt that Ireland was walking, had burst, though its appearance was wholly different from anything I had ever conceived ; a famine was always in Ireland, in a certain degree ; and so common were beggars, and so many were always but just struggling for life, that not until thousands were reduced to the like condition of the woman last mentioned, did those, who had never begged, make their wants known. They picked over and picked out their blackened potatoes, and even ate the decayed ones, till many were made sick, before the real state of the country was known ; and when it fell, it fell like an avalanche, sweeping at once the entire land. No parish need be anxious for neighbouring ones—each had enough under his own eye, and at his own door, to drain all resources, and keep alive his sympathy. It was some months before the rich really believed that the poor were not making false pretences ; for at such a distance had they ever kept

themselves from the "lower order," who were all "dirty and lazy;" that many of them had never *realized* that four millions of people were subsisting entirely on the potatoe, and that another million ate them six days out of seven, entirely; they did not *realize* that these "lazy ones" had worked six or eight months in the year for eight-pence and ten-pence, but more for sixpence, and even three-pence in the southern parts, and the other four months been "idle" because "no man had hired them;" they did not *realize* that the disgusting rags with which these "lazy" ones disgraced their very gates, and shocked all decency, were the *rags* which they had contributed to provide; and such were often heard to say that this judgment was what they might expect, as a reward for their "religion and idleness." But the wave rolled on; the slain were multiplied; the dead by the way-side, and the more revolting sights of families found in the darkest corner of a cabin, in one putrid mass, where, in many cases, the cabin was tumbled down upon them to give them a burial, was somewhat convincing, even to those who had doubted much from the beginning.

There were some peculiarities in this famine which history has not recorded in any other. It may be scrupled whether any were heard to say that they did not deserve it—that they had not been such sinners above all others, that they must suffer so much—and so little plundering was never known in any famine as this, scarcely ever was a bread shop disturbed, though the poor creatures have been found dead under its window, in sight of it; the old proverb, that "hunger will break through a stone wall," was never exemplified during the famine; some carts, laden with meal, have been pillaged, and some boats have been robbed, but these were not common occurrences; occasionally, in the cities, would a man throw a stone at a street lamp, or do some other trifling mischief, always in presence of a policeman, that he might be put in jail, where the law must feed him. This was certainly an alternative for a starving man not so much to be censured as admired.

Let it be stated that these men had applied for work in vain. I will descend to particulars; and state what my eyes have seen and my ears heard, and be answerable for what shall be stated.

The first starving person that I saw was a few days after the story of the woman and dog had been related. A servant in the house where I was stopping, at Kingstown, said that the milk woman wished me to see a man near by, that was in a state of actual starvation; and he was going out to attempt to work on the Queen's highway; a little labour was beginning opposite the house, and fifteen-pence a-day stimulated this poor man, who had seven to support, his rent to pay, and fuel to buy. He had been sick with fever; the clothes of his family, that would fetch any price, had been pawned or sold, and all were starving together. He staggered with his spade to the work; the overseer objected; but he entreated to be allowed to try. The servant went out and asked him to step into the kitchen; and, reader, if you never have seen a starving human being, *may you never!* In my childhood I had been frightened with the stories of ghosts, and had seen actual skeletons; but imagination had come short of the sight of this man. And here, to those who have never watched the progress of protracted hunger, it might be proper to say, that persons will live for months, and pass through different stages, and life will struggle on to maintain her lawful hold, if occasional scanty supplies are given, till the walking skeleton becomes in a state of inanity—he sees you not, he heeds you not, neither does he beg. The first stage is somewhat clamorous—will not easily be put off; the next is patient, passive stupidity; and the last is idiocy. In the second stage, they will stand at a window for hours, without asking charity, giving a vacant stare, and not until peremptorily driven away will they move. In the last state, the head bends forward, and they walk with long strides, and pass you unheedingly. The man before-mentioned was emaciated to the last degree; he was tall, his eyes prominent, his skin shrivelled, his manner cringing and childlike; and the impression *then*

and *there* made never *has* nor ever *can* be effaced ; it was the *first*, and the beginning of these dreadful days yet in reserve. He had a breakfast, and was told to come in at four and get his dinner. The family were from home ; the servant had an Irish heart, consequently my endeavours were all seconded. Often has she taken the loaf allowed for her board-wages, (that is, so much allowed weekly for food,) and sliced nearly the whole away—denying herself, for the suffering around her. It must be mentioned that labourers for the public, on roads, seldom or never ate more than twice a day, at ten and four ; their food *was* the potatoe and oatmeal stirabout, and buttermilk, the *luxury* which was seldom enjoyed. This man was fed on Indian meal, gruel, buttermilk or new milk and bread in the morning ; stirabout, buttermilk and bread, at four. Workmen are not paid at night on the public works, they must wait a week ; and if they commence labour in a state of hunger, they often die before the week expires ; many have been carried home to their wretched cabins, some dead and others dying, who had fallen down with the spade in their hands. The next day after this wretched man was fed, another, in like condition, at work in the same place, was called in and fed ; he afterwards died, when the labour was finished, and he could get no more work. The first man gradually gained strength, and all for him was encouraging ; when my purse became low—so many had been fed at the door that a pot was kept continually boiling, from seven in the morning till seven at night ; Indian meal was then dear ; the Americans had not sent their supplies ; and much did my heart shrink at the thought that my means must be exhausted.

Let me here speak of the virtues of Indian meal ; though always having been accustomed to it, more or less, not till December, 1846, in the famine of Ireland, did I know its value. It was made into gruel, boiled till it became a jelly ; and once a day from twenty-five to thirty were fed—some who walked miles to get it ; and every one who had this privilege recovered,

without tasting anything but that, once a day—they always took it till they wanted no more; and this too without bread. One old man daily walked three miles, on his staff, for this, and he grew cheerful; always most courteously thanking me, saying, “It nourishes my ould heart, so that it keeps me warm all the night.”

I had told these two labourers that when they found the gate locked they must know that I had no more to give them, and they must go home. The sad hour arrived; the overseer sent me word that he thanked me for feeding them so long; they must otherwise have died at their work. The gate was shut, and long and tedious were the two next days. One child of the poor man died, and he buried it in the morning before light, because if he took an hour from labour he would be dismissed. When the poor creatures that had daily been fed with the gruel came, and were told there was no more for them, I felt that I had sealed their doom. They turned away, blessing me again and again, but “we must die of the hunger, God be praised.”

I would not say that I actually murmured, but the question did arise, “Why was I brought to see a famine, and be the humble instrument of saving some few alive, and then see these few die, because I had no more to give them?”

Two days and nights dragged on. News were constantly arriving of the fearful state of the people, and the spectres that had been before my eyes constantly haunted me. My bedroom overlooked the burying-ground. I could fancy, as I often arose to look into it, that some haggard father was bringing a dead child, lashed to his back, and laying him on some tombstone as had been done, and leaving it to the mercy of whoever might find it a grave!

I was sitting in solitude, alone, at eleven o'clock, when the man of the house unexpectedly arrived. He had a parcel; in that parcel there was money from New York, and that money was for *me*!

No being, either christian or pagan, if he never saw a famine, nor possesses a feeling heart, can understand

what I then felt. I adored that watchful Hand that had so strangely led and upheld me in Ireland ; and now, *above all and over all*, when my heart was sinking in the deepest despondency, when no way of escape appeared, this heavenly boon was sent ! The night was spent in adoration and praise, longing for the day, when I might again hang over the "blessed pot," as the Irish called it. I lay below on a sofa, and saw no tombstones that night.

The morning came—the pot was over the fire. As soon as shops were opened, meal, bread, and milk were purchased. The man of the house went early to his business in Dublin. The gate was unlocked—the breakfast was prepared. The quantity was well nigh doubled, though enough had always been provided before. The sight of the man was more than I wished to abide ; he was again sinking—had taken nothing but a "sup," as he termed it, of some meagre slop but once in the day, because his children would *all* die if he took it from them. The other soon followed ; and while they were taking their breakfast, I was reading from New York the result of a meeting there in behalf of the Irish. This awakened gratitude towards my country unknown before ; and now should I not be unmindful of the Hand that had led me through this wilderness thus far, and in every emergency carried me almost miraculously through, what I am about to record of the few following months, so far as self is concerned, should be withheld :—

That day my mind was most active, devising how the greatest good might be effected, by the little God had entrusted to me. The Indian meal, when cooked in a suitable manner, was now becoming a great favourite ; this I knew how to do, and determined to use the money for this object, always cooking it myself. When this was adjusted in my mind, the remainder of the day was devoted to writing letters to America, mostly for the two objects of thanking them for what they *had* done, and giving them, from eye-witness, a little account of the famine. In this the desire, and even the *thought*, was entirely withheld of receiving any thing myself to give, acting entirely as a passive instrument, moving, because

moved upon. Here afterwards was the wisdom of Him who sees not as man seeth peculiarly manifest ; for had I that day, by the parcel put into my hands from New York, been in possession of a hundred pounds, the day would have been spent in going into the cabins of the starving, and distributing to the needy—the money would have soon been expended, and then no more means would have been in my power to do good. But *my* weakness was *God's* strength, *my* poverty *his* riches ; and as He had shown me all the journey through that my dependence should be entirely on Him, so now, more than ever, it was to be made manifest. The letters crossed the ocean, found the way to the hands and hearts of those to whom they were sent, and when, in the multitude of other thoughts and cares, they were by the writer forgotten as a past dream, they were returned embodied in a printed parcel, accompanied with donations of meal, money, and clothing ; and *this*, like the other, reached me when all means were exhausted.

When the rumour of a famine had become authenticated in Dublin, Joseph Bewley, a Friend, possessing both a warm heart and full purse, (which do not always go together) put in operation a soup shop, which fed many hundreds, twice a day. This soup was of the best quality, the best meat, peas, oatmeal, &c. ; and when applications became so numerous that a greater demand was requisite, and funds failing, mention was made to this benevolent man that the quantity of meat must be reduced, his answer was, that not one iota should be taken off, but more added, if even it must be done entirely at his own expense. It shall, he added, be made rich and nourishing, as well as palatable. The poor who *could*, were required to pay half-price for a ticket ; and the benevolent people purchased tickets, by the quantity, and gave to the poor. The regulation of this soup establishment was a pattern worthy of imitation. The neatness and order of the shop ; the comely attired Quaker matrons, and their daughters, with their white sleeves drawn over their tidy-clad arms—their white aprons and caps, all moving in that quiet harmony

so peculiar to that people ; and there too at seven in the morning, and again at mid-day. All this beauty and finish contrasted with the woebegone, emaciated, filthy, ragged beings that stood, in their turn, before them, was a sight, at which angels, if they could weep, might weep, and might rejoice too. Often have I stood, in painful admiration, to see the two extremes of degradation and elevation, comfort and misery, cleanliness and filth, in these two classes, made alike in God's image, but thrown into different circumstances, developing two such wide and strange opposites.

My task was a different one—operating individually. I took my own time and way—as woman is wont to do, when at her own option—and before the supplies, which afterwards came through the letters mentioned, I marked out a path, which was pursued during that winter, until July, when I left for the North. A basket of good dimension was provided, sufficient to contain three loaves, of the largest made bread ; this was cut in slices, and at eight o'clock I set off. The poor had watched the “American lady,” and were always on the spot, ready for an attack, when I went out ; and the most efficient method of stopping their importunities was bread. No sooner well upon the street, than the army commenced rallying ; and no one, perhaps, that winter, was so regularly guarded as was this basket and its owner. A slice was given to each, till it was all exhausted ; while in desperation, at times, lest I might be overpowered—not by violence, but by number, I hurried on, sometimes actually running to my place of destination, the hungry ones, men, women, and children, who had not received the slice, in pursuit—till I rushed into some shop-door or house, for protection, till the troop should retire ; sometimes the stay would be long and tedious, and oftentimes they must be driven back by force. Cook Street, a place devoted almost entirely to making coffins, and is well known by the name of Coffin Street, was the field of my winter's labour. This was chosen for its extreme poverty, being the seat of misery refined ; and here no lady of “delicate foot” would like to venture ; and beside, I saw that a little

thrown over a wide surface was throwing all away, and no benefit that was lasting would ensue. Ten pounds divided among a hundred, would not keep one from starvation many days; but applied to twenty, economically, might save those twenty till more efficient means might be taken. So much a day was allowed to each family, according to their number,—always cooking it myself, in their cabins, till they could and did do it prudently themselves. The turf was provided and the rent paid weekly, which must be done, or, in many cases, turning upon the street was the consequence; for it is no more than justice to observe, that there are some kind slaveholders in the United States, and there are some kind landlords in Ireland; but in too many cases both are synonymous terms, so far as power may be equal.

One of these miserable families was that of a widow: I found her creeping upon the street, one cold night, when snow was upon the ground; her pitiful posture, bent over, leaning upon two sticks, with a little boy and girl behind her crying with the cold, induced me to inquire, and I found that she was actually lame, her legs much swollen, and her story proved to be a true one; she had been turned from the hospital as a hopeless case, and a poor sick starving friend had taken her in, and she had crawled out with a few boxes of matches, to see if she could sell them, for she told me she could not yet bring herself to beg; she could work, and was willing to, could she get knitting or sewing. I inquired her number. "I will not deny it again," she replied, "I did so to a lady, soon after I came out of the hospital, for I was ashamed to be found in such a dreadful place, by a lady; but I have been so punished for that lie, that I will not do it again." Giving her a few pence, meaning to take her by surprise, if I found her at all, an indirect promise was made to call at some future day. At ten the next morning my way was made into that fearful street, and still more fearful alley, which led to the cheerless abode I entered.

The reader may be informed that in the wealthy beautiful city of Dublin, which can boast some of the finest architecture on earth, there are in retired streets and

dark alleys, some of the most forbidding, most uncomfortable abodes, that can be found in the wildest bogs of that wretched country. Finding my way through darkness and filth, a sight opened upon me, which, speaking moderately, was *startling*. When I had recovered a little, I saw on my right hand the miserable woman before-named, sitting in a dark corner on a little damp straw, which poorly defended her from the wet and muddy ground-floor she was occupying. The two ragged hungry children were at her feet, on the other side of the empty grate (for there was not a spark of fire) sat the kind woman who had taken her in, on the same foundation of straw and mud, with her back against the wall. She was without a dress—she had pawned her last to pay her rent; her husband likewise had pawned his coat for the same purpose. He was lying upon the straw, with a fragment of a cotton shawl about him, for he had no shirt. They were all silent, and for a while I was mute. The woman first mentioned broke the pause, by saying, “This, I believe, is the kind lady I met last night; you have found the way to our dark place, and I am sorry we cannot ask you to sit down.” There was not even a stool in the room. The young woman had been sick for weeks, and was now only able to sit up a little; but having neither food, fuel, or covering, nothing but death stared them in the face; and the most affecting part of the whole to me was, the simple statement of the widow, who said in the most resigned manner, “We have been talking, Mary and I, this morning, and counting off our days; we could not expect any relief, for I could not go out again, and *she* could not, and the *farthest that the good God will give us on earth* cannot be more than *fourteen days*.” The children, may be, she added, God would let her take with her, for they must soon starve if left. This had been a cool calculation made from the appearance of the present condition, and without the least murmuring they were bringing their minds to their circumstances. “You are willing to live longer,” I said; “If the good God wills it,” was the answer; “but we cannot see how.” They *did live*. Daily did, I go and cook their food, or

see it cooked, and daily did they improve ; and in a few weeks many an apronful of shavings and blocks were brought to me from the coffin shops, by the young woman who was sitting almost naked on the straw. They both were good expert knitters and good sempstresses, and my garments, which were approaching to a sisterhood with many of the going-down *genteel* ones, were soon put in tidy repair by this young woman. Often late in the evening would I hear a soft footstep on the stairs, followed by a gentle tap, and the unassuming Mary would enter, with her bountiful supply of fire kindling, and when she was told that less would do very well, and she should keep more for herself ; “ I can do with little, and you would not like to go to the shop for any.” She watched my wardrobe, kept everything in the best repair, and studied my comfort first, before she seemed to know that she needed any. I had saved her life, she said, and that was more than all she could do for me ; and the day that I sailed from Dublin to England, as I was hurrying along the street, some one caught me by my dress, and turning about, Mary stood before me, whom I had not seen for months, having been absent in the mountains. She had a basket on her arm, was comfortably clad, said she was selling fruit and vegetables, and doing well ; the other was still with her in ill health, but not suffering for food. “ Farewell, Mary, we shall meet no more on earth ; may God fit us both for a better world.” “ Shall I never see you again ; God be praised that he sent you to us.”

The man whom I found on the highway at Kingstown, having heard that I was going from Ireland, walked seven Irish miles that day, to see and thank me, and leave his blessing. I was out, and regretted much for his sake as well as mine that he was disappointed. These testimonials were more grateful to me than would have been a donation of plate from the government. They were *God's* testimonials, the offerings of the poor, and that heart is not to be envied that does not know their blessing.

Another feeble dying woman I found upon the street, one rainy day, and she had reached a state of half-

idiocy ; and for two years she was fed and partly clothed, whether I was in Dublin or not ; yet, though she had a tolerable supply of food, her mind never rallied ; yet she always knew and acknowledged, even to a weakness, her benefactress. She never has yet been made in the least to rely on herself ; what she is bidden to do is done like a child, and then she is satisfied.

These few cases are given as specimens, not wishing to be tedious with such narrations, only to show the character of the famine, and its effects in general on the sufferers, with whom I was conversant. The distribution of the bread in the street was continued, not even Sabbaths excepted ; my basket was often taken near the chapel-door, and left in some house till I came out. So pressing at last was the crowd, that I dare not go into a shop to take out my purse to buy the most trifling article, and a bread-shop above all was avoided. There was no fear of violence, but the dreadful importuning, falling upon their knees, clasping their emaciated hands, and their glaring eyes fixed upon me, were quite too much. Sometimes I endeavoured to steal into a shop in the evening unperceived, but never succeeded. Hunger in its incipient stages, never sleeps, never neglects its watch, but continues sharpening the inventive faculties, till, like the drunkard's thirst, intrigue and dissimulation give startling proof of the varied materials which compose the entire man. From the first look that was presented me by the starving-man in Kingstown, a common desire for food never returned, so that through the winter, but little was necessary for my wants. Two-pence halfpenny worth of cocoa for a week, three-pence halfpenny for milk, three-pence for sugar, and fourteen-pence for bread ; making in all twenty-three-pence, was the *most* ever used ; but in a few weeks, necessity compelled a reducing the expense, from which not the least inconvenience was felt. My practice was to pay the mistress for lodgings weekly, in advance, that she might feel no uneasiness ; and after doing this one Monday morning, my purse promptly told me that Saturday night would leave my poor pensioners, one in particular,

without a shelter, if the usual quantity of food were taken. Something must be done : money was exhausted, and from no human source could I *that* week look for more. In a paper I had a pound of Indian meal—the cocoa, milk and sugar were stopped, the meal made into gruel, twenty-three pence was reduced to fourteen ; and when the meal was expended, a penny roll was taken into my muff as the day's excursion commenced, and eaten when and where opportunity best presented, and inclination most strongly prompted. The widow's rent was paid, no inconvenience felt, and before the next demand was made, an unexpected call for a few books which I had published in Scotland, put me in possession of a little more, so that the "cruse of oil" never failed. The pensioners were fed in the meantime from their own industry, for the women had been provided with knitting, which though poorly paid, yet it kept them from actual hunger. Another expedient I never omitted when available. The people of Dublin, among the comfortable classes, whatever hospitality they might manifest towards guests and visitors, had never troubled themselves by looking into the real *home* wants of the suffering poor. Enough they thought that societies of all kinds abounded, and a poor-house besides, were claims upon their purses to a full equivalent for all their consciences required, and to visit them was quite *unlady-like*, if not dangerous. To many of these I had access as a matter of curiosity, to hear from me the tales of starvation, which they were now to have dealt out unsparingly ; and so kind were the most of them that the interview generally ended by an invitation to eat, which was never refused when needed, and the meal thus saved was always given to the hungry. These people would not have given a shilling in money, and many and many a meal of gruel was provided from these hap-hazard lunches, through that sad winter ; and, more than this, a kind woman who is now in her *grave*, and with whom I had once lodged, gave me an invitation, which was, to continue during my labours in Dublin, of coming to dine with her every Sabbath ; and then a bountiful, well-cooked

dinner of vegetables and a pudding were always provided. These kind sabbath dinners were all I tasted that winter; two meals a day for the other six, made me quite satisfied. Something better was now in reserve.

The Central Committee of the Society of Friends, which was organized in November, 1846, had effectually and untiringly begun, and carried on one of the most extensive and noble plans that probably had ever been known under any circumstances of distress, by private individuals. And their first circular should be stereotyped and kept, that future generations may read. One or two sentences only are here recorded, as specimens of the spirit which moved this faithful body of men:—

“Many of us partake largely of the Lord’s outward gifts; and it is surely incumbent on us to be prompt in manifesting our sense of His unmerited bounty, by offices of christian kindness to our suffering fellow-creatures. May we prove ourselves faithful stewards of the substance entrusted to us.

“Let none presume to think that the summons to deep and serious thoughtfulness, and to a close searching of heart, does not extend to him. Which of us has ever experienced what it is to want food? May none of our hearts be lifted up by these things, or betrayed into forgetfulness of our dependent condition, and of our utter unworthiness of the least of the Lord’s mercies; for surely to each of us belongs the humbling inquiry, ‘Who maketh thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?’”

Other committees soon co-operated with this; Waterford, Limerick, Cork, Youghal, &c., were moved to like exertions. Nor did these exertions rest on the British side of the Atlantic.

In March, 1847, an extract from the Central Relief Committee, says; In consequence of a letter addressed by Jacob Harvey of New York, to Thomas P. Cope, a meeting was held in Mulberry Street House, committees appointed to make collections, &c., and what was the result. The report says, “Considering the short time which had elapsed at the period of our latest accounts,

since sufficient information of the distress of Ireland had reached the American public ; that from the great extent of the mission no opportunity had then been afforded for the full development of public feeling ; that the supplies of money and food already received and on the way, are but the first-fruits of their liberality ; the movement must be regarded as one of the most remarkable manifestations of national sympathy on record." And in another report, after two years and a half labour, this same Committee say, that referring to their circular, "it was responded to, not merely by those to whom it was addressed ; but by many unconnected with our religious societies in these countries, and also by the citizens of the United States, to an extent and with a munificence unparalleled in the history of benevolent exertions. The contributions confided to us, in money, food, and clothing, amounted to about £200,000. of which more than half was sent from America." The Committee add, that "the contributions entrusted to them were but a small proportion of the whole expenditure for the relief of the country."

America sent much money, and many ship-loads of provisions, which did not pass through the hands of this committee. The British Relief Association dispensed about £400,000. The distribution by other relief associations may be estimated at fully £200,000. ; and the collections by local committees in Ireland exceeded £300,000. The aggregate of the whole, taking remittances from emigrants, private benevolence, &c., was not less than one million and a half sterling. Government relief, ten millions sterling.

To return to individual exertion. The New York people opened a fund ; appointed a Treasurer ; and devoted the avails to me, to be used at my discretion ; and sent these donations, at first, through the channel of the Central Committee, in Dublin. This favour to me was more than can be described or imagined by any who never witnessed what I had, and who had never been placed in the same condition to act. I now ascended an eminence which was a lofty one ; and on

which I hope I may never again stand—such a mission, however honourable it may be to be able to rescue our fellow-creatures from death, has an unnatural cause for its claim ; and when famine is allowed to progress till the slain are multiplied, it says one of two things :—First, that the promise of a “seed-time and harvest” did not embrace a sufficiency of food for every mouth in the world ; or else that man has not done his duty in securing that food. Now God never deals vaguely with man, his promises are clear and definite, his demands rational and peremptory :—“Do this and live ; neglect it, and die.” When He said “seed-time and harvest,” He said, by that, food shall always be sufficient for man : and never was a famine on earth, in *any* part, when there was not an abundance in *some* part, to make up all the deficiency ; and if man is not warned by some dreamer, like Pharoah, of a seven years’ famine, to secure a wise Joseph, to provide in advance for a seven years’ destitution ; yet if he is a wise husbandman, a good steward, a discerner of the signs of the times—when skies drop down “extra fatness,” and the harvests are doubly laden with rich fruit, he hesitates not in believing that tithes and offerings will be called for *somewhere*, into the storehouse of the Lord, proportionable to the seventh day’s manna that was rained from the heavens, to be gathered on the sixth.

Thus Ireland’s famine was a marked one, so far as man was concerned ; and God is slandered, where it is called an unavoidable dispensation of His wise providence, to which we should all humbly bow, as a chastisement which could not be avoided. As well might we say to the staggering inebriate, that he must be patient under a wise dispensation of Providence—that the Lord does not willingly afflict him, &c., as to say that the starving thousands in Ireland must submit patiently, *because* God, for wise purposes, had turned from all natural laws to send this affliction upon them ; for in the first place, the potatoe had been, everywhere in Ireland, an *indirect* curse, and in many parts a *direct* one ; for centuries the poor had been oppressed and degraded by

this root—for oppression is always degradation; they had not the privilege even of the beasts of the desert in variety; for the brutes, where instinct or pleasure demand, can select their food; the bird, if it cannot find a corn, may select a seed; the lion, if he cannot find opportunity, to gratify his cannibal propensities, may secure a sheep or calf; the cat, if the mouse be not in reach of her stealthy step, may secure the unwary bird, if the wing of the bird be too lofty she may put her quick paw and fasten the nails into the darting fish; the horse or cow, if grass from the meadow or hay from the stack be wanting, the granary supplies the deficiency; but the Irish must masticate the potatoe 365 days in the year, either boiled or roasted, with or without salt; and if his churlish, dainty, grumbling palate, should show any symptoms of relishing food, like other men, he is told that, lazy, dirty, and savage as he is, the potatoe is a boon which is quite too good for him. Now when God gave the “herb bearing seed, and the tree bearing fruit,” to man, He said not that one portion of mankind shall be confined to a single root; and though his patience long continued to see him fed on this root, by his masters, yet, in his own time, He “came out of his place,” and with one breath *blackened* and *blasted* this instrument of torture and cruelty, and though puny man has attempted to resuscitate and bring it to its old use, this breath blows upon it, and it shrinks back into its insignificance, abashed and deadened, as if cognizant of the degrading use to which it had been applied. But the care of God, at the same time that this fatal work was done, had before filled the granaries of the husbandman, at least over the civilized world, to an overflowing abundance; and while He had been doing this He also prepared the hearts of these husbandmen, all over the christian world, to rise in one simultaneous mass, and pour into this famished land the fruits of their harvests; so that—shall it be said,—for future generations to read that it rotted in the harbours while the dying were falling in the streets, for want of it? Yes, unhesitatingly may it be said, that there was not a week

during that famine, but there was sufficient food for the wants of that week, and *more* than sufficient. Was there then a "God's famine" in Ireland, in 1846-7-8-9, and so on? No! it is all mockery to call it so, and mockery which the Almighty will expose, before man will believe, and be humbled as he ought to be. It is therefore I say, may I never be on such an eminence again, from *such* a cause, from a cause which, if its immediate breaking forth could not have been foreseen or prevented, its sad effects might have been met without the loss of life.

The principle of throwing away life to-day, lest means to protect it to-morrow might be lessened, was fully and practically carried on and carried out.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Man's a king,—his throne is Duty
Since his work on earth began."

THE responsibility of a stewardship is a great one, and doubly so where the results are connected with life as well as property; and where the last is in the hand of the steward, who at option, may save or destroy the former. Had a commission been entrusted to me, under certain restrictions, and a salary paid, on condition of a right performance of duty, the path would have been open and plain; but working for no reward, under no restrictions but conscience, in the midst of the "valley and shadow of death," *emphatically*, where some would stumble and fall, and where all had an equal claim upon the bounties which were to be applied, was a fearful task. This task must be entered upon, and the first duty, after securing a room for a deposit, was to find suitable objects—by this is implied objects which were not only needy, but which, in the jumble of so much machinery as was attached to so many different Associations, were overlooked. These Associations had

now multiplied to such an extent, that the time in getting the varied instruments into harmonious action was considerable ; many died in sight of boilers preparing to feed the hungry, or when prepared, they must wait till the "Relieving Officer had time to enter their names on the books."

I stopped for no books, knowing that a faithful unerring record would be kept in the council chamber above, where the rich and the poor would soon meet before the Maker of them all ; and my only prayer *was*, that when that book should be opened, I should not find there noted the name of any who had gone before as a witness of my neglect.

Cook Street furnished a tolerable supply ; and the remainder I found scattered in desolate places ; some who had despaired of relief, because having neither courage nor strength, to make their way through the tumultuous revolting crowds, which congregated about every place of public relief, submitted to their fate with a patient coolness and apparent resignation, which I have never been able to comprehend. One woman I found sitting in her chamber, looking respectably clean ; upon inquiry into her real condition, the facts prove to be these :—she had heard of the Government Relief, and had exhausted the last farthing for food, and when hunger became pressing, she sought her way timidly to the Relieving Officer's station, and made her wants known ; she was then suffering extremely, but she was sent away with the promise that he would call in the morning and make inquiries, and if he found her worthy she should have her name entered into the "books ;" she went to bed supperless, and arose the next morning, waiting for the officer—he came not ; she feared if she should go out he would call, and then she should lose her opportunity ; that night she went to her bed without the least relief ; the next day she did the same ; the third morning I found her in that state of patient suffering, with her mind fully made up to die, without making any further effort.

These facts are recorded to show the incomprehensible

features of that famine ; and to inquire of the christian, the philosopher, and the physiologist, what is the nature of that kind of suffering, which could bring the mind into such a cool passive frame, especially to operate so upon a nation naturally impetuous in their passions, and keenly alive to the tenderest sensibilities of the heart. Was it their *hereditary* suffering that had become a second nature—was it the peculiarity belonging to hunger alone—or was it their religion, that had produced that submissiveness which overcame the natural propensities, and brought them into passive obedience, when the hand of affliction pressed them sore ?

My first donation was Indian meal, with a few pounds of money. A store-room was made of my lodging apartment, which was three floors from the ground ; the carpet was removed ; the meal which had been put in sacks, by the order of government, was getting heated, and much of it must be emptied. The government had, for reasons which are not fully understood by all, sent to Ireland sacks which were sold for half-a-crown each—the meal was taken from the barrels and deposited in them, which answered two purposes, it made sale for thousands of sacks, at a tolerable profit, and was an effectual method of heating the meal, which soon gathered dampness, then became mouldy and wholly unfit for use. The hungry, in some cases, took it gladly, the consequences in many instances were fatal, producing a state of the system often beyond the power of nature or medicine to cure.

The meal sent from New York was of the best kind, the hull being taken off, and the meal kiln-dried, which, had it been left in barrels, would have remained for a year or more in good order. This, the government, being unacquainted with the nature of the article, probably did not understand. If the inquiry be made—Why did the government interfere with donations sent to the “Dublin Central Committee,” *as donations* ?—The answer can only be, that they must have acted upon one of two principles ; that as they paid the freight of the American grants, they had a right to use a little dictation in the

arrangement, in order to secure a partial remuneration ; or, they must have acted upon the principle, that their interference would forward the exertions making in behalf of their subjects. Is the inquiry made what became of the barrels, why every commercial man knows the use of these articles in trade, and every housekeeper who has ever had a broken one, knows the convenience of making a rapid fire to hasten her dinner. What became of all the tens of thousands of sacks, or in other words, who paid for them ? For *one*, I must answer, that when *mine* were delivered through the "Central Committee," a promise was made, that the money paid for them should be refunded, when the sacks were returned. This was immediately done ; but the money was withheld with no other explanation, but that I must sell meal enough to pay for them. This meal was the property of the poor, and a property most sacred, because life was suspended on it, and the meal was sent in the *best* manner to preserve it, and taking it out injured it most *seriously*, and sometimes *fatally*, and the article taken from their hungry mouths to pay for sacks, was, besides robbing them of their *own*, deducting so much from life. I *could* not, I *dare* not, and I *did* not comply.

This circumstance is important, not only because it involves a great principle, but as furnishing a solution so far as it goes, why the poor were so little benefited by the bounties sent them from abroad. The hungry, it should be borne in mind, for whom these donations were sent, had no control of what was virtually their *own exclusively*, but must be content to receive it by proxy, in *great* or *small* parcels, in a *good* or *bad* state, at the dispenser's option ; consequently, they did not *always* have what belonged to them, and if the meal and rice paid for the sacks, as mine were required to do, a great deduction must be made from the original amount. I once heard a woman observe, whose husband had large donations entrusted to him, that they had £200. worth of sacks, which must be paid for out of the meal, as *they* could not do it. These two facts are the only tangible

ones on this subject, which came under my cognizance, and I name them, not to expose faults which should be concealed, nor to find fault for the gratification of doing so ; but reading in a book often quoted for its veracity, that "on the side of the oppressor there was power, but they had no comforter," conscience compels me to throw into the scale every particle of *truth* which belongs to the poor, who have been so much accused of ingratitude towards their benefactors. They *never were* ungrateful to their *real* benefactors ; but second-handed ones, like me, who had power entrusted, did not *all* of them act wisely, nor for the *best* good of the poor at all times. Some of this was ignorance ; some who did not know how to prepare the food sent it to them in the most economical way ; and others, who had never been hungry, took care to guard their own stomachs in good time against its attacks, which necessarily required much free *feeding* and *drinking* to keep up health and strength for the arduous work ; consequently all this caused delay, and twenty-four, forty-eight, and often *more* hours, were the starving obliged to wait till their time should come to be served.

My labours were constant, but not complex, having arranged that eight in the morning must be the time for giving the donations, and that a delay till nine on the part of the beneficiaries, would debar them the twenty-four hours' supply. They had all been lectured and duly trained previously, that if any appeared dirty, or brought a fresh beneficiary without my knowledge, they should forfeit their own donations. The requirement of eight o'clock attendance was necessary, because my visits in Cook Street were requisite through the day, and I was obliged to rise at four in the morning to copy manuscript and correct proof sheets till seven ; then my penny roll was taken, and all put in due readiness for the distribution. The rooms below me were occupied as offices, which were opened at nine, and the appearance of bare feet, tatters, and sacks of meal, would not be at all in unison with the refinement of gentlemen ; and above all it was done so early, that the train of beggars, which

would have been drawn at any other hour, was avoided. Thus, every hour was time occupied, without the least self-denial. The greatest suffering was, during the few hours devoted to sleep, when I was occasionally awaked by hearing some moan of distress under my window. My lodging-places in Ireland had been sometimes of quite a peculiar kind ; and here, in the beautiful city of Dublin, in a tall house overlooking the Liffey, was my proud heritage—my bed was a *short* sofa, or apology for one, placed in the middle of barrels of meal, spread upon blankets on the floor, and one crazy old chair, which served to make out my lodging at night, and provide a seat while copying manuscripts ; an old deal table, with a *New York Tribune* for a table cloth, made up the furniture of that happy room. But this bliss was limited, every day the quantity of meal lessened, and my purse grew lighter. The poor looked on, and said, “Praise God, we shall all be *destrawed* ;” but God was better to them than their fears—they did not die.

Mine was more than a happy lot. Never before in all my privations in Ireland, had I tested the value of being early trained under the discipline of a rational mother, who fitted me when a child for the exigencies of life ; who not only by precept taught me, that in going through the journey of this world, I should meet with rough roads and stormy weather, and not always have a covered carriage ; that sometimes I should have a *hot* supper, sometimes a *cold* one—sometimes a welcome greeting, and sometimes a repulsive one ; but she had instructed me too, by precept and example, that my hands were to be employed in all that was useful, and that idleness was both disgraceful and sinful. This *practical* knowledge was never more extensively useful to me than *now* ; knowing how to prepare the Indian meal and rice so that it was palatable and no waste. Yet with these appliances the meal at last failed ; no skill in cooking would make it like the widow’s barrel ; and though I had learned not to distrust, yet it cannot be said that I felt the same animation in giving out the *last* day’s mess as the *first*. I had a little money left,

and the weather was getting warmer ; a portion at least of what had been wanted for fuel, could be reserved for food. I hoped that on the ocean there might be something destined for me, though not the least intimation was given to these poor ones ; but they were urged to apply to some of the Relief Associations.

One unfortunate man was the only one that died who had received any aid from me ; and his life was forgetfully left to go gradually out, when it might have been saved. A curate called and found him recruiting from the last stages of starvation in which I first found him, and kindly gave him a little money and food, promising that he would provide for him in future, and relieve me, as so many were on my hands. The curate forgot him. Three weeks after I called to see him :—a girl of two years was dying on a litter of straw in the corner, nestled by the emaciated father, who was too weak to know the suffering of his child ; and in two days they were both dead. He had been “forgotten by his neighbours,” his wife was in the hospital ; he sat waiting, as was common, in patient hope, till death relieved him.

Cases of death were not so common in Dublin as in many cities, the Society of Friends did much to stay the plague, and their work was carried on by different means ; their labourers, in most cases, were volunteers, who asked no reward but that of doing good. How many of the poor bless the names of William Forster, and Joseph Crosfield, from England, for their labours of love ; who, on the 28th of December, 1846, reached Dublin, made their object known to that Committee, whose views and operations harmonized, and thence they proceeded on their mission of love and mercy. Their graphic report is before the world, as well as others of that denomination of christians, James Luke, Marcus Goodbody, William Dillwyn Sims, and William Todhunter. These men, moved by high and lofty feelings, spent no time in idle commenting on the Protestant or Papist faith—the Radical, Whig, or Tory politics ; but looked at things as they were, and faithfully recorded what they saw. Not only did they *record*,

but they relieved. They talked and wrote, but *acted* more ; and such a lasting impression have their labours left, that the next summer, as I followed in their wake through the country, the name of the "blessed William Forster" was on the lips of the poor cabiners, and it was from their testimony that his name and good deeds first reached me. William Bennett, too, passed six weeks in Ireland, and a clear and concise account was recorded by himself, of the state of the famine ; though his own beneficence, which was not scanty, has not been definitely known, because he acted as an individual, therefore he was not responsible to any society. As the pestilence followed the famine, the entire country seemed to be sinking into the vortex, and a knowledge of Ireland was gaining by all classes of people, both in and out of the country. An innovation was made, promising good results, into the long-established habits and condition of that people, which nothing before had done. Poverty was divested of every mask ; and from the mud cabin to the estated gentleman's abode, all strangers who wished, without the usual circuitous ceremony, could gain access. The landlord, who had long sported at his ease, was beginning to pay a penalty of which he had never dreamed ; the tree, which was planted centuries ago, was now beginning to yield an exuberant crop ; the starved tenants are driven into the "Union," or turned defenceless into the storm, and, in either case, the rents were left unpaid. The landlord growls, but growls in vain : the "lazy dogs," who are not in the poor-house, drawing enormous rates from his extensive farms, are at his doors, begging bread, or lying dead under his windows, waiting for "the board to be put on 'em," as they called a coffin. Coffins were now becoming scarce, and in the mountainous regions and islands, two rough boards, with the corpse, in the rags which were about it when the breath departed, placed between these, a straw rope wound about them, and this was the coveted boon which clung to them to the last.

The winter passed, but the spring brought no fresh hopes ; onward was the fearful march—many faces that

were ruddy, and limbs that were robust, and hearts that had scarcely had a fear that the wolf would enter their dwelling, now began to fade, stumble, and finally sink under the pursuer. My purse was low, my meal gone, when a letter, the *choicest* and *best*, arrived, written by a teacher of a pauper school in New York, and signed by the Corresponding Committee there of the Dublin Friends' Society, transmitting me a few barrels of meal, from the children of that pauper school. This was an offering richer than all, it was the *interest* of the widow's mite, coming through the channel of the orphan, whose willing hearts and ready hands had gathered from their scanty comforts a few pounds without solicitation, and begged the privilege to send it to me. It came: I had previously been informed that a school in the poorest convent in Dublin was in a state of the greatest suffering. These schools were composed of children who had no means of support, many of them orphans, and those who had parents which were reduced to beggary, and they gathered into convents, and other schools of charity, where they were fed once a day. The nuns were of the order belonging to the poor, and in time of plenty had only been able to feed sixteen daily; and when some hundreds were added, the distress was almost overwhelming. This donation, coming from children of the poorest emigrants in New York, particularly belonged to such as were in like condition, for if such children were turned from the schools, many, and most of them, must inevitably perish, notwithstanding the Friends' Society were acting with the greatest vigilance. The British Association, too, was in motion; besides the Government had been bountiful. America was doing much—private individuals, of the Irish in America, and in all other countries where they were scattered, were sending one continued train of remittances, to the utter astonishment of the Postmasters; yet death sharpened his teeth daily, for new victims. With gladness of heart I hastened to the committee-rooms—presented the letter—was requested to wait an answer till the next day; the next day another day was demanded; called the third day, and was *denied*

in toto. The clerk returned the letter without an explanation, only saying, that "the committee had concluded not to grant it." Had I that moment been summoned by a policeman, to appear before a court, and answer to a charge of swindling or fraud, I could not have been more astonished, and certainly not so *disappointed*, for my heart had been most intensely fixed on *this*, as the most sacred offering ever sent me. The deep sense of injustice which was felt, drew these remarks :—That if the Americans had misplaced their confidence, in sending remittances through that channel, I was sorry that I had requested them to send mine in that way, and would immediately write them to desist. No other explanation was given than a plain decided denial ; but when I had passed the door, the solution began to open. The fault was *mine*, God had sent me to Ireland, in His *own* way, and had instructed me to lean entirely on *Him* ; His promises had never failed towards me—nothing had been wanted, but had been supplied to my wonderment ; and *now*, when daily He had been explaining for what purpose I had been sent hither, that I should lean to the creature, and ask aid, which in reality was not needed, and only retarded my operations, was a rebuke upon my unbelief and trust, which silenced the severity I at first felt towards those instruments in whose hands I had foolishly placed myself. I do not censure *them*, they acted from motives no matter to me ; and God might have used them as a corrective most effectual, because in them I had placed both confidence and power, which were in safer hands before. Man may do *well*, but God can do *better* ; and it would be fulsome flattery to say, that the "Central Committee of Dublin" were *infallible* ; and cruel injustice to assert, that they did not act effectually, liberally, and taken as a *whole*, do the *best* that was done.

On my way home, with my rejected letter in my hand, Richard Webb met me, took the letter, and entered the committee-room ; what barriers he removed I know not, but the meal was sent. This was the only co-working that I attempted in Ireland ; not because my strength

and wisdom were complete, but because they were so *inefficient*, that an Almighty arm was requisite to effect the object.

The next morning early I went to the convent. They knew not of my object; but learning that I was an American, "Bless God," said the Abbess, "that I see one of that nation, to say how much we owe in this convent to their liberality; these children here must have died, but for what they have sent them; and this morning they have assembled to receive the last bit we can give, and we have been saying, that we should be ashamed to ask from the Americans any more, had we an opportunity to do so." They then led me into the school-room, and called the attention of the children to see one of that kind nation who had fed them through the winter, and that through me they must send thanks to my people. They were then told what the pauper children of New York had sent—children like them, who were poor, but who saved all the pence they could procure, and had sent the little gathering to them. I have not the least doubt, had the benevolent friends of that "Dublin Central Committee," witnessed the happy scene of joy and gratitude which was there manifested, they would have better understood my feelings, and rejoiced *too*.

July 6th, I took the steamer for Belfast. *Here* was a work going on, which was paramount to all I had seen. *Women* were at work; and no one could justly say that they were dilatory or inefficient. Never in Ireland, since the famine, was such a happy combination of all parties, operating so harmoniously together, as was here manifested. Not in the least like the women of Dublin, who sheltered themselves behind their old societies; most of them excusing themselves from personal labour, feeling that a few visits to the abodes of the poor were too shocking for female delicacy to sustain; and though occasionally one might be prevailed upon to go out, yet but for a few days could I ever prevail on any to accompany me; yet much was given in Dublin, for it is a city celebrated for its benevolence, and deservedly so, as far as giving goes; but *giving* and *doing* are antipodes in her who

has never been trained to domestic duties. The faithful John Gregg thundered his powerful anathemas on the indolent in God's vineyard, who laboured not among the poor, and descended to the duties of women, in emergencies like this: they heard it, some said it was *beautiful*; some declared he was the most *witty* man they ever heard; and others said, his remarks were *quite amusing*; but how many ever through the week were influenced to practice his preaching, eternity will best tell.

The Belfast Ladies' Association embraced an object which *lives* and *tells*, and will continue to do so, when they who formed it shall be no more on earth. It was on January 1st, 1847, that the first meeting was held in the Commercial Buildings, by ladies of all religious denominations; and they there resolved to form a Society, for the purpose of raising a fund, to be appropriated to afflicted localities, without any regard to religious distinctions. Visiting soon commenced, under the titles of Corresponding Committee, Industrial Committee, Clothing Committee, and Collecting Committee. Without inserting the names of these indefatigable ladies, it may be recorded that more than 150 were associated in this great work; and the highways and hedges were faithfully visited, the poor sought out, their condition cared for, and the children of the most degraded class were taken and placed in a school, which continues to flourish on an extensive scale. This school has the benefit of being taught the elementary branches of an education, and the most useful needlework and knitting; and the squalid looks of the children were soon exchanged for health, and that indifference to appearance, which the hungry, neglected poor soon wear, was, like magic almost, transformed into a becoming tidiness and self-respect.

Though many had never before known anything of sewing or knitting, yet they soon produced specimens praiseworthy to teacher and scholar, and by this industry earned a little each week which they could call their own. Other schools of the kind multiplied in almost every part of Ireland, especially in Connaught, where the exertions of Dr. Edgar, who explored this province,

have been a great blessing in this respect. Many a poor child by these schools has been made to look up with a hope which was entirely new—a hope that in after days she might wear a shawl and a bonnet, write a good letter, make a dress, &c. The happy effects of industry on the minds of the children were striking. That passive indifference to all but how a morsel of bread should be obtained, was exchanged for a becoming manner and animated countenance, lighted up by the happy consciousness, that industry was a stepping-stone which would justly and honourably give them a place among the comfortable and respectable of the earth. And again, to quote Dr. Edgar, every look seemed to say, “They have had in their work a full reward.” And he adds, “Thus an independent, self-supporting, and useful generation may be raised, who will be less at the mercy of changing seasons; and who, when the day of trouble comes, will have some resources on which to draw.”

My greatest object in writing this sketch of the famine being to show its effects on all classes, rather than to detail scenes of death by starvation, a few sketches only of this kind in passing along will be given, for the purpose of illustrating the principle of mind as it develops itself in the varied changes through which it is called to pass. These Industrial Schools, which I afterwards visited, when passing through Connaught in 1847 and 1848, were subjects of the deepest interest; for to me they told the whole story of Ireland's wrongs and Ireland's remedy. They told me, that when usurpation robbed them of the means of industry, for their *own* good, that oppression confined this industry to the personal benefits of the oppressor, and thus deadened every natural excitement to labour, which promised nothing but a bare subsistence among the children of men, who looked down with contempt upon them, because, by this “hewing of wood and drawing of water,” they had been kept in degraded, unrequited servitude; but now that an industry, founded on righteous principles, was springing up—an industry that not only rewarded but elevated—the convenient term, “lazy Irish,” was hiding its slanderous head.

The Belfast Association felt this more and more, as they received returns from Connaught of the happy effects of these schools, and their hearts were more and more encouraged in pursuing these labours of love ; they met often, they planned, they talked together of the best means to accomplish the most good ; and one great beauty of these meetings was, no one said to her sister, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." Different parties who had never mingled, now felt one common interest. She who had much brought in of her abundance, and she who had little brought in her mite. While these benevolent women were teaching the practice of industry to the poor, they found the benefit react upon themselves, for they too must be *industrious*. This new, this arduous, long-neglected work, required not only their skill but their energies, to put and keep this vast machinery in motion. Money was not all that was requisite in the work. The abodes of the most wretched must be visited, and though before the famine they had scarcely dreamed of the suffering that was in their city, and could not believe that their intelligent, industrious town, was in much *real* want ; when they found that many uncomplaining children of distress had been struggling for life long before the famine, they doubled if possible their energies, and cheerfully showed by individual exertion, that if they had previously overlooked this pleasing duty, they would repair as far as possible all that had been neglected before on their part. The men, too, showed themselves efficient co-workers, they contributed, many of them bountifully, and some *visited too*. They erected a bath-house for the benefit of labourers and the poor of all classes, to which was attached a laundress, that the poor in the most economical way could be provided with materials for this important handmaid to health and respectability—*cleanliness*.

I loved to linger in Belfast, all seemed to be life, and life to some purpose ; all hearts seemed to be awakened to one and the same object, to do good most efficiently : and one peculiar trait was here perceivable—none of that desire for who should be *greatest* seemed prevalent. A mutual confidence prevailed. One would tell me enthu-

siastically, that she did not know how the association could manage without Maria Webb ; her judgment was always the turning point in all difficulties. Maria Webb would expatiate on the efficiency of Mary Ireland, as a visitor and manager ; a third would regret that the indefatigable Miss M'Cracken, she feared, would soon leave us, as her age had passed the line of three-score years and ten ; another expatiated on the faithful Miss —, who was a Roman catholic, but whose labours of love had been untiring ; and she was quite sorry that difference in religious profession had so long kept so many useful members at a distance, &c. This to a stranger could probably be viewed with a sober, impartial eye, that those moving in the machinery could not ; and to me it looked like a heavenly influence distilling unperceived into the hearts of all, like the dew, which falls alike on the garden flower or mountain weed.

Another most valuable principle was illustrated by this famine, which a God-loving heart must admire, viz., the difference between a *hireling* and a *voluntary* worker, and so clear was this difference, that whenever, in going the length of Ireland, I met any of either class upon coaches, in trains, visiting the poor, or distributing donations in soup-shops, or elsewhere, a mistake was not once made in pronouncing who was a paid officer, or who was there moved by an innate voice, to do what he could for the poor. Allow me to dwell a little on this and make it as clear as I can.

An officer paid by government was generally *well* paid, consequently he could take the highest seat in a public conveyance, he sought for the most comfortable inns, where he could secure the best dinner and wines ; he *inquired* the state of the people, and did not visit the dirty hovels himself when he could find a menial who would for a trifle perform it ; and though sometimes when accident forced him in contact with the dying or dead, his pity was stirred, it was mingled with the curse which always follows : Laziness and filth, and he wondered why the dirty wretches had lived so long ; and he hoped this lesson would teach them to work in future,

and lay up something as other people did." When his plan of operation was prepared, his shop opened, and books arranged, and the applications of the starving were numerous, he peremptorily silenced *this*, and sent away *that* without relief; many who had walked miles without food for twenty-four hours, and some died on their way home, or soon after reaching it; and when the story was told him, and he entreated to look into the cases of such, the answer was, that he must be true to government, and not give out to any whose names he had not entered into the books; if they died how could he help it, &c. If all did not do *precisely* as has been stated, *all* manifested a similar spirit, more or less.

The Hon. William Butler, who was appointed as an overseer by government, was an exception, so far as language was concerned; he spoke feelingly, but his personal habits were not brought to that test of many with a lower station; he acted kindly as an inspector and devised the best means which he could, and I was informed, when making the inquiry respecting his distinguished humanity, that he accepted the appointment from *principle*, and not from necessity, that he might see that justice was better administered.

Let us now follow the self-moved or heavenly-moved donor. He was found mingling with the poorest, often taking the lowest seat, curtailing all unnecessary expense, that he might have more to give, seeking out the most desolate abodes, and speaking kindly to the most degraded; looking into the causes of distress, that he might better know how to remove them, never upbraiding with harshness, and always seeking some apology for their misdoings, when representing their case to the uninformed. Many, both men and women, among this class, took most responsible donations without any reward, and acted in the kindest and most judicious manner; always minding to serve *first* those who needed most and had come the farthest. This kindly spirit was reciprocated at once by the poor, and with an astonishing discernment they often manifested this knowledge; sometimes much to the uneasiness of the party who were

guilty. Through the whole of the famine, I never heard any of the poor complain of one who was giving from his own purse, and seeking out his own objects; nor, on the other hand, did I ever hear one say, who gave from true benevolence, that he ever met ingratitude. This *might* have been, but I speak only from personal observation.

While stopping in Belfast, at the hospitable "White House," so called, owned by the family of Grimshaws, I became acquainted with a Miss Hewitson, whose father resided in Donegal. My destiny was to that county; hearing that the distress there was very great, I wished to see it.

William Bennett and his son had visited that part, in March, distributing donations at his own expense mostly, and his painful descriptions had awakened a strong desire to see for myself, and though I had no means in hand, had reason to hope that there might be some on the ocean. I took the coach for Derry, a few miles from that town. The mother of Miss Hewitson was to meet me in her own carriage, and conduct me to her house in Rossgarrow. Derry had not suffered so much as many other towns, and a stranger passing through would not notice anything peculiar from the condition in past years. But this little relief was but to make what followed appear the more painful. Mrs. Hewitson met me with her son, and we took tea at a delightful little mansion on the sloping side of one of Ireland's green lawns, looking down upon a beautiful lake. And is there, I asked, on this pretty spot, misery to be found?—"Come and see," was the answer of my kind friend. It was twilight when we stepped into the carriage, and few painful objects met us till we reached her dwelling.

Her paternal cottage was nestled in a pretty wood, its roof thatched, and its windows shaded by the creeping vine in front. On one end, a window gave one of the most beautiful peeps upon a lake that can be imagined; and the back contained a garden which was one of the most pleasant retreats I had met, for the gooseberry was just ripe. Here had this discreet, this "virtuous

woman," lived, and by precept and example trained a family of sons and daughters, which *will*, which *do* arise and call her blessed. Her husband had been an officer, and was then receiving a small pension, and during the first season of the famine had been employed by government as an overseer of the Board of Works. His heart had become sickened at the scenes which came under his eye, some sketches of which have been before the public.

The morning lighted up a pretty cottage, well ordered, and the breakfast-table presented a treat unseen before by me in Ireland. Instead of the bread, butter, tea, and egg, which are the height of the *best* Irish breakfast, there was a respectable corn-cake, made as it should be, suitable accompaniments of all kinds, with the best of cream for me ; and were it not that the hungry had then commenced their daily usages of assembling in crowds about the house for food, *that* breakfast would have been a pleasant one. When I had ascertained that her husband had been in America, and from him she had been told of the virtues of corn-cake, and that her skill had been exercised till she had brought it to perfection—it was valued if possible still more. Had the Irish mothers throughout Ireland managed as did *this* woman, their task in the famine would have been much lighter—the poor, many more of them, would have been saved, and multitudes who have gone down might have retained their standing. Had the higher classes known how to have changed the meal into the many palatable shapes as did this economical housekeeper, when the wheaten loaf was so high, immense money might have been saved to all parties. It was brought in such disrepute by bad cooking, that many would be ashamed to be found eating it, and one man who was begging most earnestly for food, when offered some of this prepared in the Irish style, turned away in contempt, saying, "*No, thank God, I've never been brought to ate the yellor indian.*"

This industrious woman, like Solomon's prudent wife, had not only risen "while it was yet dark," to prepare

meat for her household, but she had been in her meal-room at four in the morning, weighing out meal for the poor, the Society of Friends in Dublin having furnished her with grants. This I found was her daily practice, while the poor through the day made the habitation a nucleus not of the most pleasant kind. The lower window-frame in the kitchen was of board instead of glass, this all having been broken by the pressure of faces continually there.

Who could eat, who could work, who could read, or who could play in such circumstances as these? Certainly it sometimes seemed that the sunshine was changed, that the rain gave a stranger pattering, and truly, that the wind *did* moan most dolefully. The dogs ceased their barking, there were scarcely any cocks to be heard crowing in the morning, and the gladsome mirth of children everywhere ceased. O! ye, whose nerves are disturbed at the glee of the loud-laughing boy, come to this land of darkness and death, and for leagues you may travel, and in house or cabin, by the wayside, on the hill-top, or upon the meadow, you shall not see a smile, you shall not see the sprightly foot running in ecstasy after the rolling hoop, leaping the ditch or tossing the ball. Their young laughing full faces, and brilliant eyes, and buoyant limbs, had become walking-skeletons of death! When I saw one approaching, with his emaciated fingers locked together before him, his body in a bending position, as all generally crawled along, if I had neither bread nor money to give, I turned from the path; for, instead of the "God save ye kindly, or ye look wairy lady," which had ever been the salutation to me on the mountains, I knew it would be the imploring look or the vacant sepulchral stare, which, when once fastened upon you, leaves its impress for ever. The kind Hewitsons seemed not only to anticipate my wants, but to enter into my feelings as a stranger whose heart was tortured with unparalleled scenes of suffering, and they did all to make my stay pleasant, and if possible to draw away my mind a little from the painful objects around me. They

conducted me from place to place, and shewed me much of the beautiful scenery with which Donegal abounds, as well as all Ireland. Lakes bountifully dot this part of Donegal, Rathmelton, Milford, Letterkenny, Dunfanaghy, all lie in this region, as well as a romantic spot on the sea-shore, called M'Sweeny's Gun, so called on account of the report that the sea makes when it rushes with tremendous force under the rock which overhangs it, and through which a round hole has been made, and as the waves dash, shooting through, high into the air, a loud report, like that of a gun, is heard; but as natural curiosities are not the object of this sketch, they cannot be dwelt upon: curiosities of a most unnatural and fearful kind have fallen to my share. As fond as I had always been of looking upon the grandeur of the sea-coast in Ireland, which has no rival probably, taken as a whole; *now* the interest was so deadened, by the absence of the kindly children, who were always ready to point out every spot of interest, and give its name, that a transient look sufficed. At Letterkenny, the Roman catholic Bishop invited us to his house, and treated us with much courtesy; shewed us his robes and badges of honour, given him at Rome; and though he knew that we were protestants, yet he appeared not to suspect but that we should be as deeply interested as though we were under his jurisdiction. Many favourable opportunities presented, to become acquainted with the effects of the famine upon the Romish priests. Some were indefatigable, and died in their labours; while others looked more passively on. They had two drawbacks which the protestants in general had not.—First, a great proportion of them are quite poor; and second, they, in the first season of the famine, were not entrusted with grants, as the protestants were. These difficulties operated strongly upon the minds of the benevolent class among them. One protestant clergyman informed me, that so much confidence had he of the integrity of the catholic priest in his parish, that when he had a large grant sent to him, he offered as much of it to the priest as he could distribute, know-

ing, he added, that it would be done with the greatest promptitude and fidelity. No ministers of religion in the world know as much of their people as do the catholics, not *one* of their flock is forgotten, scarcely by name, however poor or degraded; and consequently when the famine came, they had not to *search out* the poor, they knew the identical cabin in which every starving one was lying, and as far as knowledge was concerned were in a condition to act most effectually.

My next visit was to the far-famed Gweedore, the estate of Lord George Hill. This gentleman is too well known to need a description. His works will live when he is where the "wicked cease from troubling." His facts on Gweedore are the most amusing of anything I have read on the habits of the Irish; and to understand what Lord George Hill has done, whoever visits that spot should first read these "facts," and then all objections must be silenced respecting the capacity of the most savage of that nation being elevated. These "facts" I had never read till some time after my visit there, which I now much regret. It would not be supposed that during a famine this spot could be seen to much advantage; but there was, even then, a degree of comfort which did not exist in any other part I had seen. It lies in the parish of Tullaghobegly, on the north-west coast of Ireland, where the wildest scenery stretches along the bold coast, in many places; and where it would seem that man, unless driven from the society of his fellow-being, would never think of making his abode. But here men had clustered, and here they had constructed rude huts, of loose stone or turf, and with but little law, they were a "law to themselves," each one doing as he listed. The system of Rundale prevailed, "one tenant had his proportion in thirty or forty different places, and without fences between them;" and the strips were often so small, that half a stone of oats would sow one of these divisions; and these "Gweedore facts" tell us that one poor man had his inheritance in *thirty-two* different places, and abandoned, in despair, the effort to *make*

them out. There were no resident landlords, the rent was paid any how, or not at all, as the tenant was disposed. Sometimes a little was *picked up*, as they termed it, by some agent going from cabin to cabin, and receiving what each might please to give. Their evenings were passed in each other's huts, till late at night, telling stories, drinking potteen, &c. Perpetual quarrels arose from the Rundale system; for the cattle, on a certain day, were brought from the mountain, to graze on the arable land; and if Mikey or Paddy had not his crops gathered, they were injured, and then a fight set matters at rest again. The animals, too, were often divided, according to the Rundale system: if four men, for instance, owned a horse, each must provide a shoe; in one case, but three men had a share in one, consequently the *unshod* foot got lame; a dispute arose, one of the two complained to a magistrate, that he had kept his foot shod decently, and "had shod the *fourth foot twice to boot!*"

Let modern socialists take a few lessons from these originals.

Their materials for agricultural labour were at *one* time quite novel: when a field was to be harrowed the harrow was made fast *to the pony's tail*; a rope was fastened to the horse's tail, and then to the harrow; but if the hair of the tail was long it was fastened by a peg into a hole in the harrow; thus equipped, a man mounted his back, and drove him over the field. Whoever lacks invention let him learn from Paddy. The following true description of that district is given by Patrick M'Kye, the teacher of the National School, in 1837, in a memorial sent to the Lord-Lieutenant; nor was Patrick's memorial in vain, for it not only awakened an Englishman to send these naked ones clothing, but it will be handed down to future generations, as a memento of both the suffering state of that people, and the faithfulness of the writer; and, above all, it will show in very lively colours what persevering enlightened philanthropy can do, when in the heart of such a landlord as Lord George Hill.

Here follows the document ; and if every schoolmaster in Ireland had so turned his parish inside out, many more Lords, like George Hill, might have long since arisen to their help :—

“ To His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland,

“ THE MEMORIAL OF PATRICK M'KYE.

“ MOST HUMBLY SHEWETH,

“ That the parishioners of the parish of West Tullaghobegly, in the Barony of Kilmacrennan, in the County of Donegal, are in the most needy, hungry, and naked condition of any people that ever came within the precincts of my knowledge, although I have travelled a part of nine counties in Ireland, also a part of England and Scotland, together with a part of British America ; I have likewise perambulated 2253 miles through seven of the United States, and never witnessed the tenth part of such hunger, hardships and nakedness.

“ Now, my Lord, if the causes which I now lay before your Excellency, were not of very extraordinary importance, I would never presume that it should be laid before you.

“ But I consider myself in duty bound by charity to relieve distressed and hungry fellow-man.

“ Although I am sorry to state that my charity cannot extend farther than to explain to the rich, where hunger and hardships exist, in almost in the greatest degree that nature can endure.

“ And which I shall endeavour to explain in detail, with all the truth and accuracy in my power, and that without the least exaggeration, as follows :—

“ There is about 4000 persons in this parish, and all*

* This is an error ; the population of Tullaghobegly being 9049 in the year 1841. Paddy M'Kye, however, when he wrote in the year 1837, had no means of ascertaining *this*, as he had all the other particulars in his statement.

This error of the faithful Paddy is certainly a very modest one, and serves rather to brighten than eclipse the picture. It looks as though the mind of the writer was not so perverted, nor so lacking in material, as to be driven to exaggeration to make out a vivid, exciting story.

catholics, and as poor as I shall describe, having among them no more than—

“ One cart,	One priest,
No wheel car,	No other resident gentleman,
No coach, or any other vehicle,	No bonnet,
One plough,	No clock,
Sixteen harrows,	Three watches,
Eight saddles,	Eight brass candlesticks,
Two pillions,	No looking glasses above 3d. in
Eleven bridles,	price,
Twenty shovels,	No boots, no spurs,
Thirty-two rakes,	No fruit trees,
Seven table-forks,	No turnips,
Ninety-three chairs,	No parsnips,
Two hundred and forty-three	No carrots,
stools,	No clover,
Ten iron grapes,	Or any other garden vegetables,
No swine, hogs, or pigs,	but potatoes and cabbage, and
Twenty-seven geese,	not more than ten square feet
Three turkeys,	of glass in windows in the
Two feather beds,	whole, with the exception of
Eight chaff beds,	the chapel, the school-house,
Two stables,	the priest's house, Mr. Dom-
Six cow-houses,	brain's house, and the consta-
One national school,	bulary barrack.
No other school,	

“None of their either married or unmarried women can afford more than one shift, and the fewest number cannot afford any, and more than one half of both men and women cannot afford shoes to their feet, nor can many of them afford a second bed, but whole families of sons and daughters of mature age indiscriminately lying together with their parents, and all in the bare buff.

“They have no means of harrowing their land, but with meadow rakes. Their farms are so small that from four to ten farms can be harrowed in a day with one rake.

“Their beds are straw—green and dried rushes or mountain bent: their bed-clothes are either coarse sheets, or no sheets, and ragged filthy blankets.

“And worse than all that I have mentioned, there is a general prospect of starvation, at the present prevailing among them, and that originating from various causes,

but the principal cause is the rot or failure of seed in the last year's crop, together with a scarcity of winter forage, in consequence of a long continuation of storm since October last, in this part of the country.

"So that they, the people, were under the necessity of cutting down their potatoes and give them to their cattle to keep them alive. All these circumstances connected together, has brought hunger to reign among them to that degree, that the generality of the peasantry are on the small allowance of one meal a day, and many families cannot afford more than one meal in two days, and sometimes one meal in three days.

"Their children crying and fainting with hunger, and their parents weeping, being full of grief, hunger, debility and dejection, with glooming aspect, looking at their children likely to expire in the jaws of starvation.

"Also, in addition to all, their cattle and sheep are dying with hunger, and their owners forced by hunger to eat the flesh of such.

"'Tis reasonable to suppose that the use of such flesh will raise some infectious disease among the people, and may very reasonably be supposed, that the people will die more numerous than the cattle and sheep, if some immediate relief are not sent to alleviate their hunger.

"Now, my Lord, it may perhaps seem inconsistent with truth that all that I have said could possibly be true, but to convince your noble Excellency of the truth of all that I have said, I will venture to challenge the world to produce one single person to contradict any part of my statement.

"Although I must acknowledge, that if reference were made to any of the landlords or landholders of the parish, that they would contradict it, as it is evident it would blast their honours if it were known abroad, that such a degree of want existed in their estates among their tenantry. But here is how I make my reference and support the truth of all that I have said ; that is, if any unprejudiced gentleman should be sent here to investigate strictly into the truth of it ; I will, if called on, go with him from house to house, where his eyes will fully

satisfy and convince him, and where I can show him about one hundred and forty children bare naked, and was so during winter, and some hundreds only covered with filthy rags, most disgusting to look at. Also, man and beast housed together, *i. e.* the families in one end of the house, and the cattle in the other end of the kitchen.

“Some houses having within its walls, from one cwt. to thirty cwts. of dung, others having from ten to fifteen tons weight of dung, and only cleaned out once year !

“I have also to add that the National School has greatly decreased in number of scholars, through hunger and extreme poverty ; and the teacher of said school, with a family of nine persons, depending on a salary of £8. a year, without any benefit from any other source. If I may hyperbolically speak, it is an honour for the Board of Education !

“One remark before I conclude, I refer your noble Excellency for the authenticity of the above statement to the Rev. H. O’F——, Parish Priest, and to Mr. R——, Chief Constable, stationed at Gweedore, in said parish, and Mr. P——, Chief Officer of Coast Guard, in same district.

“Your most humble and obedient Servant,

“PATRICK M’KYE.”

CHAPTER XVII.

“I stand alone, without fear, in the midst of thousands, though the valiant be distant far.”—OSSIAN.

Now reader, summon your forces, collect your strength, and see if you are prepared to meet such a formidable host as this, and go forth to battle. There was one in the face and eyes of all the foregoing graphic facts, stood up single-handed ; and, like the shepherd son of Jesse, went forth and boldly challenged this gigantic Goliath. Yes ! Lord George Hill is not a George Washington, his

work was a *mightier* one—*his* was a grapple with *mind*, with *untutored* mind, gathering strength for ages, till it seemed to defy all attempts of reform ; and, like the bold cliffs which hung over their wild coast, stood up in their pride and said, “*Dash on, we heed you not.*” Washington had *carnal* battles to fight, and with *carnal* weapons, in the hands of gallant soldiers, he scattered the foe. But mark ! He that by moral power grapples with the worst passions of men, and lays them harmless at his feet, has done more than he who has conquered whole armies by the sword. This, Lord George Hill has done. In 1838 this indefatigable man purchased small holdings, adding to them, till the whole amounted to upwards of 23,000 acres. 3,000 people then inhabited the land, and but 700 paid rent. *What did he do ?* Did he take a body of policemen, and arm himself with a pike and pistol, and go forth, demanding submission or death ? He had an efficient agent ; and “temporary apartments were fitted up on the spot.” He then went himself into every hut on his estate : and, understanding Irish, he soon gained access to their hearts : they said, “he could not be a lord because he spoke Irish.”

His first work was to check the illicit distillation of their grain ; and he built a corn store, 87 feet long and 22 wide, with three lofts, and a kiln ; then a quay was formed, in front of the store, admitting vessels of 200 tons, having 14 feet of water at the height of the tide. A market was established, where the same price was paid for grain as at Letterkenny, 26 miles distant. The difficulties of building this store were great indeed—no masons or carpenters in the vicinity—and the site must be excavated by blasting a solid rock. But what *will* not, and what *did* not perseverance do ? It was done, and next a wheelwright was employed ; timber and iron brought from Derry ; until the calls multiplied, the store was stocked with the common necessities of life, and at last it was increased double in size. The inhabitants, for the first time, began to eat bread ; and, can you believe it ? *savage* as they were, they loved it. The next difficult work was to place each tenant on his

own farm ; and to do this every landholder was served with notice "to quit." A surveyor had drawn maps, the tenants were assembled, and the new allotments made, according to his rent, all previous bargains were adjusted to mutual satisfaction. But the final allotments of land took three years to settle : they must look over their new farms, all in one piece, and cast lots for them. The Rundale system, when disturbed, brought new difficulties to these people ; it broke up their clusters of huts, and the facilities of assembling-nights, to tell and hear long stories ; and they must tumble down their cabins, which were of loose stones ; and the owner of the cabin hired a fiddler, which no sooner known, than the joyous Irish are on the spot : each takes a stone or stones upon his or her back, (for women and children are there,)—they dance at intervals—the fiddler animates them on while the day-light lasts, and then the night is finished by dancing. When the houses were set up anew upon the farms, Lord George thought it advisable to have a few ten acre farms, fenced-in on the waste land. This was instantly opposed, for they did not want these divisions occupied, as by so doing it would thin out the crowds and break up the clanship too much. They would not be hired to make the ditches ; and a "fearless wanderer" could only do the work ; though sods of turf were hurled at him he pursued, but the contest was so sharp that it was settled at last by two policemen, at night, who frightened away the assailants, who had assembled to "settle" the ditch. Peace was concluded, ditches were made, premiums were offered for the best specimens of clean cottages, which now had chimneys and windows, whitewashed walls, suitable beds and bedsteads, crockery and chairs, and the *manure heap* at a respectable distance, and all bearing the appearance of comfort. These premiums extended to growing green crops, draining farms, good calves, pigs, colts, &c., and for webs of cloth, best knit stockings, firkins of butter, &c., &c. The premium day was the wonder of wonders ; for they were told that the noble-hearted Lord George was to dine with them, which the poor people could not believe,

and were afraid to go in, till the surveyor assured them that it was *true*. This was the crowning of the whole, and puts for ever at rest any doubts of the good sense of this well-balanced mind, which knew how to lay the foundation, set up the walls, and put on his seal to the topmost stone. Our Saviour explained this principle emphatically, when rebuked for eating with publicans and sinners: "I came not to call the righteous," &c. Lord George Hill knew well the secret avenue to the hearts of these people; he knew they were *men*, and though circumstances had made them *degraded ones*, yet if the smothered embers of that Image in which they were created could be stirred, living sparks would be emitted. Did this "familiarity breed contempt?" Did they take undue advantage, and say, "We will not have this man to rule over us;" and was God offended? Come and see the fruits of his decision and condescension—they both stand out in as bold relief as the old mountain Arrigle which nods its cloud-capped head over this district.

But details must be left: *Facts from Gweedore*, should be in the hand and heart of every landlord who may have anything to do in difficulties like these. Let him visit these comfortable cottages, supplied with decencies, to cause the inmates to *feel* that they are *human*; let him see the industry of the women and the becoming clothing of the peasantry; let him visit the store, the mill, the union-house, school-house, and dispensary; and while he is doing all this, let his home be for a few days in that well-ordered hotel, and notice the consistency of the whole; and if he *can*, let him go and do likewise. If he *cannot*, let him retrace all his steps, and impartially decide how far his own negligence, improvidence, love of ease, and indifference to the real good of his tenantry, may have contributed to bring him into this state. If he have not capital, like Lord George Hill, where is his capital? Have horses, coaches, hunting dogs, and hunting dinners frittered it away? Then woe-betide him, his day is over, who can help him? The school-house at Bunbeg, near this store, is not a

small item in this great work. The room is 25 feet by 15, lofty and well-ventilated. The teacher has a dwelling under the same roof; and when I visited it all was order and comfort. The girls are taught sewing, for of this the people are quite ignorant, and it may safely be presumed that Lord George would not restrict their advance in education to certain bounds, lest their talents should transcend their station in life. I spent a sabbath in that quiet hotel, and attended the Church service, which was then conducted in the school-room; a house of worship was in progress, but not ready to be opened. The female tenantry who were at home, walking upon the street, or calling into the hotel, always had their knitting-work in motion whenever I saw them, and such a surplus of stockings as amounted to about £200. was then on hand, all of which the females had been paid for knitting. "They shall not be idle," said his lordship, "though the work is on my hands unsold." His family residence is located about twenty-miles from Gweedore, but he and his wife were at the hotel the evening that I reached it, and meeting him in the morning in the hall—supposing him to be some respectable appendage to the house—made inquiries concerning it; and not till he made some remarks respecting my self-denying travels in Ireland, did I find my mistake. I saw at once the secret of his mighty achievements; his simplicity was his dignity and strength. He had struggled hard during the famine to keep his tenantry from suffering, without much foreign aid, had sacrificed much, and difficulties were increasing. The next winter the hotel was closed for a time; sickness had made inroads into the house, and death likewise; but it was re-opened the next season, under more encouraging auspices.

This man has proved to a demonstration what can be done even with the most hopeless, and under the most discouraging circumstances; for if Lord George Hill could transform those wild mountain goats, even to common civilized *bullocks*, what could not be done with any and *all* of the wild game of Ireland? Pity, great pity, that so few have applied the right key to the Irish

heart ! Still greater pity that so few believe there is a key that can find a right entrance ; give Lord George Hill a patent right, and let all who will improve it, and Ireland will arise.

Now, in 1850, he writes, "Say that *no person* died of famine at Gweedore, though many of the aged and infants, from being scantily fed, died earlier than otherwise they would, as well as from change of diet ; also that the people are reviving in a great degree, from the potatoe having held out this year."

Lord George Hill is an Irishman, of the Hillsborough family, in the county Down, brother to the *late* and uncle to the present Marquis of Downshire, a *true Irishman*, who lives and acts for his country.

Two miles from Gweedore an English gentleman had fixed a residence on the woody side of a hill, with a fine lake at a little distance, who was attracted there by the beauty of the scenery, and a desire to enjoy the evening of his days in a romantic peaceful retirement among a peasantry which pleased him ; and his wife and daughters were quite an acquisition to the scattered intelligent class, which dotted the wild scenery there. His family were then in England, and when I met him a few weeks after in Derry, he said, "I waited all day to see you, but when you come again we shall not be disappointed." He died a few weeks after, and left a sad breach in the hearts of many.

This little incident is named to show how much the English, who go to Ireland because they admire the country, and justly appreciate the people, are beloved. They are always mentioned with the greatest admiration where they have behaved with a proper condescension and kindness to the people.

My next excursion was from Gweedore to Dungloe, with Mr. Forster, who conducted me to his pretty cottage and lovely family, in the parish of Templecrone. It was a wild and dreary waste which led us to it—here and there a cluster of miserable cabins, and still more miserable inmates, met the eye ; now and then a hungry being would crawl out and make some sorrowful com-

plaint of neglect by the relieving officer, which could not be remedied ; but when we reached the cottage of my guide, all bespoke plenty and comfort. Here, in the midst of desolation and death, this isolated bright spot said, "Mercy is not clean gone for ever." Here was the minister of Templecrone, who had come to dine, for he heard that a stranger who pitied Ireland was to be there, and his heart was made of tenderness and love. Seldom can be met a being where such amiable, tender, and sympathetic kindness, are united with energy and perseverance, as were in this man. He was alive to every tale of woe, and active to surmount all difficulties ; with his own hands, he laboured to assist the poor—they have laid their dead around his gate in the night, knowing that the "blessed minister would not let them be buried without a board on 'em." We spent a painful-pleasant evening at this hospitable house, talking of the dreadful scenes of death in their midst, and then the kind man rode eight miles on horseback to his home. The next day we were to visit Arranmore, a pretty sunny island, where peace and comfort had ever reigned. The peasantry here were about 1500 in number, occupying a green spot three miles in length, and had always maintained a good character for morality and industry. They kept cows, which supplied them with milk, sheep with wool, geese with beds, fowls with eggs ; and grew oats, potatoes, and barley ; they wore shoes and stockings, which none of the female peasantry can do in the country places ; they likewise spun and made their own wearing apparel, and as the difficulty of crossing the channel of the sea, which was three miles, was considerable, they seldom visited the mainland. When they saw the potatoe was gone, they ate their fowls, sheep, and cows, and then began to cross the sea to Templecrone for relief. What could they find there ? One man could do but little to stay the desolation. Hundreds had died before this, and though I knew that painful scenes were in waiting, yet, if possible, the half was not told me. Six men, beside Mr. Griffith, crossed with me in an open boat, and we landed, not

buoyantly, upon the once pretty island. The first that called my attention was the death-like stillness—nothing of life was seen or heard, excepting occasionally a dog. These looked so unlike all others I had seen among the poor—I unwittingly said—“How can the dogs look so fat and shining here, where there is no food for the people?” “Shall I tell her?” said the pilot to Mr. Griffith, not supposing that I heard him.

This was enough : if anything were wanting to make the horrors of a famine complete, this supplied the deficiency. Reader, I leave you to your thoughts, and only add that the sleek dogs of Arranmore were my horror, if not my *hatred*, and have stamped on my mind images which can never be effaced.

We made our first call at the door of the chapel ; the fat surly-looking priest was standing there ; and, saying to him, “Your people, sir, are in a bad state.” “Bad enough, they give *me* nothing.” “Why should they?—you cannot expect or *ask* anything of the poor starving creatures.” The curate withdrew, leaving the battle to be decided by the priest, pilot, and myself, for he had known him before. “Ah,” said the pilot, softly, “he’s a hard one ; *there’s* the christian for you,” pointing to the curate, “he’s the man that has the pitiful heart,—not a cratur on the island but would lay down the life for him.” This pilot was a Roman catholic, but that characteristic impartiality, peculiar to the Irish, where justice and mercy are concerned, belonged to him likewise. We went from cabin to cabin, till I begged the curate to show me no more. Not in a solitary instance did one beg. When we entered their dark, smoky, floorless abodes, made darker by the glaring of a bright sun, which had been shining upon us, they stood up before us in a speechless, vacant, staring, stupid, yet most eloquent posture, mutely *graphically* saying, “Here we are, your bone and your flesh, made in God’s image, like you. *Look at us !* What brought us here ?” May God forgive me, and I believe He will, or I would not say it. With Job, I said, “Let darkness and the shadow of death stain that day when first the potatoe was planted

in this green isle of the sea, to oppress the poor labourer, and at last bring him to a valley of death—*deep, dark, intricate*—where slimy serpents, poison lizards, and gnawing vultures creep and wind about his wasted limbs, and gnaw into the deepest recesses of his vitals.

In every cabin we visited, *some* were so weak that they could neither stand nor sit, and when we entered they saluted us, by crawling on all fours toward us, and trying to give some token of welcome. *Never, never* was the ruling passion stronger in death. That *heart-felt* greeting which they give the stranger, had not in the least died within them; it was not asking charity, for the curate answered my inquiries afterwards, concerning the self-control, which was the wonder of all, that he had sent a man previously through the island, to say that a stranger, from across the sea, was coming to visit them, but she had no money or food to give, and they must not trouble her. I gave a little boy a biscuit, and a thousand times since have I wished that it had been thrown into the sea; it could not save him: he took it between his bony hands, clasped it tight, and half-bent as he was, lifted them up, looked with his glaring eyes upon me, and gave a laughing grin that was truly horrible. The curate turned aside, and beckoned me away. “Did you see that horrid attempt to laugh?” “I cannot stay longer,” was my answer. We hurried away. The noble-minded pilot said, “Will you step into my little place, and I will show you the boiler where I made the soup and stirabout, while the grants lasted.” These grants were mostly sent by the churches in England, and some poor deserving persons selected to give them out, and a very small compensation granted them, from the food they were distributing; and it should be here remarked, that when mention is made of the difference between “hirelings” and “volunteers,” I mean those “hirelings” who were paid by government great salaries, and like the slave-overseers, could order *this* flogging, and withhold *that*, according to his own caprices. This does not in the *least* apply to such distributors as these.

The house of this man was a step in advance of the

common cabins, and every part as clean as cabin or cottage could be ; his young despairing wife sat, with a clean cap and apron on, for she knew we were coming, and uncomplainingly answered our inquiries respecting food, that they had not eaten that day, and the husband led us into the next room, opened a chest, took out a small bowl, partly filled with some kind of meal, and solemnly declared that they had not another morsel *in* the cabin or *out*, nor a sixpence to buy any. The curate said, "I know him well, he is a deserving man, and tells us the truth."

When we left this cabin we passed a contiguous one, and a decently clad woman, with shoes and stockings, and blue petticoat, (that was the kind the peasants always wore in their days of comfort,) very pleasantly offered me a bowl of milk. Astonished at the sight of such a luxury, I refused, from the principle that it would be robbing the starving. "I regret," said the curate, as we turned away, "that you did not take it, her feelings were deeply injured ; a shadow of disappointment," he said, "came over her face, as she answered in Irish : 'The stranger looks wairy and her heart is drooping for the nourishment.'" O, my Heavenly Father ! *my "heart drooping for nourishment,"* after having taken a wholesome breakfast, and with the prospect of a good dinner at our return. A second kind woman was about making the same offering, when I begged Mr. Griffith, who spoke Irish, to say how much I thanked her ; but that I never drank milk, and was not in the least hungry. Enquiring how we came to find milk, the pilot answered, that scattered here and there, a comfortable farmer, who had milked some three or four cows, had saved one from the wreck ; but that would soon go, and then all must die together. We hurried away. And now for the burying-ground. "You have seen the living and must now see the place of the dead."

A famine burying-ground on the sea-coast has some peculiarities belonging to itself. First, it often lies on the borders of the sea, without any wall, and the dead

are put into the earth without a coffin, so many piles on piles that the top one often can be seen through the thin covering ; loose stones are placed over, but the dogs can easily put these aside, and tear away the loose dirt. This burial-place was on a cliff, whose sides were covered with rough stones, and the ascent in some parts very difficult. We ascended, sometimes keeping erect, and sometimes being obliged to stoop and use our hands. When we reached the top, the painful novelty repaid all our labour. It was an uneven surface of a few perches, with new-made graves and loose stones covering them. A straw rope was lying near a fresh-dug grave, which the pilot said belonged to an old man, who two days before he saw climbing the cliff, with a son of fifteen lashed to his back by that cord, bringing in his feeble hand a spade. "I untied the cord, took the corpse from the father's back, and with the spade, as well as I could, made a grave and put in the boy ; adding, "Here you see so many have been buried, that I could not cover him well."

This was the burial-place of Arranmore, and here, at the foot, was the old roaring ocean, dashing its proud waves, embracing in its broad arms this trembling green gem, while the spray was continually sprinkling its salt tears upon its once fair cheek, as if weeping over a desolation that it could not repair. At a little distance was a smooth green field, rearing its pretty crop of young barley, whose heads were full and fast ripening for the sickle. "This," said Mr. Griffith, "is the growth of seed which was presented by William Bennet, last March ; the poor creatures have sowed it, and if the hands that planted it live to reap the crop, they will have a little bread. Take a few heads of it, and send them to him as a specimen of its fine growth, and of their care in cultivating it." "Had these industrious people," he added, "been supplied in the spring with seed of barley and turnips, they would not need charity from the public. The government sent a supply around the coast, the delighted people looked up with hope, when to their sad disappointment, this expected gift was

offered at a price considerably higher than the market one, and we saw the ships sailing away, without leaving its contents ; for not one was able to purchase a pound. And we have since been told, that the 'lazy dogs' were offered seed, but refused, not willing to take the trouble to sow it."

We left without doing *one* favour, and without being asked to do one, except to drink a basin of milk. We found two little meagre, almost naked girls, sitting upon the beach picking shells and grinding them in their clean teeth ; they gave a vacant look as we spoke, but answered not.

I gave the six boatmen a shilling each, who had not eaten one mouthful that day, and Mr. G. added sixpence each. Their grateful acknowledgments were doubly affecting, when they said, "This is more than we have had at one time since the famine," and they hastened to the meal-shop to purchase a little for their starving families. We went to a full dinner, prepared in that style which the gentry of Ireland are accustomed to prepare for guests ; but what was food to me ? The sights at Arranmore were food sufficient. What could be done ? Mrs. Forster said, she had written to England, till she was ashamed to tire their generosity again ; not once had she been refused from the churches there, and she felt that their patience must be exhausted. She gave the names of some of her donors. A letter was written in the desperation of feeling to an Independent minister there ; and God for ever bless him and his people, for the ready response. Arranmore was relieved a little.

The next day, a ride of eight miles took me to the house of Mr. Griffith ; and here was a family made up of that kindness which the husband and father possessed. He occupied a spot among the honest poor indeed. We went over the bleak waste, to visit a romantic pile of cliff, upon the sea-coast, and on our way the laughing sport of children suddenly broke upon the ear, the first I had heard since the famine ; it was from behind a little hillock, and the sound was *mournfully* pleasant. We

hurried on to greet the joyous ones; and, unperceived, saw two little ragged girls, not wasted entirely by hunger, who had come out of a little dark cluster of stone cabins, and forgetting their sufferings, were playing as other children play. We saluted them, and told them to "play on, we are glad to see your sports." We spoke of the allusion of the prophet, when boys and girls are again "to be seen playing in the streets of Jerusalem," as a token of its happiness—a happiness which, until the famine of Ireland, I never valued enough, but *now* it is one of the brightest sunbeams that shine across my path. We at last reached one of the most fearful, sublime, and dangerous broken pile of rocks imaginable, tumbled together, and standing almost perpendicularly over the ocean. Deep and frightful caverns yawned between them, and how they came tumbled in this mass never has been made out; they appeared as if shaken together by some sudden crash, and stopped while in their wildest confusion, each seizing hold of its contiguous one to save it from falling. I was glad, quite glad to get away, for had my foot stumbled or slipped, some dark deep gulf might have placed me beyond help or hope. Ossian might have made his bed among these caves, when he says—

"As two dark streams from high, rocks meet and mix."

Rain hurried us to our dinner, and poured upon us, during the ride of eight miles, in darkness, to the cottage of Dungloe. A little incident occurred this evening, which happily testified to a remark made by Mr. Forster, in a letter to a committee, during the famine. Speaking of the starving poor, he says, "They are suffering most *patiently*, and in this parish, where there are ten thousand souls, not one single outrage has ever been committed, in the memory of man."

Mrs. Forster and myself in our retreat and hurry had neglected to shut the hall door; in the morning it was quite open and the hall floor covered with water. "What a dangerous condition," I said, "is this, to leave a house at night, especially in a time of hunger, as the

present." "Not in the least," was the answer; "I should not be afraid to leave every door unlocked at night, and every window open, with food or any other property in reach, not the least iota would be touched by one of them." This was self-discipline, which can scarcely be reconciled with hunger in any stomachs but the Irish.

A letter from Mrs. Griffith, in the spring of 1849, says, that the people of Arranmore had recovered their former standing, that relief was immediately sent from England, and they had saved as much for seed as they could, and not starve. Five hundred died from famine on that island. The potatoe was not blasted the following year, and they again looked up with tolerable comfort. The island has since been sold, and cultivation will be carried on upon a more extensive and profitable scale. Could a new race of landlords settle upon that coast, and drain and plough the now useless soil, the tenants that are drooping and discouraged, would lift up their heads with joy and hope. The air blows as pure as ever breezes did; and were industry encouraged, and food abundant, the inhabitants would cause the gravedigger to have the same source of complaint that once was made in the South, when a poor woman exclaimed "The times are dreadful, ma'am, Patrick has not put a spade to the ground this six weeks, not a word of lyin."

The comfort and hospitality at Roshine Lodge must be left, and with the kind Mrs. F. and her friend I turned away *sadly* from the scenes of desolation there witnessed, and again went to Gweedore, to meet Mrs. Hewitson, who was to accompany me to Belfast, and we prepared for the journey. She had distributed her grants, and her unceasing labours, often for twenty hours in twenty-four, called for relaxation. We left the pretty spot in sadness, for the starving were crowding about and pressing her for food, following the carriage—begging and thanking—blessing and weeping. We were obliged to shake them off, and hurried in agony away. "Many of these poor creatures," she observed, "will be dead on my return." On our way we passed the afternoon and night at Derry; it was a day for a flower and cattle show.

Here were attracted most of the gentry in the county, as well as nobility ; and we had an opportunity of sitting on a seat upon the sloping side of a hill, for nearly three hours, in a public garden, which overlooks a pretty part of the town, and feasting our eyes with a view of it. It was supposed nearly three thousand ladies, had come out in their *best*, on this pleasant day, to see this pretty show of flowers ; and though these were almost *surpassingly* beautiful, as Ireland's flowers are, yet the ladies were *more* so. Their pretty figures, (for they are in general of a fine form,) and becoming dresses, in all the variety of modern colours and fashions, brought me, after more than two hours' admiration, to the conclusion that a more beautiful assemblage of females, of the like number, could not be found. Had the women been educated after the model of Solomon and Paul's "virtuous women and housekeepers," what a crown of glory would they be ? But alas ! The most of the fine material of which woman is composed, is made up for *ornament* rather than use, in that unhappy country. A few Mrs. Hewitsons and Forsters are sprinkled here and there, and many can be found in Belfast who have arisen to a higher standard in this respect than the country in general ; and the famine, which has been the proof of all that is praiseworthy and all that is deficient in females, has shown that Belfast has a capital, which when employed can be worked to great and good advantage. But their late rising and late breakfasts wasted the best part of the day ; and their foolish custom, which made it approach to vulgarity to give a call before twelve, retarded much that might have been done more easily and effectually. It is much to be scrupled whether *one* arose "while it was yet *dark*, to prepare meat for her maidens."

I spent a day in the Library, which was instituted in 1788, and now contains 8,000 volumes, without *one* of fiction. Is there another library on the globe that can say this ? It speaks more for the good sense and correctness of principle in the people of Belfast than any comments or praise whatever *can* do. I felt, while sitting there, that here was an atmosphere of truth,

entirely new. What would the reading community of all nations be, if youth had access to such libraries as these, and to no others?

From Belfast I went up the coast of Antrim, visited many beautiful towns and places, but all was saddened by the desolations of the famine. Industrial schools were everywhere showing their happy effects; and often by the way-side, in clusters upon a bank, or under a tree in some village, were young girls with their fancy knitting, sitting pleasantly together, busy at their work; and this was a striking fact, that in *no* case, where they were thus employed, did they look untidy; though their garments were of the plainest and poorest, yet they appeared cleanly. I visited a school at Larne, of this description, conducted by a pious widow woman; and the arrangement, in all respects, reflected honour on the superintendents and teacher. Their reading, writing, working, and knowledge of the scriptures, manifested great wisdom and faithfulness in the teacher, as well as aptness in the scholars. The most useful work was done there, and the finest fancy material, much of which has been sold in London, at a fair price, for the benefit of the poor children. One little girl of twelve, by her industry in that school, the preceding winter, had kept a family of three or four from the poor-house by her fancy knitting, occasionally working nearly all night. The father came to the widow with a load of turf, to thank her for the instruction of the child, which had fed them through the winter, and this small token of his gratitude, humble as it was, he hoped she would not refuse. These schools, scattered through the island, in the midst of the desolating famine, looked, to the traveller, like some humble violet or flower, springing in the desert or prairie, where a scathing fire had swept over the plain, and withered all that was most prominent to the beholder. Never did I see a company of these little ones, at their cheerful work, or have one present me with a specimen of her attainments, but the unassuming hope-cheered look, eloquently said, "Will you let us live? Will you give us our honest bread, for

the willing labour of our hands, and allow us a dwelling-place among the nations of the earth?" Here in these pretty towns, along the coast of Antrim, had the poor-laws manifested their handy-work. The advice of Daniel O'Connell concerning them, was, "If you begin to build poorhouses, you had better at once make one grand roof over the whole island, for in due time the whole country will need a shelter under it." This precaution was not altogether a random one, for already had many of the industrious respectable tradesmen and widows, who were keeping lodging-houses, been compelled to give up their business—the taxes had come in and taken all within doors, which would sell at auction, for the poor-rates. I was directed to a respectable house to procure lodgings for a few days; the disheartened widow said, "Two days ago I could have given you a well-furnished bedroom and parlour, but now I have neither table, chair, or carpet on the floors; the money was demanded for a new tax just levied, I could not raise it, my furniture was taken, and I have no means to fetch it back, or to get bread." She could not expect respectable lodgers to stop with her, and saw nothing but hunger or the poorhouse for herself and children. Telling her if she would give me a place to lie down, I would stop, and give the usual price, she gladly accepted it, and the money paid her for this was all the means she had to get *one* meal for herself and three children, while I was in the house. This was a person of good reputation, kept a tidy, well-furnished lodging-house; and before the extra taxes had been laid on, had been able to put by a little money, but it had all been demanded the past year, and the means taken away to procure any more. This was the condition of the entire country.

While riding upon the car, the driver pointed to a peculiar dwelling, with a sign for refreshment, saying, "The woman here is a lucky one, for she pays no rent; if you wish I will stop and let you go in." The entrance was through a door, into a cave, which narrowed as it extended back, till it came to a point,

and was very much in the shape of a harrow. A person could stand upright at the mouth, but must stoop, and then crawl, if he proceeded. The old woman lit up her torch, and crept on, insisting that I should follow. The passage was so long, dark, and narrow, that paying the old woman her expected sixpence, I got excused. She had an old bed, lying by the side of one wall of the cave, a little table on the other, on which she kept cakes and "the drap of whiskey," for the traveller; and she told us merrily, that no landlord had disturbed her, and she had got the comfortable "bit" for many a twelve-month. Happy old woman! It is hoped that when her grey hairs shall be removed to a still darker cave, that the inheritance will fall to some other houseless head, who, like her, shall enjoy unmolested and unenvied this happy den, which like comfort few of the poor outcasts of Ireland can ever hope to attain. Some of the most romantic spots are scattered upon this coast, which is for many a mile enlivened by white rocks, and small white pebbles, near the sea, so that the whole is so inviting, taking sea, rocks, beautiful road, and in many places backed by rich woodland, that I left the carriage, and loitered among the varying beauties of running brooks, murmuring cascades, neat cottages and pretty churches, and deep green glens. My imagination was inclining to drink in the spirit of the simple little boy who accompanied me. When looking down from an eminence, on the path where we were walking, I saw a crumbling stone cabin, deep below me, in so narrow a defile that its opposite walls nearly extended to the perpendicular hills on each side; and enquiring of the child who could ever build there, expecting to live in it, he simply replied, "Oh, lady! that is a fairy's house; the people have put on the roof many a time, but at night the fairies come and take it off. They live in this glen, ma'am." "Then the fairies do not like roofs to their houses?" "I 'spose not ma'am."

These fairies have doubtless saved many an agent or tithe-gatherer a "good baitin'," whose cowardly conscience has come by night to rob some corn or hay-stack

for his unjust gain. Leaving my little companion, I ascended higher and higher, till at my feet far away stretched the broad sea ; and about were sprinkled cabins, looking like the "shabby gentility," which a decayed person who had fallen from higher life keeps up. I entered one of cleanly appearance, and stumbled upon a most frightful sight. A woman with a child on her lap gave me an indifferent nod of welcome, and pointed to a bed through the door ; supposing some starving object lay there, I turned to look, and on a bed lay her husband, his face uncovered, swollen and black, entirely blind, and blood still fresh about his hair and pillow, and he speechless. She was alone with him, her infant the only inmate : the doctor had just left without dressing his face.

The story was, two hours before, going to his labour, a furious bull had broken from his fastenings and was in mad pursuit after a lady, whose screams attracted the poor labourer ; he ran with his spade, rushed between the horns of the animal and the lady, but could not save himself from the bull, who trampled him in the dirt, gored his face, broke his upper jaw, and tore apart one nostril. Three of the animal's legs were tied with the rope when he accomplished all this. The story ended by—"Thank God the lady was saved, and the mad bull shot by the owner," and not one word of complaint about her husband. When I said, "What a pity that he went near him. "But, ma'am, didn't he go to save the lady, and wouldn't she been kilt if he hadn't done it." So much for being a *lady* in Ireland, and for Irish courage and humanity.

Returning to Belfast, I prepared for Dublin, and again sought out old Cook Street ; some of my pensioners had removed, but none dead : their rent had been left to be paid weekly for them, and sufficient knitting given for their employ. Another grant was coming for me, to be deposited at Belfast, and the expense of transportation to Dublin would be such, that it was placed in the trustworthy hands of Mrs. Hewitson, who could get it conveyed to her destitute people at a smaller expense, when

she should return. This donation, she afterwards said was eked out for months at the most sparing rate; and the only relief she had in her power during the following winter season. A box of clothing was in my possession, and with this and a little money, I resolved to go to the western coast, in Connaught. I *went*, and Connaught will long live in my memory, for there are still scenes of *suffering*, of *cruelty*, and of *patience*, which no other people yet have shown to the world. That people who from the time of the invasion have been "hunted and peeled," treated as the "offscouring of all things," driven into "dens and caves of the earth," as the only shelter, now still live, to hold out to the world that lineament of the "image of God," which is, and which *must* be the everlasting rebuke of their persecutors; which says in the face and eyes of all mankind, to their spoilers—"You have hated me, you have robbed me, you have shorn me of my beauty; and *now*, while famine is eating up my strength, gnawing my vitals, you are turning me into the storm, without food, or even "sheep-skins or goat-skins" for a covering; and then tauntingly saying, "Wherein have we robbed you?"

I took the train at Dublin, for twenty-five miles, and then a coach to Tuam, tarried one night. This is the residence of Bishop M'Hale, and somewhat a respectable old town; but the picture of sorrow was here too, and the next morning I gladly proceeded to Newport. It rained hard, we were on an open car, and the wretchedness of the country made it altogether a dismal ride. When we had reached a few miles of the town, a dissipated, tattered, and repulsive looking man was seated before me on the car, which was not a little annoying, for he might be a little intoxicated. "Has he paid his fare," I asked the coachman, knowing that if he had, he had the same right as I had; and still more, it would confirm me in the opinion that if he had money to pay his ride, he might have money for drink. We went on, my unpleasant companion never once speaking, till we reached our stopping-place, the Post Office, at Newport. Here, at my old tried friends, Mrs.

Arthur, I met with a cordial welcome, and getting from the car, was still more annoyed to see this out-of-the-way companion reach the door before me, and fall prostrate in the passage; this was certainly proof that he had been taking whiskey, for he did not look like one in the last stages of starvation. My severity upon myself was equal to my surprise, when we found that it was exhaustion occasioned by hunger. When he could speak in a whisper, he begged Mrs. Arthur to take a few sovereigns, which he had sewed up in his ragged coat, and send them to his wife and children, who were suffering for food. He had been at work in England, and knowing the dreadful state his family were in at home, had saved the few sovereigns, not willing to break one, and endeavoured to reach home on a few shillings he had, and being so weak for want of food, he occasionally rode a few miles when it rained, and had not eaten *once* in two days. "Send them *quick*," he said, "I shall not live to reach home." O, *shame! shame!* on my wicked suspicions; how should I be thus deceived. *I could not, I would not* forgive myself. His story was a true one, and by proper care he lived to follow his sovereigns home.

The astonishing suffering and self-denial of that people for their friends, is almost heart-rending. It is *expected* that mothers will suffer, and even die for their famishing little ones, if needful; but to see children suffer for one another was magnanimity above all. Two little orphan boys, one about nine and the other five, called at the door of a rich widow of my acquaintance, and asked for food. The woman had consumed all her bread at breakfast but a small piece, and giving this to the eldest, she said, "You must divide this with your little brother; I have no more." She looked after them unperceived, and saw them stop, when the eldest said, "Here, Johnny, you are littler than I, and cannot bear the hunger so well, and you shall have it all." They were both houseless orphans and starving with hunger.

I found here, at Newport, misery without a mask; the door and window of the kind Mrs. Arthur wore a

spectacle of distress indescribable ; naked, cold, and dying, standing like petrified statues at the window, or imploring, for God's sake, a little food, till I almost wished that I might flee into the wilderness, far, far from the abode of any living creature.

Mrs. Arthur said, "I have one case to place before you, and will leave all the rest to your own discretion. I have fed a little boy, once a day, whose parents and brothers and sisters are dead, with the exception of one little sister. The boy is seven years old, the sister five. They were told they must make application to the poor-house, at Castlebar, which was ten Irish miles away. One cold rainy day in November, this boy took his little sister by the hand, and faint with hunger, set off for Castlebar. And now reader, if you will, follow these little *bare-footed, bare-headed* Connaught orphans through a muddy road of ten miles, in a rainy day, without food, and see them at the workhouse, late at night. The doors are closed—at last, they succeed in being heard. The girl is received the boy sent away—no room for him—he made his way back to Newport the next morning, and had lived by crawling into any place he could at night, and once a day called at the door of my friend who fed him.

He soon came, a fine looking boy, with unusually matured judgment. The servant was paid for taking him into an outhouse and scrubbing him thoroughly, &c. A nice black suit of clothes was found in the American box, with a cap suited to his head ; and when he was suitably prepared by the servant, the clothes were put on. He had not, probably, been washed for six months, and his clothes were indescribable ; his skin, which had been kept from wind and sun, by the coat which had so long been gathering, was white, and so changed was he wholly and entirely, that I paused to look at him ; and tied about his neck a pretty silk handkerchief, to finish the whole. "What do you say now, my boy ; I shall burn your old clothes, and you never shall see them again ?" A moment's hesitation—he looked up, I supposed to thank me, when to my surprise, he burst into

an agony of loud weeping. "What can be the matter?" He answered, "Now I shall sure die with the hunger; if they see me with nice clothes on, they will say I tell lies, that I have a mother that minds me; and, lady, you won't burn them old clothes," (turning about to gather them up); and if I had not sternly commanded him to drop them, he would have clasped them close, as his best and dearest friends. In truth, this was a new development of mind I had never seen before, clinging with a firm grasp to a bundle of filthy, forbidding garments, as the only craft by which to save his life; choosing uncleanness to decency, at an age too when all the young emotions of pride generally spring up in fondness for new and pretty garments. The silk handkerchief seemed almost to frighten him. Was it the principle of association, which older people experience when they cling to objects which have been their companions in trial, or those places where they have seen their dearest comforts depart? He would not have consented to have left those old clothes behind, but by a promise which he could hardly believe; that he should be fed every day through the winter. He was taken immediately to a school, where the children were fed once a day, and instructed for a penny a week; this penny, the teacher said, should not be exacted, as he had been clothed by me. I saw the boy through the winter, three months after his clothes were tidy and had not been torn, and he was improving.

His fears respecting the "hungry" were not groundless, no stranger would have believed that he needed charity, when decently clad.

From Newport I went to Achill Sound. Here was enough to excite the pity and energy of all such as possessed them. This wild dreary sea-coast at any time presents little except its salubrity of air, and grandeur of storms and tempests, tempered with the beauty of its varied clouds, when lighted by the sun, to make it the most inviting spot. But now the work of death was going on; and, notwithstanding the exertions of Mr. Savage, with the aid of the Central Committee in

Dublin, and government relief beside, at times it seemed to mock all effort. Mr. Savage seemed to be in the position of the "ass colt" in scripture, "tied where two ways meet." He had the island of Achill on one side, across the Sound, and a vast bog and mountainous waste on the other, with scarcely an inhabitant for many a mile, (but the colony of Mr. Nangle,) which could subsist only but by charity. The groups which surrounded the house, from the dawn of day till dark, called forth the incessant labours of many hands, both male and female, to appease the pitiful requests multiplying around them. Oh! the scenes of that dreadful winter! Who shall depict them, and who that saw them can ever forget? I have looked out at the door of that house, and seen from three to five, six, and seven hundred hovering about the windows and in the corners, not one woman or child having a shoe upon their feet, or a covering upon the head, with ghastly, yes, ghostly countenances of hunger and despair, that mock all description. One fact among the many is recorded, which transpired a few weeks before, related to me by Mrs. Savage, which had novelties peculiar to itself:—

ABRAHAM AND SARA.

Mrs. Savage saw standing at her door, among the crowd, while the relief was giving out, a feeble old woman, bare-footed, and her feet and legs swollen so that they assumed a transparency, which always indicated that death had begun its fatal ravages. She was nearly a hundred years of age; her becoming bearing and cleanly appearance, united with her age, caused Mrs. S. to enquire particularly who she was.

"Why are you here—do you belong in this parish? You are a stranger!" "I am in troth, a stranger. My name is Sara, and have now come into the parish to stop, in a little cabin, convenient to ye, and sure ye wont refuse the poor owld body a bit of the relief."

Abraham, her husband, was sitting upon a form, among the crowd, waiting an answer to Sara's request.

They were fed, but Sara could not be restored. She

often called, on days when the relief was not given out, and was once told that she was troublesome ; she acknowledged it in the most simple manner, and in a few days ceased coming.

Not long after Abraham called to say that Sara was ill, and had been obliged to leave the cabin where she had been stopping, and he had made her a shelter under a bank, in the bog, by the strand. She was no longer able to walk about, and daily Abraham brought a little saucepan, suspended by a cord for a handle, to get the broth, which Mrs. S. provided for his beloved Sara. He said he "had made her as comfortable as his owld hands could, but the breath would soon be cowld in her, for she could scarcely lift the hand to raise the broth to the lip." This bed was made in the bog, within a few yards of the sea, but sheltered from its spray by a bank, under which a narrow place had been dug by Abraham, which partly covered Sara. Heath was put down for her bed, and pieces of turf for her pillow ; a wall of turf a few inches high extended round, making the shape of a bed, against the side of which was a fire of turf, made to warm the broth ; and this was Abraham and Sara's house. Abraham's part was wholly unsheltered. For days she was nursed in the most careful manner ; her cloak was wrapped snugly about her ; the heath under her was smoothed, and her broth carried by Abraham ; and he even washed her garments in the sea, "for Sara," he said, "loves to be clean." In spite of all his care the life of Sara was fast ebbing ; and Mary A., who had seen before the bed where she lay, called one evening and found her much altered. She raised her up, gave her a little milk, which she could scarcely swallow. "I am departing," she whispered, "and will ye give my blessin' to the mistress ?" She had come into the parish, she said, to die, because "she knew the mistress would put a coffin on her owld body." While Mary was here, Abraham hastened to Mrs. S. to procure some necessaries for the night ; then returning, he sat by the side of Sara till she died. He was sitting alone, by her lifeless body, when Mary returned in the morning. The mistress

was soon there. She had ordered a coffin, and brought a sheet to wrap around her body, and a handkerchief to put about her head. Mary washed and combed her, and found in her pocket a piece of white soap, carefully wrapped in a linen rag, and a clean comb, which were all that appertained to Sara of this world's wealth, except the miserable garments she had upon her. When the body was shrouded, it was placed in her coffin of white boards; a boatman and Mary lifted her into a boat; Abraham and the mistress seated themselves in it, and were rowed to land, and put the remains of Sara in an out-house belonging to Mr. Savage, for the night, and a comfortable place was provided for Abraham to lie down. Early in the morning Abraham was found sitting on the cart, which bore Sara from the boat, with his grey head leaning against the locked door, weeping. He had waited till all was still, and then crept to the spot which enclosed the remains of her he loved, to weep alone, in the stillness of night. Not one that saw him but wept too.

This simple-hearted man, like the patriarch whose name he bore, was a stranger and sojourner, like him he had come to mourn for Sara, and he had come too to ask a burial-place for his dead, though he could not, like him, offer a sum of money; he could not take his choice in the sepulchres; no field of Ephron, nor the trees within were made sure to him, but in a lone bog, where those who had died by famine and pestilence were buried, like dogs, unshrouded and uncoffined, he was grateful to find a place to bury his "dead out of his sight." The corpse was borne away by a few boatmen across the channel; and Sara was conveyed to her long home. I saw Abraham early in December, 1847, and the bed which he made for Sara, on that bleak sea-shore. The turf wall was still unbroken; the smoke, where the fire had been made, had left its blackness; and a piece of turf, partly consumed, was lying by this hearth; the heath-bed had not been stirred, and I begged Mrs. S. to keep it from the inroad of cattle. A wall of stone should be built around that

dwelling, and the traveller pointed to it, as a relic of the greatest interest.—*A relic of Ireland's woes!*

It is said that Sara, in her father's house, was "fair to look upon," and enjoyed in plenty the good things of this life; and, says Mrs. S., "when first I saw her the sun was shining in full strength upon her marble face; and so swollen its wrinkles were smoothed; her countenance was mild, her manner modest and pleasing, and she was an object of much admiration. She lay in that lowly bed in storm and sunshine, by night and by day, till the "good God," as she expressed it, "should please to take her away:" yet lowly as was her couch, lonely as was her wake, unostentatious as was her burial, few, in her condition, were honoured with so good a one.

In the same vicinity was the bed of a little orphan girl, who had crept into a hole in the bank, and died one night, with no one to spread her heath-bed, or to close her eyes, or wash and fit her for the grave. She died unheeded, the dogs lacerated the body, gnawed the bones, and strewed them about the bog.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF ABRAHAM.

Abraham called one day in December, at the house of Mr. Savage, and sorrow and hunger had greatly changed his looks. His garments which had been kept tidy by Sara, were now going to decay. He stood silently at the door, with a subdued look, with a little brown bag and staff in his hand. I saw him there, and among the throng marked his shades of sorrow, and inquired who he was. "*It is Abraham, the old hands that made Sara's bed,*" was the answer.

Abraham knew and felt the change in himself, and seeking an opportunity, asked for a piece of soap, touching his collar, which Sara had always kept clean, saying, "I do not like the feel of it." Food and a little money were given him: he went away, and on his boggy path to his humble home he fell down and broke his arm; he lingered on a few days in destitution and pain, and the next that we heard of him, two men who were walking towards sunset on Sabbath day, met his daughter

who had a shelter in the mountain, where she had kept her father, with Abraham upon her back, with his arms about her neck, a loathsome corpse, which she had kept in her cabin for days, and was going alone with a spade in her hand the distance of an Irish mile, to bury him. They took the corpse and accompanied her, and put him into the ground as he was, neither with a coffin nor by the side of Sara whom he had loved and cherished so well.

Thus died Sara and Abraham, and thus they were buried, and let their epitaph be—"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, though in death they were divided."

DRINKING HABITS.

Let the reader's mind be a little relieved by a subject *different*, though as painful in a *moral* sense as famine is in a *natural* one. I allude to the *fearful sinful* use of all kinds of intoxicating drinks in Ireland in the time of the famine. Much noise has been made the last nine or ten years respecting the great temperance reform in that country. But who have been reformed? Travel the length and breadth of the island, even in the midst of desolation and death, and in how many families when a piece of flesh meat can be afforded upon the dinner-table, would the tea-kettle for hot whiskey be wanting at the close of dinner? The more costly wines, too, were on the tables of the nobility, and not always wanting among the gentry. The clergy of all denominations, in that country, are sad examples to the flock. Father Mathew is praised by some of these Bible ministers, because he kept the "lower order" from fighting at fairs; but the very fact that the vulgar were reclaimed, was a stigma upon temperance in their enlightened opinions. Four years and four months' residence in Ireland, changing from place to place, and meeting with many ministers of all denominations, not a solitary case do I recollect of finding a minister of the Established, Presbyterian, or Methodist church, who did not plead for the *moderate* use of this fatal poison.

I met with *one* Baptist minister, *one* Unitarian, and a few priests, who abstained entirely.

The famine, if possible, urged many of the lovers of the "good creature," to greater diligence in the practice, to "keep themselves up," as they said, in these dreadful times. They preached sermons on charity—they urged the people to greater self-denial—they talked of the great sin of improvidence, of which Ireland is emphatically guilty; but *few, very few*, it is to be feared touched one of these burdens so much as with one of their fingers. There were noble cases of hard labour, and even curtailing of expenses, by some of the clergy; even labour was protracted till it ended in death by some, but these were isolated cases indeed.

An able writer, who wrote the pamphlet on *Irish Improvidence*, placed the subject in the most fearful light, when he said, "Next to the absurdity of Cork and Limerick exporting cargoes of Irish grain for sale, and at the same time receiving cargoes of American grain to be given away at the cost of the English people, may be ranked the folly—if it may not properly be called by some worse name—of seeing hundreds dying for want of food, at the same time permitting the conversion of as much grain as would feed the whole of those dying of starvation, and many more, into a fiery liquid, which it is well known, even to the distillers themselves, never saved a single life or improved a single character, never prevented a single crime, or elevated the character of a single family by its use."

Reader, ponder this well.—Enough grain, converted into a poison for body and soul, as would have fed all that starving multitude; while the clergy were preaching, committees were in conclave, to stimulate to charity, and devise the most effectual methods to draw upon the purses of people abroad.

And what shall be said of the pitiful landlords, who were still drinking their wine, pouring their doleful complaints into government's ears, that no rents were paid; and many saying, as one of these wine-bibbers did, that his lazy tenants would not work for pay, for he had

offered that morning, some men work who were hungry, and would pay them at night, and they walked away without accepting it. "How much pay did you offer?" he was asked. "A pound of Indian meal," (Indian meal was then a penny a pound.) "Would you, sir, work for that, and wait till night for the meal, when you were *then* suffering?" Much better try to procure it before night in some easier way.

But these afflicted landlords, the same writer remarks, were exporting to the continent vast quantities of grain, which their poor starving tenants had laboured to procure, and were not allowed to eat a morsel of this food; but buy it from others or starve. Neither can it be doubted, nor should it be concealed, that not a few of these landlords, while their grain was selling at a good price abroad, shared the benefit of many an Indian meal donation, for horses, hogs, fowls, and servants. The guilty are left to make the application, none others are implicated.

I would not say that every man who takes a glass of spirits, as he says, *moderately*, is guilty of downright dishonesty, or not to be trusted with the property of others; but it may properly be said, that such are in the path to the *hot bed* where every evil work is cultivated; and, therefore, more to be scrupled than those who from conscience would "cut off a right arm or pluck out a right eye," rather than give offence.

Had all the professed christians in Ireland, entirely excluded alcoholic drinks from their tables and houses, thousands might now be living who have been starved.

I was once in a miserable part of the country, where death was doing a fearful work, and was stopping in a house ranked among the respectables, when a company of ministers, who had been attending a public meeting in the town, were assembled for dinner. The dinner was what is generally provided for ministers—the *richest* and *best*. Wine and brandy were accompaniments. When these heralds of salvation heard a word of remonstrance, they put on the religious cant, and cited me immediately and solemnly the "Marriage of Cana," and the

tribunal of Timothy's stomach for my doom ; declaring that God sanctioned, yea *required* it ; and ratified it by taking in *moderation* what their conscience told them was duty. They were pointed directly to the suffering of the people for bread, and the great difficulty of procuring coffins, all this did not move their brandy-seared hearts. When in an hour after dinner the tea was served, as is the custom in Ireland, one of the daughters of the family passing a window, looked down upon the pavement and saw a corpse with a blanket spread over it, lying upon the walk beneath the window. It was a mother and infant, dead, and a daughter of sixteen had brought and laid her there, hoping to induce the people to put her in a coffin ; and as if she had been listening to the conversation at the dinner of the want of coffins, she had placed her mother under the very window and eye, where these wine-bibbing ministers might apply the lesson. All was hushed, the blinds were immediately down, and a few sixpences were quite unostentatiously sent out to the poor girl, as a beginning, to procure a coffin. *The lesson ended here.*

And I would conclude this episode by saying, that at the door of professed christians of the intelligent class, lies the sin of intemperance in that suffering country, and though some of them have preached and laboured hard in those dark days, yet they have not done what they *could*, and in this they should not be commended ; but rebuked most faithfully.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.”

It was at the house of Mr. Savage, at the Sound, where I first met with the Hon. William Butler. He insisted on my going to Erris, as a spot of all others the most wretched, offering kindly to pay my passage in an open

boat, which was to take him there. We went: he observed on the passage, that he had always feared the water, and would prefer any death almost to that of drowning. He was drowned the next season while on a visit to the continent.

We reached Belmullet; he secured me a lodging; but the rector called and invited me to spend the time at his house, and I did so. But here was a place which might justly be called the "fag-end" of misery. It seemed to be a spinning out of all that was fearful in suffering, and whoever turned his eye there needed no other point of observation, to see all that famine and pestilence *could* do. It appeared like a vast crucible, where had been concocted all that was *odious*, all that was *suffering*; and which had been emptied, leaving the dregs of the mass unfit for any use.

Well did James Tuke say, in his graphic description of Erris, that he had visited the wasted remnants of the once noble Red Man, in North America, and the "negro-quarter" of the degraded and enslaved African; but never had he seen misery so intense, or physical degradation so complete, as among the dwellers in the bog-holes of Erris.

"Figure and mien, complexion and attire,
Are leagued to strike dismay."

The few resident landlords in this barony, containing in the year 1846, a population of 28,000, were now reduced, by the extreme poverty of the tenantry, to a state of almost hopeless desperation. The poor-house was a distance of forty miles to Ballina; and the population since the famine was reduced to 20,000—10,000 of these on the extreme borders of starvation—crawling about the streets—lying under the windows of such as had a little food, in a state of almost nudity. Being situated on the north-east coast of Mayo, it has the Atlantic roaring and dashing upon two sides of it; and where the wretched dwellers of its coasts are hunting for seaweed, sand-eels, &c., to appease their hunger, and where in many cases, I truly thought that man had nearly

lost the image in which he was created. This coast is noted for shipwrecks ; and many of the inhabitants, in former days, have subsisted very comfortably upon the spoils.

A Mrs. D. called one morning to take a walk with me upon a part of the sea-coast, called "Cross." Nature here seemed to have put on her wildest dress, for in the whole barony of Erris there is but one tree, and that a stinted one ; and this barony extends thirty-five miles. But here our walk seemed to be through something unlike all I had seen. In some places nature appeared like a maniac, who, in her ravings, had dishevelled her locks and tattered her garments. In others, she puts on a desponding look, as if almost despairing, yet not unwilling to be restored, if there were any to comfort her ; in others, the bold cliffs dashed by the maddening waves, seemed like a lion rising from his lair, and going forth in fury for his prey. Three miles presented us with grand, beautiful, and painful scenes ; the air was salubrious—the sun was bright ; the unroofed cabins silent and dreary, told us that the ejected inmates were wandering shelterless or dead, many of whom were buried under the ruins, who were found starved in a putrid state ; and having no coffins, the stones of the cabins were tumbled upon them. Mrs. D. was one of those sensitive beings who are capable of enjoying the beauties of nature, and capable too of suffering most keenly. She had tasted deeply of sorrow—was a new-made widow—her mother had died but a few months previous—an adopted child, a lovely niece of ten years old had died a few weeks before. As we neared the burying-ground she pointed to the spot, saying, "There I put her, my fair blossom ; and there, by her side, I put her uncle," (meaning her husband,) "five weeks after ; but you must excuse me from taking you there, for I could not venture myself where they lie, because they will give me no welcome, nor speak a kind word, as they used to do." We passed over sand-banks and ditches, to the cottage where her father and mother had lived and died, leaving two sisters and two brothers on the paternal

estate. The cottage had no wicket-gate, no flowers nor shrubs ; but standing upon the margin of the lake, it seemed modestly to say "Walk in, my comforts shall be equal to all I have promised." The interior was neat. Here were the remains of an ancient family, who had "lived to enjoy," who could walk or ride, could entertain guests in true Irish hospitality, for many a century back ; but death had removed the head of the family ; famine had wasted the tenantry ; the fields were neglected ; "and here," said the sister who kept the cottage, "we are sitting as you see, with little to cheer us, and less to hope for the future." We visited the churchyard, which my companion thought she could not see—a brother offered to be her companion—and we found it upon a rising hillock, by the sea-side ; it was a protestant one, and a snug church had stood near ; but the landholder, Mr. Bingham, had caused it to be taken down, and another built in a town or village called Bingham's town. Here was another specimen of the peculiar grave-yards on the sea-coast of Ireland. The better class have a monument of rough stones put over the whole surface of the grave, elevated a few feet, and cemented with mortar. The poorer class must be content to lie under a simple covering of rough stones, without being elevated or cemented. We waited a few moments till the sister, who sat down upon the grave of the little one, had indulged her grief for the two departed, and I only heard her say, "Ah ! and you will not speak to me." An ancient Abbey was near, said to be 1000 years old ; and so closely had the catholics buried their dead there that it appeared, at a little distance, like one vast pile of stones tumbled together. The protestants and Romanists do not choose to place their dead in contact ; and these, two were distinct ; but they, also, had their "respectable monuments," for we saw, on a nearer approach, that this grave-yard had elevated cemented tombstones ; the ground was high, and no walls, but the roaring old sea upon one side—which sometimes boldly reaches out and snatches a sleeper from his bed. The scattered bones that lay about, told that it must

long have been the "place of skulls." The last year had made great accessions to the pile, which could easily be known by their freshness, and ropes of straw and undried grass brought here by relatives, to put over the uncoffined bodies of their friends. Here were deposited five or six sailors, belonging to a vessel from Greenock, which was wrecked on this coast the preceding spring. The bodies washed ashore, and a brother of the lady with me dug a pit and put them in, spreading over their faces the skirt of one of their overcoats, "to screen," as he said, "the cruel clay from their eyes." These poor sailors, unknown and unwept, were buried by the hand of a stranger, on a foreign shore; but somewhere they might have had mothers, who waited and asked in vain for the absent ship.

As these sailors have no monument to tell their parentage, let it be recorded *here*, that in the spring of 1847, a vessel was wrecked on the desolate coast of Erris, and every soul on board was lost. The vessel sailed from Greenock in Scotland. While sitting in the cottage, in the evening, the lady who accompanied me brought a lid of a box, which was taken from among the wreck of that lost ship, and on it was written:—"Soda Biscuit, by ———, Corner of Beckman and Cliff Street, New York." The name was so defaced it could not be made out. This added new interest to the shipwreck, when meeting an inscription from the street where I had lived and the shop in which I had traded, and was told that the vessel was freighted with provisions for the starving of Ireland. This was a mistake.

In the morning, when the sun was rising, we ascended a hill, among the desolate cabins, where once was the song of health, and where far off in the west, the sea stretched wide, and the variegated clouds gilded with the morning sun, were dipping apparently in its waters. This, said a daughter of the family, was once a pretty and a grand spot; here, two years ago, these desolate fields were cultivated, and content and cheerfulness were in every cabin. Now, from morning to night they wander in search of a turnip, or go to the sea for sea-weed to

boil, and often have we found a corpse at the door, that the brother you see "might put a board on 'em." We have often seen an ass passing our window carrying a corpse, wound about with some old remnant of a blanket or sheet; and thus, flung across its back, a father or mother, wife or husband, was carried to the grave. Sometimes, when the corpse was a little child, or it might be more than one, they were put into a couple of baskets, and thus balanced upon the sides of the ass, this melancholy hearse proceeded on without a friend to follow it, but the one who was guiding the beast. These burials tell more of the paralysing effects of famine than anything else *can* do; for the Irish in all ages, have been celebrated for their attention to the interment of their dead, sparing no expense.

When I stood in the burying-ground in that parish, I saw the brown silken hair of a young girl, waving gently through a little cleft of stones, that lay loosely upon her young breast. They had not room to put her beneath the surface, but slightly, and a little green grass was pulled and spread over, and then covered with stones. *I never shall forget it.*

"The blast of the desert comes,
Her loose hair flew on the wind."

In some parts the soil was manured with the slain. When the famine first commenced, efforts were made to procure coffins; but the distress became so great to the living, that every penny that could be procured must be given for food; and the famished relatives, at last, were grateful if some hand stronger than theirs would dig the pit, and put down the uncoffined body.

One sabbath, when I was in Erris, the day was so stormy that the church service was suspended. A barefooted woman, who one year before had called to sell milk and kept a fine dairy, came into the house where I was, and calling me by name, said; "Will ye give me something to buy a coffin to put on my husband; he died yesterday on me, and it would be a pity to put him in the ground without a board, and he is so

swelled, ma'am, not a ha'porth of his legs or belly but is ready to burst, and but a five-pence-halfpenny could I gather, and the little boys are ashamed to go out and ask the charity for him."

This is an illustration not only of the *state* into which famine has thrown the country, but the *apathy* of feeling which the most tender-hearted people on the globe manifested. A woman compelled to go out in a most perilous storm, upon a wild sea-coast, unprotected by clothes, and without a morsel of food for twenty-four hours, to procure a coffin for her husband, who had died by starvation!

THE SOLDIERS OF BELMULLET.

Among the marvels and dreadfuls of Erris, the Queen's soldiers certainly deserve a place in history. Government in her mercy had deposited in a shop some tons of Indian meal, to be sold or given out, as the Commissariat should direct, for the benefit of the people. This meal was in *statu quo*, and hunger was making fearful inroads. 151 soldiers, *cap-à-pie*, were marching before and around this shop, with bayonets erect, from early dawn till late in "dusky eve," to guard this meal. They certainly made a *warlike bloody* looking array, when contrasted with the haggard, meagre, squalid skeletons that were grouped in starving multitudes about them, who, if the whole 10,000 starving ones in the Barony had been disposed to rise *en masse*, scarcely had strength to have broken open a door of the shop, or to have knocked down a soldier; but here they were, glistening in bright armour, and the people dying with hunger about it. These soldiers were alive to their duty on *all* and *every* occasion. One sabbath morning when the church prayers were in full progress, they marched up under arms, with fife and drum playing merrily the good old tune of "Rory O'More." The modest rector suspended operations, the congregation in breathless silence, most of them arose from their seats; the army entered, doffed their caps, planted their arms, and quietly, if not decently, took their seats, and sat till

prayers and sermon were ended ; as soon as "Old Hundred" closed the worship, these soldiers resumed their arms, and the musicians, upon the threshold of the door, struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me ;" and the congregation a little confused, walked out. I never heard it applauded nor never heard it censured, but by *one*. To say the least of the morality of Erris, their drinking, and card-playing, and dancing habits, would well comport with the army or navy ; but they were quite in advance of any thing I had seen in any part of Ireland. Here I saw the cobweb covering flung about fallen man, to hide his deformity, torn aside, and scarcely a vestige was there of beauty, amiability, or even *decency* left.

The hotel keeper was in the habit of collecting a few shillings from lodgers and travellers, and distributing them in pennies, to the starving, in the morning. These recipients were as ravenous as hungry lions and tigers, as void of reason, and more disgusting to the sight. If man is to be guided by reason, then when reason is extinct, upon what can he fall back ? If the instinct that is planted in man is the image of God, in which He is made, then where this God is extinguished there can be nothing but a wreck—a mass of neither man or brute ; for if he have lost the image of God, and has not the instinct of animals, he stands out an unnatural growth, to be wondered at rather than admired. I could scarcely believe that these creatures were my fellow-beings. Never had I seen slaves so degraded ; and here I learnt that there are many pages in the volume of slavery, and that every branch of it proceeds from *one* and the same root, though it assumes different shapes. These poor creatures are in as virtual bondage to their landlords and superiors as is possible for mind or body to be. They cannot work unless they bid them ; they cannot eat unless they feed them ; and they cannot get away unless they help them.

From Belmullet, Rosport was my destiny, a distance of twelve miles—a romantic place on the sea-coast, where resided three families of comparative comfort ; but their comforts were threatened most fearfully by the

dreadful scourge ; fever was everywhere, and hunger indeed had filled a grave-yard, which lay at the foot of a mountain, so full that scarcely any distinction could be seen of graves, but now and then a stick at the head or foot of one. By the road-side a family of four or five had made a temporary shelter, waiting for a son to die, whom they had brought some miles across the mountains, that he might be buried in a grave-yard where the dogs would not find him, as there was a wall about this. He died of consumption, and the family were fed while there, and then went away when they had buried their boy. The family of Samuel Bourne were the most comfortable, but they had a burden like an incubus, with the mass of starving creatures. Mr. Carey, the Coast Guard, was kind, and his wife and daughters patterns of industry and attention to the poor ; but with limited means, what could they do to stay the plague. Everything that could be eaten was sought out and devoured, and the most hazardous attempts were made to appease hunger by the people. This coast has some of the greatest objects of curiosity ; and so long have the inhabitants been accustomed to look at them, that they walk fearlessly upon the dangerous precipices, and even descend them to the sea, in search of eggs, which the sea-gulls deposit there, in the sides of the cliffs. Two women presumptuously descended one of these cliffs, not far from Mr. Carey's, in search of sloke, which is gathered from the sea. They, in their hunger, ventured to stop till the tide washed in and swept them away. Two men were dashed from a fearful height and dreadfully mangled ;—one was killed instantly—the other lingered a few weeks and died. They were both in search of eggs, to appease hunger. They seemed to face danger in a most deliberate manner, and go where none but the goat or eagle would venture. In this parish I found a specimen of that foolish pride and inability of a class of genteel Irish women, to do anything when difficulties present themselves. It was a young lady who lived back two miles upon the mountain, who belonged to one of the faded Irish “respectables ;” she was educated in the popular

genteel superficial style, and the family had some of them died, and all broken down : she, with her brother-in-law, from Dublin, was staying in a thatched cottage, which had yet the remains of taste and struggling gentility. Two of the peasant women had seen Mr. Bourne and me going that way, and by a shorter path they had hastened and given the Miss notice, so that when we entered the cottage was in trim, and she in due order to receive us. But that pitiful effort was to me *painful* to witness, having been told that she suffered hunger, and knew no possible way of escape, yet she assumed a magnanimity of spirit and complained not, only expressed much pity for the poor tenants on the land about her, and begged us if possible that we would send some relief. Her table was spread with the fashionable ornaments which adorn the drawing-rooms of the rich ; and she, with a light scarf hung carelessly about her shoulders, genteel in form and pretty in feature, was already looking from eyes that were putting on the famine stare. "What can be done with that helpless, proud, interesting girl," said Mr. Bourne, as we passed away, "she must die in all her pride, if some relief is not speedily found ! She cannot work, she would not go to the work-house, and there, upon that desolate mountain, she will probably pine away unheeded !" I have not heard what became of this pretty girl of the mountain since. "She was covered with the light of beauty, but her heart was the house of pride." Another interesting character, the antipodes of the mountain girl, resided in the family of Mr. Bourne. Nature had endowed her with good sense, education had enlarged her intellect, and travelling had given her that ease of manner and address that made her accessible to all, without stooping from that dignity which properly repels all uncourteous familiarity. She had passed through great reverses :—had been to India—there had a handsome legacy bequeathed—was shipwrecked and lost all ;—went to South and North America—her health was destroyed, but her heart subdued, and brought into sweet submission to Christ, and she resolved to spend the remainder of her days in doing good

to others, however humble their station might be. She had heard of this family, stationed on this desolate spot, who had interesting sons and daughters that wished for instruction. There she went, and determined to die and be buried there, secluded from the world. She had written her travels, but had placed her manuscripts in hands who were not to publish them till after her death. On that bleak coast she had found where a company of seventeen shipwrecked sailors had been buried, in a mound, and she had requested to lie near their resting-place. She took me to walk, and shewed me the forbidding looking spot. I could scarcely think her sincere, but she assured me that it was a lovely spot to her. She was then perhaps not yet fifty, and why she should think of soon dying and lying there I could not tell; but the intelligent and accomplished Miss Wilson died in a few months after, in the full hope of a happy immortality, and was buried with the shipwrecked sailors, on that rocky coast.

“She sleeps in unenvied repose, and I would not wake her.”

Here in a humble cabin the kind Miss Carey commenced a little school, to do what she could to keep alive the scattered lambs of that desolate parish, in order that she might give them, through some relief society, a little food once a day, and teach them to read. Her cabin was soon filled, and without the promise of any reward she laboured on, happy to see the avidity with which these poor children received instruction, and for a year she continued her labour of love with but little remuneration, and at last, with much regret, was obliged to return them to their mountain home—perhaps to perish. It was affecting everywhere in the famine, to witness the pale emaciated children, walking barefoot for miles to school, and study and work till three o'clock, for the scanty meal of stirabout, or piece of bread. Dr. Edgar had established an industrial school among the tenantry of Samuel Bourne, but when I visited it no other instruction had been given but knitting and sewing. It was at Samuel Bourne's that I met with James Tuke, whose

faithful researches and candid recitals of the state of Erris and Connaught *have* lived and *will* live, in spite of all opposition. I rode with him from Rosport to Ballina, and many a poor suffering one received not only a kind word, but a shilling or half-crown, as we passed along. His friendship for Ireland overlooked all accidental discrepancies in that misjudged people, and from effects he went to causes, and placed the defects at the door of the lawful owner. My stay in the pretty town of Ballina was a short one, and again I reached the dismal Belmullet. Drinking and its sad concomitants were everywhere manifest; not among the "vulgar lower order," but the "*respectable*" class. The sad fate of a protestant curate, who was in the asylum, is well known, as well as that of the hotel keeper, who died shortly after my visit there.

A fresh curate had been stationed in Belmullet, and his prudent sober course indicated good. Three miles from the town lived a single lady, who went by the name of the Queen of Erris, on account of some clever doings in a court; and one sunny morning I took a walk to her dwelling near the sea. A sight which had never before fallen to my lot to witness, was here in progress. Two well-dressed men, mounted on fine horses, furnished with pistols, accompanied by a footman, passed, and turned into a miserable hamlet, and instantly all was in motion; every man, woman and child who had strength to walk was out. Soon I perceived the footman driving cows and sheep into the main road, while the armed gentry kept all opposition at bay, by showing that death was in their pistols if any showed resistance. It was a most affecting sight. Some were clasping their hands, dropping upon their knees, and earnestly imploring the good God to save them the last cow, calf, or sheep, for their hungry little ones; some were standing in mute despair, as they saw their only hope departing, while others followed in mournful procession, as the cattle and sheep were all gathered from every field in the parish, and congregated at the foot of a hill, where the brisk "drivers" had collected them, to take them in a flock to

the town. My visit to the Queen was postponed. I followed in that procession ; a long hill was before us, the sun was shining upon the clearest sky, and lighted up a company which illy contrasted with that of Jacob, when he went out to meet his angry brother Esau. The flocks and herds might be as beautiful ; but the warlike drivers, and ragged, hungry, imploring oppressed ones that followed, could hardly claim a standing with Jacob and his family. The hill was ascended, and the poor people halted and looking a sad adieu turned back ; and a few exclaimed, " We're lawst, not a ha'porth have the blackguards left to a divil of us," others spoke not, and a few were weeping. Death must now be their destiny.

All returned but one boy, whose age was about fourteen years ; he stood as if in a struggle of feeling, till the people had gone from his sight, and the " drivers" were descending the hill on the other side. Instantly he rushed between the " drivers" and flock, and before the mouth of these loaded pistols he ran among the cattle, screaming, and put the whole flock in confusion, running hither and thither, the astonished " drivers" threatening death. The boy heeding nothing but the *main point*, scattered and routed the whole flock ; the people heard the noise and ran, the " drivers" whether in astonishment, or whether willing to show lenity, (let their own hearts judge,) rode away, the inhabitants exulted, and the flock were soon in the enclosures of the owners. But that noble-minded heroic boy was the wonder ; facing danger alone, and saving for a whole parish what a whole parish had not dared to attempt ? His name should never be forgotten, and a pension for life is his due.

A letter is here inserted, which will show *faintly* the manner of distributing donations, and the habits of the people.

" *Belmullet, October 30th, 1847.*

" MY DEAR SIR,—Please prepare yourself. I am about applying some of those "offensive points" in my character, which I so eminently possess ; and which may require not only your *true charity*, but untiring patience, to plod through. I have been riding and walking through desolate Erris, and in *worse*

than despair, if possible, have sat down, asking, *What am I to do? What can I do?*

“Every effort of the friends of Ireland is baffled by the demoralizing effects that feeding a starving peasantry without labour has produced. And now the sound again is echoing and re-echoing, that on the 1st of November, the boilers upon mountain and in glen would be foaming and splashing with Indian meal; while the various idlers shall have nothing to do but fight their way over necks of old women and starved children, missiles of policemen, elbows and fists of aspirants, to secure the lucky hodge-podge into can and noggin, pot and bucket; and trail over ditch and through bog, from a quarter-of-a-mile to five, as his hap may be; then to sit down in his mud-built cabin, sup and gulp down the boon, lie down upon his straw till the hour of nine or ten will again summon him to the next warlike encounter.

“Indeed, sir, your friend who was last here said he could think of nothing better, than to take up a turf cabin with its inmates and appurtenances, and set it down in England. I can outdo him in invention. I would take some half-dozen of your George Thompsons—if so many truly independent members you have—and would transport them through the waste lands of Erris, and seat them snugly around a boiler under full play. They should sit unobserved, and see the whole working of the machinery. The array of rags—each equipped with his canteen to hold his precious gift, should approach; the ghastly features, staring eyes, bony fingers, slender legs; in fact, ghosts and hobgoblins, hags and imps, should draw near, the fighting and tearing, tumbling and scratching should commence and go on, till the boiler was emptied, and these *fac similes* of fighting dogs, tigers, and wolves, had well cleared the premises. I then would invite them to a seat in Samuel Stock’s, Samuel Bourne’s, and James O’Donnell’s parlours. Then let them patiently watch from ten to twelve, from twelve to two, and perchance from two till four, and witness the intensity of action in making out lines, and diagrams, and figures, to show in plain black and white to government that Pat Flannagan, Samuel Murphy, Biddy Aigin, and Molly Sullivan, had each his and her pound of meal made into stirabout, on the 3rd of November, Anno Domini, 1847. And let it be understood that these Pat Flannagans, Aigins, and Murphys had only to spend the day in the terrific contests before described, to earn this pound of meal, and then betake themselves to mountains and dens, turf hovels, and mud hovels, to crawl in, and then and there ‘sup up’ this life-giving, life-inspiring stimulus. They should further be told that these Stocks, Bournes, O’Donnells, &c. had the privilege of handing over these nightly made out documents to officers, paid from six to ten, from ten to twenty

shillings per day, that they might have the promise of a six months' nightly campaign, should papers be found to be true and legible, as aforetime.

"This is but a short preface to the story ; my heart sickens at looking over the utter wasting of all that was once cheerful, interesting, and kind in these peasantry. Hunger and idleness have left them a prey to every immorality ; and if they do not soon practice every vice attendant on such a state of things, it will be because they have not the power. Many are now maniacs, some desperate, and some idiots. Human nature is coming forth in every deformity that she can put on, while in the flesh ; and should I stay in Ireland six months longer, I shall not be astonished at seeing any deeds of wickedness performed, even by those who one year ago might apparently have been as free from guilt as any among us. I have not been able yet, with all my republican training, to lose the old school principle of man's *total lost state*. I have never yet seen him without the restraints of custom or religion anything but a demon in embryo, if not in full maturity ; doing not only what he can, but sighing and longing to do more. The flood-gates in Ireland are certainly set open, and the torrent has already made fearful ravages.

"From Clare and Tipperary what do we hear ? One post after another runs to tell that not only deeds of darkness are done, but deeds of daylight desperation, sufficient to startle the firmest. What Moses shall stand up to plead with God ? What Phineas shall rush in to stay the plague ? Where are your men of moral, yes, of spiritual might ? You have them ; then bring *them out* ! I look across that narrow channel. I see the graves of martyrs. I see the graves of men whose daring minds stood forth in all the majesty of greatness, to speak for truth and justice ; and though they may long since have taken flight, where are their mantles ? Where is your George Thompson ? He who shook the United States from Maine to Georgia, in pleading long and loud for the down-trodden black man ? *Can he not, will he not* lift his voice for poor Ireland ? She who stands shivering, sinking on the Isthmus, between two worlds, apparently not fit for either. Will he not reach forth a kindly hand, and try to snatch this once interesting and lovely, though now forlorn and forsaken creature, from her fearful position ? *Must she, shall she die ?* Will proud England lose so bright a gem as Ireland might have been in her crown. Will she lose her ; when the distaff, and the spade, the plough and the fishing net, might again make her mountains and her valleys rejoice ?—When the song of the husbandman and the laugh of the milkmaid, might make her green isle the home of thousands, who are now sinking and dying in wasting despair.

"Do you say she is intriguing—she is indolent and treach-

erous? Try her once more; put instruments of working warfare into her hands; hold up the soul-stirring stimulus of remuneration to her; give her no time for meditating plunder and bloodshed; give her no inducement to be reckless of a life that exists only to suffer. Feed her not in idleness, nor taunt her with her nakedness and poverty, till her wasted palsied limbs have been washed and clothed—till her empty stomach has been filled, and filled too with food of her own earning, when she shall have strength to do it. Give her a little spot, on the loved isle she can call her own, where she can 'sit under her own vine and fig-tree, and none to make her afraid,' and force her not to flee to a distant clime to purchase that bread that would be sweeter on her own native soil. Do you say you cannot feed and pay four millions of these your subjects? Then call on your transatlantic sister to give you food for them. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; and though she has a right to say she will not send Ireland food to keep them strong in idleness, she has no right to say she will not send them food to give them strength for labour. She has not a heart to say it; foul as her hands may be with slavery, yet she will feed the hungry with a cheerful hand. If she has not done her duty there is room for repentance, yes, *effectual* repentance. Her fields, the past season, have been waving with rich corn, and her storehouses are filling with the golden harvest. You have given her gold in profusion, for the produce of her soil. The blast of the potatoe has been to her the blossoming and ripening of her pastures—her waving fields of pulse and corn. The husbandman has been stimulated to plough up fresh lands, so that he might fill his granaries abundantly with the rich harvest, because free trade has opened your ports, and you will demand more of his corn; and why should he not send over a few sheaves, as a thank offering to God, for all this bounty. America will do it if required; but an inquiry has come across the ocean! Is it right to feed a country, to encourage idleness—will not the evil be much greater than the good? Answer, you who are statesmen—you who are christians; answer, you who can. Look at the peasantry of Ireland three years ago and look at them now! Even their enemies must acknowledge that they are a tractable race, to have developed so much intrigue and cunning under the training of the last two years. Shall I scold, shall I preach, shall I entreat any more? What is woman's legislating amid the din of so many wise magicians, soothsayers, and astrologers, as have set up for Ireland the last two years. Prophets and priests have so far failed; but certainly there must be a true chord to strike *somewhere*; for what is now wrong, when traced to its source, may disclose the hidden cause of the evil, and put the willing investigator into a position to work an amendment.

“ You sir, who knows Erris, tell, if you can, how the landlords can support the poor by taxation, to give them food, when the few resident landlords are nothing, and worse than nothing, for they are paupers in the full sense of the word. What can Samuel Bourne, James O'Donnell, and such like men do in their present position? If they have done wrong, and do it no more, the torrent is so strong that they cannot withstand it. I must, and will plead, though I plead in vain, that something may be done to give them work. I have just received a letter from the curate of Bingham's Town, saying that he could set all his poor parish, both the women and children, to work and find a market for their knitting and cloth, if he could command a few pounds to purchase the materials. He is young and indefatigable, kind-hearted and poor, and no proselyte. Mrs. Stock has done well in her industrial department. The Hon. William Butler has purchased cloth of her, for a coat to wear himself, which the poor women spun, and gave a good price for it.

“ I pray you sir, if this malignant letter do not terrify you, write and say what must be done.

“ A. NICHOLSON.”

A week had I been watching a passage to the Sound, and November 9th, 1847, at six o'clock on Monday morning, I stepped into a filthy looking boat, with filthy looking men jabbering Irish, and sat down on a pile of wet straw, for the rain and sea were still pouring and splashing upon us; and there soaked and drenched, amid rain, wave and tempest I sat till nearly sunset, when the storm ceased, the clouds made an opening for the sun, the air became sultry, and the sea like a molten looking-glass. “ How long have you sailed this boat around this fearful coast?” the captain was asked. “ Twelve years, and not an accident has once happened to me.” The boatmen were obliged to row us in with oars, for not a motion was upon the sea, nor a breeze in the air. Strange and sudden change!

The poor fishermen at the Sound had loosened their boats from the fastenings, and gone out with their nets upon the calm waters.

My wet clothes were not adjusted, when in awful majesty the Almighty seemed riding upon the whirlwind and storm; the rushing of the tempest lashed the affrighted sea to a fury, the waves in fearful roar dashed over the lofty pier, the blackened clouds were tossing

and rolling like a scroll together, and the earth seemed moved as if at the coming of Christ. I actually sat down in a window that overlooked the Sound, and waited in glad suspense the approach of that cloud which should bear the chariot wheels of the Saviour to judgment; slates were hurled from the roof—windows were broken—doors burst open, and the confused crash so astonished all that none attempted to speak. So black were the clouds, that night scarcely was perceived, and had the “graves opened,” and the “sea given up her dead,” the living would not have known it, for the breath of the Almighty had not kindled the grand conflagration; till past midnight the wind and the sea kept up the sublime roaring.

But where were the poor fishermen and the captain who had never met an accident? He was wrecked. The morning dawned, the sun looked out upon a molten sea again, whose placid face seemed to say, “I am satisfied.” But the stillness of the sea was soon broken by the wail of widows and orphans who were lamenting in loud cries the loss of those they loved. Nineteen of these fishermen, the “stoutest and best,” said Mr. Savage, are swallowed in the deep. Honest and industrious, they had stood waiting in fearful suspense, in hunger, and looking in despair upon the tumultuous waves that morning, saying, “If the good God don’t still the storm, we’re all destrawed.” He *had* stilled it, and nineteen were lost. Three among the hapless crew struggled with the fearful tempest, and reached the shore, crawled up the cliffs, and were found upon the mountains dead, on the way to their cabins.

On the 28th of November, a fisherman’s widow called in, who had been twenty miles, to “prove,” as she said, her husband, who had been washed ashore, and buried without a coffin; she bought a white coffin and took it to the spot with her own hands, she dug him from his grave, and “proved” him by a leather button she had sewed upon some part of his clothes.

December 3rd.—Another night of darkness and terrible storm. The lightning threw a blue lustre upon

every thing,—the affrighted daughters turned pale,—the mother sat in a dark corner, now and then giving a stifled groan,—shrinking before the voice of Jehovah when he thundered in the heavens. The next morning while the tempest still was high, a sorrowing old mother and young wife had come, bearing on a cart the body of the son who was drowned on the 9th. The white coffin besmeared with tar stood upon the pier; the mother, wife, and sisters were beside it, mingling their loud lamentations with the storm. “He was as fine a young lad as ever put the oar across the curragh, and had the larnin’ intirely,” said the old mother.

The scenes on this coast that dreadful winter, are scenes of awful remembrance, and one bright spot alone cheered the sadness. It had been the practice for the mother and daughters to assemble in a retired room in the evening for reading the scriptures and prayer. One evening a daughter of the family came from the kitchen with the strange glad message, that one of the labouring men had requested that the lady should, (“if it wouldn’t be too much,”) come down to the kitchen and read to them there. Joyfully we all went, and found there a company of more than twenty, all quietly seated on forms; the kitchen in the best order, and a bright fire upon the hearth. They all rose as we entered, and one said, “We wouldn’t be bold, lady, but may be ye wouldn’t refuse to raid a little to us.” Testaments were procured—candles lighted—and these simple-hearted rustics in their turn read with us, making comments as we passed, till the scene from the interesting became affecting. We prayed together, and when we rose from our knees, one said, “We never haired so much of the good Christ before.” They all thanked me, and gave me hearty blessings, and said good night, calling after me, and “may the good God give ye the long life, and happy death.” Every night, when it was possible to do so, the kitchen was put in order, and a messenger sent to ask if the lady was ready. I saw one of these men twenty miles from there, standing by his cart, when he spake (for I did not know him,) “God save ye, lady, we’re lonesome without

ye entirely, we don't have the raidin', and maybe ye'll come again."

I passed the Christmas and New Year's-day in Achill, in the colony of Mr. Nangle, and to the honour of the inhabitants would say, they did not send me to Molly Vesey's to lodge; but more than one family offered to entertain me. Mr. Nangle I heard preach again, and as he figured considerably in the first volume of my work, it may be said here that he refused any reconciliation, did not speak though a good opportunity presented; and when he was expostulated with by a superintendent of his schools, who informed him that I had visited numbers of them, and put clothes upon some of the most destitute, he coolly replied, "If she can do any good I am glad of it."

He had eleven schools scattered through that region, reading the scriptures, and learning Irish; but all through these parts might be seen the fallacy of distributing a little over a great surface. The scanty allowance given to children once a day, and much of this *bad* food, kept them in lingering want, and many died at last. So with workmen. Mr. Nangle had many men working in his bogs, near Mr. Savage, and so scantily were they paid—sometimes but three-pence and three-pence-halfpenny a day—that some at least would have died, but for the charity of Mrs. Savage. These men had families to feed, and must work till Saturday, then go nine miles into the colony to procure the Indian meal for the five days' work. This he truly called giving his men "*employ*."

Another sad evil prevalent in nearly all the relief-shops *was*, *damaged* Indian meal. And here without any personality, leaving the application where it belongs, having a knowledge of the nature of this article, it is placed on record, that the unground corn that was sent from America, and bought by the Government of England, and carried round the coast and then ground in the mills, which did not take off the hull, much of it having been damaged on the water, became wholly unfit for use, and was a most dangerous article for

any stomach. Many of the shops I found where this material was foaming and sputtering in kettles over the fire, as if a handful of soda had been flung in, and sending forth an odour really unpleasant; and when any expostulation was made, the answer was "They're quite glad to get it," or, "We use such as is put into our hands—the government must see to *that*." Such meal, a good American farmer would not give to his swine unless for physic, and when the half-starved poor, who had been kept all their life on potatoes, took this *sour, mouldy, harsh* food, dysentery must be the result. One of the Dublin Relief Committee stated, that the government had kindly offered to save them the trouble of carriage by taking the American donations, as they arrived, and giving them an equivalent of that which was already on the coast, which they had purchased: this equivalent was the corn above-mentioned, and the American donations were in the best possible order, and the *very* article to which the poor were entitled.

Let the policemen speak if they *will* speak, and testify, if many an injured ton of meal have not been flung into the sea in the night, from ports in Ireland, which was sent for the poor, and by *neglect* spoiled, while the objects for whom it was intended died without relief. The *novel prudence* too, which prevailed nearly everywhere, *was* keeping the provisions for *next* week while the people were dying *this*, lest they should come short of funds to buy more, or that no more would be given them.

The author of the *Irish Crisis*, January, 1848, gives a clear statement of many things relating to Grants, Public Works, and many other valuable statistics, and upon the whole it presents a fair picture for future generations to read of the nice management and kindly feelings of all parties; and "that among upwards of 2000 local officers to whom advances were made under this act, here is not one to which, so far as Government is informed, any suspicion of embezzlement attaches." It further states that the fasts set apart in London were kept with great solemnity, and that never in that city

was there a winter of so little gaiety. But he has not told posterity, and probably he did not *know*, that the winters of 1847 and 1848 in Dublin were winters of much hilarity among the gentry. The latter season particularly, seemed to be a kind of jubilee for "songs and dances." The Queen appointed fasts on both these winters, the people went to church, and said they had "all gone astray like lost sheep, and there was no soundness in them," and some who heard believed that this was all true; but it may be scrupled whether many priests "wept between the porch and the altar," or that many Jeremiahs eyes ran down with water, for the slain of the daughters of the people." That the people of England felt more deeply, and acted more *consistently* than did the people of Ireland, cannot be disputed. Ireland *felt* when her peace was disturbed and her ease molested, and she cried loudly for help in this "God's famine," as she impiously called it; but ate her good dinners and drank her good wine, as long as she could find means to do so—famine or no famine; her landlords strained for the last penny of rent, and sent their tenants houseless into the storm when they could pay no longer.

This, her sirs, her lords, and her esquires did. "No suspicion of embezzlement attached!" when a company of more than 2000 were entrusted with money at *discretion*, they must indeed have been a *rare lump* of honesty if some few glasses of wine had not been taken out of it, to drink the Queen's health on their days of festivals, or a pound now and then to pay off some vexatious debt, &c. And who shall tell Government of *that*? shall the United Fraternity themselves do it?—shall the poor, who are powerless and unheeded, tell it; or shall "Common Fame," that random talking tell-tale, fly through the kingdom, and declare that Mr. —, "head and ears in debt," suddenly came out "clear as a horn" that Mr. Somebody was fitting up his house, and where did he get his money? and that the cattle and horses of Farmer G—— were getting fat and thriving astonishingly, &c.

It was my fortune to be placed in a position among all classes, acting isolated as I did, to see the inner court of some of these temples—(not of the Committees), with these my business ended when at Dublin. But I had boxes of clothing, and am obliged to acknowledge what common report says here, that the people of the higher classes in general shewed a meanness bordering on dishonesty. When they saw a goodly garment they not only appeared to covet, but they actually bantered, as though in a shop of second-hand articles, to get it as cheap as possible; and *most*, if not *all* of such, would have taken these articles without any equivalent, though they knew they were the property of the poor. Instead of saying "These garments are not fit for the cabin people, I will pay the full worth and let them have something that will do them good," they managed most adroitly to secure them for the smallest amount. These were people too who were not in want. The poor were shamefully defrauded, where they had no redress and none to lift the voice in their favour. Among the *suffering* it was not so; whenever I visited a neighbourhood or school, and clothed a naked child, or assisted a destitute family, those who were not relieved, never, in my presence or hearing, manifested the least jealousy, but on the contrary, blessed God that He had sent relief to any one. This so affected me, in schools where I went, that a garment for a naked child was not presented in the school-room; I could not well endure the ghastly smile of approbation that some child sitting near would give, who was nearly as destitute as the one that had been clothed. In one of Mr. Nangle's schools the teacher was requested to select the children most in want, and let me know, that I need not go into the room with new garments for a part, to the exclusion of others. These little suffering ones had not yet learnt to covet or envy—always oppressed, they bowed their necks patiently to the yoke.

CHAPTER XIX.

“There is no god, the oppressors say,
To mete us out chastisement.”

POOR-HOUSES, TURNIPS, AND BLACK BREAD.

THESE splendid monuments of Ireland's poverty number no less than 130, and some contain a thousand, and some two thousand, and in cases of emergency they can heap a few hundreds more. Before the famine they were many of them quite interesting objects for a stranger to visit, generally kept clean, not crowded, and the food sufficient. But when famine advanced, when funds decreased, when the doors were besieged by imploring applicants, who wanted a place to die, that they might be buried in a coffin, they were little else than charnel houses, while the living shivering skeletons that squatted upon the floors, or stood with arms folded against the wall, half-clad, with hair uncombed, hands and face unwashed, added a horror if not *terror* to the sight. Westport Union had long been celebrated for its management, its want of comfort, in fire, food, lodging, and room; but *stay and die*, or *go out and die*, was the choice. Making suitable allowances for a rainy day—the house undergoing some changes when I visited it—there then appeared little capital left for comfort, had the day been *sunny*, and the house without any unusual upturnings. The “yaller Indian,” here, was the dreadful thing that they told me, “swells us and takes the life of us;” and as it was there cooked, it may be scrupled whether any officer in the establishment would select it for his food, though he assured the inmates “he could eat it, and it was quite good enough for a king.” These officers and guardians, many of them, were men who had lived in ease, never accustomed to industry or self-denial, having the poor as vassals under them; and when the potatoe blight took away all means of getting rent, what with

the increased taxations and the drainings by a troop of beggars at the door, they found themselves approaching a difficult crisis, and to prop up every tottering wall new expedients must be tried. Many of them sought posts of office under government, and were placed in the work-houses to superintend funds and food ; and it will not be slander to say, that the ears of government have *not been* so fortunate with regard to the "slip-shod" honesty of *some* of these gentry, as in the 2000 which the writer of the *Crisis* mentions.

When the poor complained, they were told that funds were low, and stinted allowances must be dealt out. Nor did the mischief end *here* ; in proportion as the houses were crowded *within*, so were the purses drained *without* ; and beside, in proportion to the purloining of funds, so was the stinting of food and the extra drains upon the struggling tradesman and farmer. An observer, who had no interest in the nation but philanthropy, going over Ireland, after travelling many a weary mile over bog and waste, where nothing but a scattering hamlet of loose stone, mud, or turf greets him, when he suddenly turns some corner, or ascends some hill, and sees in the distance, upon a pleasant elevation, a building of vast dimensions, tasteful in architecture, surrounded with walls, like the castle or mansion of some lord, if he knew not Ireland's history, must suppose that some chief held his proud dominion over the surrounding country, and that his power must be so absolute that life and death hung on his lip ; and should he enter the gate, and find about its walls a company of ragged and tattered beings of all ages, from the man of grey hairs to the lad in his teens, sitting upon the ground, breaking stones with "might and main," and piling them in heaps—should he proceed to a contiguous yard, if the day be not rainy, and find some hundreds of the "weaker vessel," standing in groups or squatting upon their heels, with naked arms and feet—should he go over the long halls, and in some enclosure find a group of pale sickly-looking children cowering about a vast iron guard, to keep the scanty fire

that might be struggling for life in the grate from doing harm—should he stop at the dinner hour, and see these hundreds, yes, thousands, marching in file to the tables, where was spread the yellow “stirabout,” in tins and pans, measured and meted by ounces and pounds, suited to age and condition—and should he tarry till twilight drew her curtain, and see, in due order, these men, women, and children led to their stalls for the night, where are pallets of straw, in long rooms (they are sorted and ranged according to sex) to lie down together, with neither light of the sun, moon, or candle, till the morning dawn, and call them again to their gruel or stirabout, to resume afresh the routine of the preceding day—would not this uninformed stranger find all his opinions confirmed, that this must be the property of a monarch, who has gathered these heterogeneous non-descripts from the pirates, highway robbers, and pick-pockets of his subjects, and had enclosed them here, awaiting the “fit out,” for transportation!

But listen! This honest inquirer is aroused by being kindly informed that this *great mammoth establishment*, with all its complicated paraphernalia of *boilers, soup-pots, tins, pans, stools, forms, tables, and pallets*, together with heavy-paid overseers, officers, matrons, and cooks, are all the work of *christian benevolence!* and that the building itself cost more than would a comfortable cottage and plot of ground sufficient to give each of the families here enclosed a good support. And further, so unbounded is the owner's benevolence, that over the Green Isle are scattered *one hundred and twenty-nine more like palaces!* rearing their proud turrets to the skies, furnished within with like apparatus, for tens of thousands, so that every Paddy, from Donegal to Kerry, and from Wicklow to Mayo, may here find a stool, a tin of stirabout, and pallet, on the simple condition of oathing that he owns not either “hide or hoof,” screed or scrawl, mattock or spade, pot or churn, duck-pond, manure-heap, or potato-plot, on the ground that reared him, and simply put his seal to this by pulling the roof from his *own* cabin. Should the inquirer be at a loss to conjecture

how, when, and where this wide-spread philanthropy had a beginning, he is cited back to the good old days of Elizabeth and James, when the zealous christian plunderer, Cromwell, prepared the way to parcel out the island, and entail it for ever to a happy few, who found a race of people who would dig their ditches, build their walls, lay out their parks and ponds, for a penny or two a-day, and above *all*, could be made patiently to feed on a single root, and live in mud cabins, or by the side of a rock, or burrow in sandbanks, who would "go at their command, and come at their bidding;" and beside, for the unleashed patch of ground, where they grew the root on which they subsisted, they paid such a rent as enabled the masters of the soil to live and fare sumptuously at home, to hunt the hare and deer over mountain and glen, with lady, dog and gun, or to travel in distant lands. With all these appliances, they had lived on, sending care to the winds, till, from generation to generation, they found these "hewers of wood and drawers of water" had become so multifarious that, like Pharaoh's frogs, they encompassed the whole land, covering bog and ditch, crying, "GIVE, GIVE," till dinned and harassed with the undying clamour, they were moved to provide food and shelter in palaces of stone and mortar, where all care of food, raiment, and lodging is at an end, and they have only to eat when they are *fed*, lie down when *bidden*, rise and put on their clothes when the morning gives them *light*, and once a-week say their prayers in the church or chapel, as their conscience dictated, without leaving the proud roof where they are fed and housed!

These palaces certainly in this respect stand pre-eminent over every other portion of the earth, and tell the true story of Ireland's strange management more than volumes of essays would do. To pauperize men, women, and children, in sight of, and walking over a rich uncultivated soil, as is Ireland, and shut them up, with no other crimes than that of *compulsory* poverty, where they are fed, clothed, and lodged at the governor's option, enclosed with bolts and bars, like felons, with no more freedom than state prisoners have, is certainly a strange

comment on liberty, a strange comment on the family relationship, which prohibits all intercourse between parents and children, except a few hasty moments one day in seven. The workhouses in Ireland are many of them well managed on the principles as they are *established*; but, as an overseer in one of the best conducted ones said, "I have been here many years, and have seen the workings and effects of a poor-house, and can only say—the *best that can be said of them*—they are prisons under a different name, calculated to produce a principle of idleness, and to degrade, never to elevate, to deaden in the human heart that rational self-respect which *individual* support generates, and which should be kept up; and may *I never be doomed to die in a poor-house.*"

Nor is this all. The unreclaimed bogs and waste hunting grounds *tell*, that in no country are poor-houses such an anomaly as in Ireland; and the Irishman who is willing to work, and is employed there, has no moral right to be either grateful or satisfied that he has exchanged even a *mud cabin* of liberty to a palace walled and locked, where his food is measured and doled, where his family are strangers to him, and all the social interchanges of life are taken from him wholly. Though a man may be "a man for a' that," yet he cannot feel himself *one*; nor does he seldom, if *ever*, regain that standard of manly independence which belongs to man, whatever his future lot may be.

TURNIPS.

As turnips made a prominent feature in the absence of their predecessors, the potatoes, during the famine, they should not be overlooked in the annals of that history. They were to the starving ones supposed to be a "God-send," and were eaten with great avidity, both cooked and raw. Many of the cabiners could get but little fire, and they cooked only the tops, while the bottoms were taken raw; those who had no shelter to cook under could not well eat the tops, though they often tried to do so. It has been ascertained, that turnips contain but from ten to fifteen parts of nutriment to a

hundred parts, thence the quantity necessary to nourish the body must require bulk to a great amount. This root, when boiled, has ever been considered as safe a vegetable for the invalid as any in the vocabulary of esculents; and even the fevered invalid, when prohibited all other vegetables, has been allowed to partake of this not because of its nutrition, but because of the absence of it, not having sufficient to injure the weakest body. When it was found that turnips could be so easily grown, and that no blast had as yet injured them, they were hailed with great joy by the peasants and by the people. But the starving ones soon found they were unsatisfactory, for when they had eaten much more in bulk than of the potatoe they were still craving, and the result was, where for weeks they lived wholly on them, their stomachs were so swollen, especially children's, that it was a pitiable sight to see them. No one thought it was the turnip: but I found in every place on the coast where they were fed on them the same results, and as far as I could ascertain, such died in a few weeks, and the rational conclusion must be, that a single root, so innutritious and so watery as the white turnips are, cannot sustain a healthy state of the system, nor life itself for any considerable time. When going through the Barony of Erris, the appearance of these turnip-eaters became quite a dread. Invariably the same results appeared wherever used, and they became more to be dreaded, as it was feared the farmer would make them a substitute for the potatoe, and the ingenious landlord would find a happy expedient for his purse, if his tenants could live on the turnip as well as the potatoe. Like cattle these poor creatures seemed to be driven from one herb and root to another, using nettles, turnip-tops, chickweed, in their turn, and dying at last on these miserable substitutes. Many a child sitting in a muddy cabin has been interrogated, what she or he had to eat, "nothing but the turnip ma'am," sometimes the "turnip-top;" and being asked when this was procured, sometimes the answer would be "yesterday, lady," or, "when we can get it, ma'am."

BLACK BREAD.

We turn from the turnip and see what virtue there is in black *bread*; and my only regret is, that my powers of description are so faint, that I cannot describe one-half of what might be told of that novel article used for many a month in the county of Mayo. The relief officers there were under government pay, and as they asserted, under government orders; but it is much to be doubted whether the government, had they been served with a loaf of that bread, would have ordered it for either man or beast. The first that greeted my wondering eyes was in a poor village between Achill and Newport, where, while stopping to feed the horse, a company of children who had been to school, and received a few ounces of this daily, came in and had the boon in their hands. The woman of the house reached a piece to me, asking if I ever saw the like. Indeed, I never had and never tasted the like. Supposing it must have been accidental, that no other of the kind had ever been made, I said, "This is not bread that the children *usually* eat." She answered, "they have had it for some weeks." It was sour, black, and of the consistency of liver; but thinking that the baker had been mostly in fault, this bread did not leave such an impression on my eyes or mind as what was seen for weeks afterwards.

A few days from this, a gentleman where I stopped brought into the room one of these *genuine* loaves of the true coin of "*black bread*." "Here," said he, "is the reward of a day's labour of a poor man, who has been sitting on the ground this cold day to break stones." Not one present could, have told what it was till taking it in the hand, and then indeed it was quite doubtful whether men would provide such a material to reward a labouring man for a day's work; but it *was indeed* so. The man who had come into possession of this boon was one among many, some who had walked three, four and even five miles, and had laboured through a cold day in March without eating, and this bread weighed a pound. *But the material and colour!* The material could not

but by a chemist have been analysed, but the colour was precisely that of dry turf, so much so that when a piece was placed upon a table by the side of a bit of turf, no *eye* could detect the difference, and it was very difficult to do so when taking it in hand. The next day, calling on a gentleman of respectability and a friend to his country, he inquired if in my excursions I had met with the "*bread*" that the relief officers were giving the poor, adding, "I will procure you a piece." He then sent to the shop where it was kept and bought a loaf—it was common unbolted flour-bread, of a middling quality. He sent it back; they denied having or selling any other kind to the poor, or ever having done so. "Go," said the gentleman, "into the school where the bread is distributed, and then the facts will be palpable." I went. A school of 140 or 150 girls were in waiting for this bread, which had been sent for to the shop. It came, was cut in slices, and having been baked that morning, the effluvia was fresh, and though standing at the extremity of a long room, with the street door open, the nausea became so offensive that after taking a slice for a pattern, and having ascertained from the teacher that this was the daily bread which she had been cutting for weeks, I hastened home with the prize, placed the bread upon paper where good air could reach it; the disagreeable smell gradually subsided, but the bread retained all its appearance for weeks, never becoming sour, but small spots of a greenish colour like mould here and there dotted upon it. These spots were not abundant: the remainder appeared precisely like turf-mould, and was *judged* to be so.

Where these relief officers made out this article was not satisfactorily explained—"they did as they were bidden."—Report said, that some twenty-nine years before, the government had deposited in that region some continental material for bread, which had become damaged, and *then* could not be sold. But twenty-nine years it had withstood the ravages of rats, mice, and vermin, and had now "come out" an eatable commodity for charity. And here it was scattered daily through mountain and

glen ; and for this equivalent the poor man must give up his land, take off the roof of his cabin with his own hand—for, as the government has not required this, the driver, like a *slave one*, ever faithful to his master's interest and master's good name, tells the starving cabiner if he will not ascend the roof of his hut and unthatch it, and tumble down the stones with his own hand, that he shall neither have the pound of meal, or "black bread." Then this driver screens himself behind the flimsy covering that the cabiner did it with his own hands, and the landlord gravely tells you that it was done without his orders, and probably without his knowledge. Slave-owners do *precisely in the same way*. They employ a *faithful* driver, pay him *bountifully*, and his duty is to get the most work done in the *least* time, and in the *best* way. If a delinquent be flogged to death, the owner is always from home or somehow engaged—entirely ignorant of the matter. But *mark!* however often these cruelties may be repeated, the driver maintains his post and his salary. Are the public to be so duped in either case, that the slaveholder and landlord are not *satisfied* with this flogging and this pulling down of houses? *Why, then, are they ever repeated?*

The age of black bread and pulling down houses certainly has fallen peculiarly under the reign of the Queen and her agent John Russell ; yet it might be wholly unjust to impute *either* to their orders, or even consent. "The black bread" was a cheap substitute for good flour or meal ; and if meddlesome people had staid at home, minding their own concerns, who would ever have thought of complaining about *bread*? The poor starving ones had reached that point that they would swallow anything in the shape of food that could have been swallowed, without uttering a murmur.

A few pieces of this bread were put in a letter, directed to a friend in London, that the Committee there, acting for the poor in Ireland, might have a sight. The letter was carried to the postmaster, and an explanation given him of the precious gift contained in it, and the object of so doing, &c. ; that it was to let the people of England

see if they acknowledged this article as a provision of theirs for the poor. The letter never reached its destination ; the postmaster was interrogated by the writer ; he affirmed that he had seen no such letter, nor heard *one word* about it ; when lo ! this forgetful postmaster was one of the said relief officers who managed the "black bread !" "Whoso readeth let him understand."

Whether the poor lived or whether they died on this bread, or by this bread, I do not pretend to say, *only* that death was doing its work by hunger, fever, and dysentery continually.

CHAPTER XX.

"Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and vine :
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine."

NEWPORT and its vicinity presented a variety of exciting scenes : here in this pretty town, families of tolerable comfort declined step by step, till many who would have outlived the common changes of life could not maintain their standing in this hour of trial. A former rector, by the name of Wilson, died in the summer of 1847, leaving a widow and four children on a pretty spot, where they had resided for years, and gathered the comforts of life about them. Here I was invited to spend a few weeks, and would with gratitude record the many favours shewn me there ; and with deep sorrow would add, that I saw step by step all taken for taxes and rent ; every thing that had life out of doors, that could be sold at auction, was sold ; then every thing of furniture, till beds and tables left the little cottage, and the mother was put in jail, and is now looking through its grates, while her children are struggling for bread. Sir Richard O'Donnell is the landlord in possession of most of the land there, and his "driver," like others akin to him, does strange things to

the tenants, quite *unknown* to the landlord, who has been called humane.

But this fearless "driver" throws, or causes to be thrown down, cabin after cabin, and sometimes whole villages, of which it is said the landlord was entirely ignorant, but the pitiless storm heeded not *that*, and the poor starved exiles pleading that the cabin might be left a little longer, have no pity, their pot and even the cloak, which is the peasant woman's *all* by night and by day, has often been torn from her emaciated limbs, and sold at auction. Perhaps in no instance does the oppression of the poor, and the sighing of the needy come before the mind so vividly, as when going over the places made desolate by the famine, to see the tumbled cabins, with the poor hapless inmates, who had for years sat around their turf fire, and ate their potatoe together, now lingering and oftentimes wailing in despair, their ragged barefooted little ones clinging about them, one on the back of the weeping mother, and the father looking in silent despair, while a part of them are scraping among the rubbish to gather some little relic of mutual attachment—(for the poor, reader, have their tender remembrances)—then, in a flock, take their solitary, their pathless way to seek some rock or ditch, to encamp supperless for the night, without either a covering for the head or the feet, with not the remnant of a blanket to spread over them in the ditch, where they must crawl. Are these solitary cases? Happy would it be were it so; but village upon village, and company after company have I seen; and one magistrate who was travelling informed me that at nightfall the preceding day, he found a company who had gathered a few sticks and fastened them into the ditch, and spread over what miserable rags they could collect, (for the rain was fast pouring;) and under these more than two hundred men, women, and children, were to crawl for the night. He alighted from his car, and counted more than two hundred; they had all that day been driven out, and not *one* pound of any kind of food was in the whole encampment!

When I went over desolate Erris, and saw the demo-

lished cabins belonging to J. Walshe, I begged to know if all had died from that hamlet—" *Worse* than died," was the answer ; for if they are alive, they are in sand banks on the bleak sea-shore, or crowded into some miserable cabin for a night or two, waiting for death ; they are lingering out the last hours of suffering. Oh ! ye poor, ye miserable oppressors ! what will ye do, when the day of God's wrath shall come ? Have ye ever thought what " rock and mountain " ye can call upon to screen your naked heads, who would not here give the poor and hungry a shelter ? When " the elements shall melt with fervent heat ; " then shall the blaze of these ruins scorch and scathe you ; yea, *burn* you up, if you do not *now* make haste to repent. Ye lords, when the Lord of *lords*, and God of *gods*, shall gird on his sword ; then shall these poor be a swift witness against you. The widow and the fatherless ye have delighted to oppress, because they could not resist you, and yet you *dare* to call yourselves by the name of Him, whose mission was mercy, and who marks diligently the ways of him who delights in unjust gain, and is deaf to the cries of the widow and fatherless. Often, when looking at these wandering exiles, woful as is their case, yet my heart has said how much *more* woful is the case of him who drove you into the storm. Well might James say, " Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl ; " and well did Christ pray—" Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Contrasted with these were a few of better stamp, whose hearts had not become entirely seared by the love of gain. Mr. Pounding and his wife, who died by their excessive labours among the poor ; he was rector in Westport, and his money and time were faithfully employed in *saving*, and not destroying the poor. His name is now in sweet remembrance by those whom he succoured in their time of need. It was pleasant too, to see the labourers, whom Sir Richard employed in the cultivation of flax in the summer and autumn of 1847. Among the thousands which were happily at work, were many women, and their cheerful responses testified how

they prized the boon to be *allowed* to labour, when they could earn but a few pence a-day. This work ended, and with it many of the poor were left hopeless, and probably before another spring opened they were sent out into the storm, by the "driver" of this same Sir, who saw them work so willingly.

Mr. Gildea too, had a fine establishment for spinning and weaving. Here are employed about 700, mostly women, spinning and hand-skutching, and their earnings were 3s. and 3s. 6d. per week. The yarn was spun by hand, and the weaving by a spring shuttle. The table-linen and sheeting would compete with any manufactory in any country. Yet this valuable establishment was doing its last work for want of encouragement—want of funds; and machinery is doing the work faster and selling cheaper, though the material is not so durable. What can the poor labourer do; willing to work at any price, and begging to do so, yet cannot be allowed the privilege. Mr. Gildea kept a number employed, and employed to a good purpose, many of whom may at last starve for food.

The state of the famine *here* might be illustrated by a few facts which came under my observation.

The chapel bell tolled one morning early, when a respectable young woman was brought into the yard for interment. No bells tolled for the starving, they must have the "burial of an ass," or none at all. A young lad improved this opportunity while the gate was open, and carried in, a large sack on his back, which contained two brothers, one seventeen, the other a little boy, who had died by starvation. In one corner he dug, with his own emaciated feeble hands, a grave, and put them in, uncoffined, and covered them, while the clods were falling upon the coffin of the *respectable* young woman. I never witnessed a more stirring striking contrast between civilized and savage life—christianity and heathenism—wealth and poverty, than in this instance; it said so much for the *mockery* of death, with all its trappings and ceremonies—the *mockery* of pompous funerals, and their black retinue. This poor boy unheeded had staid in the dark cabin with those dead brothers, not even getting

admittance into the gate, till some *respectable* one should want a burial ; then he might follow this procession at a suitable distance, with two dead brothers upon his back, and put them in with his own hands, with none to compassionate him !

A cabin was seen closed one day a little out of the town, when a man had the curiosity to open it, and in a dark corner he found a family of the father, mother, and two children, lying in close compact. The father was considerably decomposed ; the mother, it appeared, had died last, and probably fastened the door, which was always the custom when all hope was extinguished, to get into the darkest corner and die, where passers-by could not see them. Such *family* scenes were quite common, and the cabin was generally pulled down upon them for a grave. The man called, begging me to look in. *I did not*, and *could not* endure, as the famine progressed, such sights, as well as at the first, they were too *real*, and these realities became a dread. In all my former walks over the island, by day or night, no shrinking or fear of danger ever retarded in the least my progress ; but now, the horror of meeting living walking ghosts, or stumbling upon the dead in my path at night, inclined me to keep within when necessity did not call. The entire face of the country was changed, for though poverty always was brooding her dismal wings over that island, yet *now* she had sharpened her teeth, and in many parts desperation was driving the people to deeds which had long slept, or which never before had been transacted. A class of persons, driven to madness by idleness and hunger, were prowling at night through some parts of the country, calling themselves "Molly Maguires." These go from house to house, in disguise, demanding money, and if denied, they card the refuser till the skin becomes lacerated ; this scratching is performed sometimes with a card and sometimes with the whin-bush, which is full of small thorns, but these thorns, when applied to the skin, take leave of the bush, and remain there, so that the sufferer must often continue days before he can rid himself of these troublesome comrades. Many of these

marauders have been apprehended, yet the practice did not cease, because they were encouraged by the country people, who had cattle in the pounds which had been seized for taxes, and these expert gentry, for a small reward, liberated and restored the animals to the original owners. A good supper of the best bread, butter, milk, and fowls, which the farmer could supply, ended the evening's jollity. White-boys, Peep-o'-day boys, Lady Clares, and Molly Maguires, are hereditary entailments, having existed ever since parcelling out the land so unjustly, as a reward of plunder, was done to a few. Uncultivated as the mind of the Irish peasantry may be it is not *inactive*—the pool is not stagnant—life of *some* kind will sparkle up; and truly, if ever oppression was justifiable in making wise men “mad,” it is in Ireland. When the cup is full it will flow over;—and the saying, that Ireland “*must* have a rebellion every forty or fifty years,” has a law of nature for its foundation. The *grand* river that supplies the mighty “Niagara,” flows quietly on for many a mile, till it reaches a certain point, when it takes a rapidity, gathering force as it proceeds, till it meets the fearful precipice down which it has roared and tumbled for ages, and down which it *will* roar and tumble till *nature* herself shall be dissolved.

The so-called “Rebellion” of 1848, which sadly sealed the fate of Mitchell and O'Brien, was *precisely* this law. They had *waited* and *suffered*, *suffered* and *waited*, till they reached the awful chasm—the famine. They had seen it swallow its thousands, and they saw and *felt* that this chasm *might* have been closed; they looked on, they agitated, till their philanthropic love of country and deep sense of justice rushed into a temporary *madness*, *rashness*, and an *insanity* which hurled them headlong into their present abyss. The Tipperary men, who congregated on that hill, with their flocks and herds, gave a rational reply to the priest, who exhorted them to disperse, *rational*—for uncultivated barbarians, as their enemies call them.

The priest pointed them to the absurdity, the *rashness*, of rising against so formidable an enemy as England and

her soldiers stationed in the country. "Better suffer than fight, and fight for *nothing, too*." They added, "It isn't the likes of us, yer riverence, that looks for the right, or the Repale, but the long winter of the famine will be on us, and we shall die with the hunger; the blackguard taxes will take all the cattle, and we took 'em here, plaise yer riverence, to ate, and let the soldiers shoot us, and that will be the quick death for us; better than the long hunger, yer riverence—better than the hunger." Now, that was certainly, for "*barbarians*," quite a *civilized*, if not *philosophical* answer, and quite in keeping with Irish coolness in difficulty and danger. It was something like a company from a district in the south of Ireland, in the time of the first winter of the famine. They had given up all hope of life, and consulted to go in company to the poor-house, and die there, that they might be buried in coffins. Such a haggard array of misery had never been seen before in *one body*, and the soldiers were ordered to be on the spot at the workhouse to keep all in safety. These despairing creatures paused before the red coats and guns, and implored them to shoot them down, and end their long misery at once. This was no false bravado. They were sincere, and not one among them, it is believed, would have shrunk in face of that death.

This rebellion, it should be told, was not that ungrateful affair as has been represented. It was not agitated, or scarcely *known*, among the thousands who had been charitably fed in the famine. It originated among the higher classes of well-fed politicians, who were too *enlightened* not to know the causes of their country's sufferings, and too *humane* to look on with indifference. They were seconded by a lower class of men, who had not as yet felt the whole force of the famine in their own stomachs, but knew it must speedily come upon them. "Give us death by the bullet," they said, "and not the starvation." All this should be taken into consideration; and beside, this rebellion had nothing to do with the *sectarian* spirit of the country. Protestants were at the head of it, and many of the catholics chimed in, but the priests, as a body, stood aloof, and expostulated with

their people to do the same. The O'Connells were loud against it, in word and action ; and had the catholics as a body united their forces, Ireland would have been one vast field of blood.

CROY LODGE AND BALLINA.

Through the romantic snow-topped mountains of Doughill, a son of Mrs. Wilson conducted me on her car to Ballycroy, or Croy Lodge, the cottage on a most wild coast, where Maxwell wrote his "Wild Sports of the West." We wound among mountains of the most lofty kind, and hanging over the sea, reflecting their snowy sides from its molten surface, with a bright morning sun shining upon them, they were strangely beautiful. The panorama was exceedingly interesting, and the more so that the peasants appeared better fed than any I had met in the county. The relief-officers *here* might be more attentive, seeing that this destitute spot so enclosed could yield no possible relief.

Stopping to feed the pony, a woman entered, whom we had passed an hour before, with a little girl peeping out from under a cloak upon her back. She told us she had been at Mulrone the day before, in hopes of getting a little meal, and was disappointed ; it was not the day that the relief was given out. They were penniless, and had not eaten since the day before, and the walk was nine miles. Having in my reticule a sweet biscuit, it was given to the pretty and clean hungry child. She took it, and gave me a "God bless ye, lady," but could not be prevailed to eat it ; she wrapped it in her pinafore most carefully, looked up to her mother, and smiled, but would not break it. "How is this ?" I asked the mother ; "she cannot be hungry." "She is indeed hungry, but she never saw such a thing before, and she cannot think of parting with it, hungry as she *must* be. Such self-denial in a child was quite beyond my comprehension, but so inured are these people to want, that their endurance and self-control are almost beyond belief. Giving her a piece of bread, she ate it with the greatest zest—she had seen *bread* before.

We took her upon the car, and for three miles she rode under my cloak, with her biscuit snugly wrapped in her apron, holding it most carefully between her hands; and when we set her down at the turn of the road and I saw her little bare feet running away, and heard her last word of "bless ye lady," with the precious treasure safely secured, I prayed the Saviour that He would take that little lamb of his flock, and shelter her in his bosom from the bleak winds of adversity, that are so keenly blowing and withering the cheek of many a fair blossom in that stricken country. Some days after the mother found me, and said the biscuit was still preserved, "to remember the nice lady." How little does it take to make such poor happy! The country was bleak and barren, and a cordial welcome to Croy Lodge after dark was a pleasant salutation. Here, shut in from wind and cold by a bright turf fire, clean cloth, and good dinner, had there been none starving without, the evening would have been a pleasant one. Ballacroy *had* suffered much, but it was not *Belmullet*. That ghastly look and frightful stare had not eaten out all the appearance of life and hope which many manifested. A visit to the national school gave not a very favourable impression of the state of the children; nearly a hundred pale-faced and bare-footed little ones were crowded into a cold room, squatting upon their feet, cowering closely together, waiting for ten ounces of bread, which was all their support, but now and then a straggling turnip-top. The teacher, with a salary of £12. a year, could not be expected to be of the *nicer* sort, nor of the highest attainments in education. The improvement of the children would not in some time fit them for a class in college.

From this university I went to a hunting lodge kept by Mr. Wilson, accompanied by the kind teacher, who insisted that a watch dog, kept by the gentleman for the purpose of guarding the premises, would "ate me" if I went alone. Assuring him that the dogs in Ireland had always treated me with great urbanity, and that I feared no harm, he would not allow it; the "blackguard," he added, "will rend ye;" and he kindly conducted me to

the door. The dog growled ; speaking kindly to him, he led me through the hall, and when I was seated, dog like, he put his amicable nose upon my lap. The master approvingly said, "That dog, madam, is very cross and even dangerous to any ragged person or beggar that approaches the premises ; but when one decently clothed enters, he welcomes them as he has done you." So much for the training of dogs, and their aptness in acquiring the spirit of their masters.

Never before, in Ireland, had so good an opportunity been presented me of becoming acquainted with the trade of a real sportsman, its *merits* and *demerits*, as now ; and knowing that the occupation had been in the country quite a *celebrated* one, I hoped here to learn its *real* advantages.

Mr. Wilson was keeping the lodge for Mr. Vernon, of Clontarf Castle, near Dublin, to hunt and fowl as he best could. "I am dying," he said, "with rheumatic pains, brought on by wading through the bogs in pursuit of the hare and wild fowl." He had a noble company of dogs, terriers and pointers, and was surrounded with all the respectable insignia of a hunter of olden time. "It is a frivolous employment," he observed, "and I have long been sick of gaming." The room was hung round with all sorts of game which is taken by these gentry ; and his little daughter of four years of age brought me a book containing pictures of hares, foxes, fowls, and dogs, and quite scientifically explained the manner of taking them, the tact of the scenters, and the duty of pointers, so that I was initiated into the first principles of this fashionable trade ; she could read intelligibly, and when I committed an error in the pronunciation or understanding of the manœuvres of leaping ditches and following dogs, she set me right, wondering at my dulness, and sometimes rebuking it. This child had superior talents, and had the mother who cultivated them the spirit of Timothy's mother and grandmother, she might and would be capable of much use in her age. Her father said she had a great taste for the tactics of hunting and fowling, and had acquired her knowledge

of reading so young by the fondness of studying the pictures and spelling out the names of the game. Perverted knowledge ! and when carried to the extent that some who call themselves *ladies* in Ireland have done and practised with that zest that many have manifested, it becomes a romantic mania, quite in keeping with the mountain squaw of the American forest, whose undaunted prowess and athletic exercises give her a manliness of look and manner which would not disgrace a Spartan.

An opportunity of improving upon the lessons my young teacher had given me, afterwards offered itself in the person of a lady, whose talents at this pursuit had been cultivated to a high extent. She would on a cold morning jump upon her favourite hunting-horse, caparisoned in true hunter's style, her ready attendants, hounds, pointers, and terriers in advance or pursuit, and gallop at full speed, till some scenter should get upon the track of game ; then hedge and ditch, valley and hill were scarcely heeded. The sure-footed horse knew his duty, and no circuitous route was taken if a hedge intervened, a hedge was leaped, or broken through, if bog or slough sunk him mid-deep, her cap and feather were soon seen tossing "high and dry," above all mire and danger, pursuing still faster as excitement grew warmer, till the lucky dogs gave signal that the object was secured ; then the delight, the ecstasy, of seeing the palpitating victim in its agonies, in the power of her faithful pets ; and thus the live-long day the sport continued. At night she returned, with the dogs, game, and companion of her chase, which was sometimes her father, who had delighted from her childhood to cultivate this fondness in his daughter, sometimes it might be a brother, and sometimes a generous party would compose the company. But the coming home, the sit down for the recital of the pleasures of the day, if the victim were a hare, *this* was a valuable equivalent, the manner of its flight, its narrow escapes, its terror, was so interesting, yes, *delightful* to witness, when the dogs were close upon it, and then the dying, all would

be minutely described, the dogs would be gathered and caressed, each by his pet name. A good dinner around the family table was served to each, and two or three of the largest always slept in a bed with some members of the family. The most exquisite tenderness was manifested lest the dear creatures should suffer cold or hunger. Yet, this tender-hearted Miss, who could not suffer an unkind word to fall upon the ear of her favourite pointer, would go into raptures of delight at the agonies of the timid hare. Her features had seemed to acquire a sharpness, her expression a wildness, her skin a brownness, and her whole appearance was like a true hunter, living and enjoying the constant pursuit.

There is a kind of enchantment, a witchery, hung round an open air exercise like this, which the more practised the more loved, till all that tends to elevate the mind, and cultivate the best principles of the heart are effaced ; and it is quite doubtful whether the subject of this false pursuit ever *can* become truly and *substantially* a valuable member of society.

But Croy Lodge must not be forgotten. In and around it upon the exciting sea-shore, was much that would have given delight, had all been as plentiful about every hearth and table as was around the one I was sitting. The first Sabbath after my arrival, a written invitation from an officer of the coast-guard was sent us to attend Church service across the strand in his watchhouse. An open boat conducted the family and myself to the thatched station-house, where in tasteful array were arranged officers, and all the instruments for killing, hanging in glistening order upon the walls, while in the midst of this embryo battle-field, the young curate from Belmullet read his prayers and sermon in a most becoming manner ; and we returned in company with Mr. Hamilton, the coast-guard officer, who closed the evening by reading and prayer. A Sabbath of singular mixture—boating, prayers, and warlike paraphernalia, all in the same breath ; by ministers, officers, and hunters, all believing and practising these different professions. Religion is strangely stirred up in Ireland, it makes a kind

of hodge-podge in every thing, and is marked with little or no distinction in *any* thing.

Monday, a visit to Doona across the strand, introduced me to some curiosities. The tide was ebbing, and for a quarter of a mile before reaching the castle we were to visit, we saw stumps of large trees, which centuries ago must have been a rich grove, though not a tree at present is any where on the coast, and the sea now occupies the entire lawn, where these once stood. The family residing near the castle are of respectable lineage, by the name of Daly, and in true Irish ancient style set before us meat, bread, and potatoes, the last the greatest compliment that could be paid a guest. The castle, Maxwell says, was built by Granaule; but not so, its whole structure is so different, its walls so much thicker than any in the days of Grana's reign, that its date must have been centuries before. Its history has an incident which will render it a lasting name.

Not a century ago, the christening of a farmer's child was in progress one night in a house near—the waiting boy was sent to get a fresh supply of turf—he dropped his torch of bogwood among the dry heap, which was piled in the castle, which so heated the walls, that they cracked and tumbled, and in their fall set fire to a multitude of casks of contraband spirits. The explosion so frightened the jolly inmates, that they fled in dreadful terror from the burning ruins, and they now stand as that night's festival left them, giving the solitary advantage of showing the thickness of the walls, and the curious construction of a building, whose true origin has not certainly been defined. Once, it was a spot of proud grandeur; now a heap of desolation marks the whole for many a mile, where gardens and groves once were planted.

Wednesday morning, at five, I took a car for Bangor, met the mail coach, and went through a cold dreary country for twenty miles, to Crossmolina. A little cultivation and a few trees tell the traveller that the town is near. Six miles further we reached the hospitable house of Peter Kelly, mentioned in these pages—and surely no

character is better deserved than is his, for that excellent trait ; and the kindness I received under his roof, never can be forgotten. Such families should live in the records of history, as pleasant *mementos* for the grateful, and *examples* for the parsimonious, that if such *can* be taught they may have the benefit of using hospitality without grudging. The cheerful sacrifices made in the house, that I might not only stay, but be made comfortable, was so in contrast with the pinching and squeezing which often is met in families of the "would-be-thought hospitable," that surely it might be said, that he descended from a generous stock, as *instinct* not cultivation seemed entirely the spring of action in him.

The remembrance of Ballina is "sweet and pleasant to the soul." That "Codnach of gentle flood," the sweet river Moyne, that flows quietly and richly through the green meadows there, must leave pleasant associations in the minds of all lovers of nature who have wandered upon its banks. Though it was in the dark days of the famine, in the dreary month of February, that I entered Ballina, yet everything looked as if men and women of good taste and good feeling dwelt there. It was here that the indefatigable Kincaid laboured and died, in the year 1847. His simple tablet hangs in the church where he preached ; but he needed no marble monument, for his name will be held in everlasting remembrance. "He was eyes to the blind, and the cause that he knew not he sought out." Free from sectarianism, he relieved all in his power, and spoke kindly to the bowed down ; he wiped the tear from the eye of the widow and fatherless, and brought joy and gladness into the abodes of those who were "forgotten by their neighbours." He had a co-worker in his labours of love, who died a little before the famine, in the person of Captain Short. He had been a naval officer ; but by the grace of God had become a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and devoted his time, talents, and wealth, to the cause of God and his fellow-creatures. In their lives, these two, like Jonathan and David, were united ; and in their deaths they were not long divided. Mr. Kincaid, who

was but thirty-five, left a widow, and son and daughter. The widow is worthy to bear his name. She too, like him, is found among the poor, promoting their temporal and spiritual good in every possible way. In her are united *much* that makes woman appear in that dignified light, that tells for what she is intended, and what she might be, if kept from the trammels of a false education, and early brought into the covenant of grace.

I met the widow of Captain Short in the wilds of Erris, and her name and remembrance were pleasant to my heart. In her house in Ballina I passed happy hours. She entered feelingly into my object in visiting Ireland, and it is but just to say, that though not one pound was then at my command to give in charity, yet had thousands been in my possession to bestow, I could not have wished more kindness than was manifested to me then. Their courtesy seemed to be of the genuine kind flowing from the heart. The town has a population of 10,000 inhabitants, Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Roman Catholics; the latter claiming the majority. The ladies here were much interested for the poor; a society for spinning and knitting was in operation, and the eagerness of the women to procure work was affectingly manifested on the day of meeting, when crowds would be in waiting in the hall, some falling upon their knees, begging for spinning to be given them, when the most that spinners could earn would be eight-pence a week. Those who prepared the flax by hacheling could earn from eighteen-pence to two shillings a week. So far have manufactures cheapened this sort of work, that the ladies who give it lose at that low price. The distress of Ballina was increasing, the poor-law system is impoverishing all the middle classes, who must become paupers, if not beggars, unless their taxes are reduced. No complaint was made in this place of the partiality or neglect of relieving officers, all seemed to bless the hand that fed them; and however rebellious the Connaught people may be, no indications were here given of insurrection.

The Baptist minister, who is a missionary, stationed there, with his praiseworthy wife and children, has been an instrument of doing much good. Without being a proselyter, he had gathered a church counting nearly a hundred, chiefly from the Romish population; his humble chapel stands open, the seats free; and passers-by often step in from curiosity, and stay from inclination, till their hearts become impressed with the truth, and they are finally led to unite in building up a church which they once supposed was heresy. The character of this missionary may be told in the few words which a lady of the protestant church uttered, in answer to—"Who is the most active labourer in town among the poor?" "Mr. Hamilton does the *most good* with the *least* noise, of any man among us."

A respectable banking-house is established in the town, at the head of which is an Englishman; his active wife is an Irish lady. They are friends to Ireland, and not blind to the causes of its evils.

It has been remarked, that most of the English who reside in Ireland become quite attached to both country and people, prejudices being blunted by nearer acquaintance. The six weeks of pleasant acquaintance there cultivated, must be exchanged for different scenes. This old seat of kings, with its raths, stones of memorial, green meadows, gentle flowing Moyne, and abbeys, but above all the people, courteous in manner and kind in action, must be left for ever.

The last day of February, 1848, will be remembered as one that took me reluctantly away from a town and people peculiarly endeared to my heart. I was not coldly hurried away to a coach alone, leaving the family in bed who had taken their farewell the evening before; Miss O'Dowda, Miss Fox, and two little daughters of Peter Kelly accompanied me, and as the high-mettled horse galloped and hurried us away, I looked a sad and tearful adieu. The sun was bright, the meadows on the banks of the Moyne were green, and the ride full of interest. The same sun was shining, the same river flowing—but where were the proud kings with their shields of gold

and warlike bearing that once held their sway over this pretty landscape? *Dead, dead!* some moss-covered stone in a crumbling castle or abbey tells their demise, and the children of the mountains heedlessly trample on the monument. *The children*, yes, the *children* of Ireland, cling to my heart beyond and *over* all else, and when fond remembrance turns to Ballina, the courteous, well-disciplined, affectionate children of Peter Kelly, sometimes make me regret that I ever had seen them, *because* I shall see them no more. The Irish, both in high life and low, are a pattern to all christian nations in the early training of their children. No visitor has cause to dread the clamour in a house, or the confusion and breaking up of all that is comfortable and quiet at table in an Irish family. They are not *first* at table—*first* and *best* served—monopolizing all attention to their own pampered palates—selecting the most palatable food, &c., but seldom are they present with guests, and if so, their demeanour in most cases is an honour to the governess and mother who has disciplined them. We soon found ourselves on the borders of the celebrated Ponton Lakes; but who shall describe them? “Why,” said one in Ballina, “among all the tourists who have visited Ireland, have none more particularly described these lakes, and the whole scenery?” For this plain reason, description must here fail. There is so much in such varied confusion and beauty, that nothing is particularly marked; the eye is lost in the view as a whole. Before the famine, I was whirled one cold day over the one-arched bridge by a surly coachman, who in answer to my inquiries of the picturesque scenery, said “That it was a divil of a starved rocky place, and he was glad when he saw the end on’t.” The lakes on this sunny day had the finest opportunity to set off their transparency; and for miles they glistened, widening and narrowing, bordered by all manner of fantastic rocks and heath, till we reached the Ponton Bridge, which passes over a narrow neck, connecting the two lakes. These lakes are called Cullen and Coma. The current flows different ways in the course of the day, as Lough Cullen has no vent but to

discharge its overflowing waters into the larger lake. Lord Lucan has built an hotel, police barracks, and a few cottages, under the wooded rocks which overlook Lough Cullen; but all seem quite deserted under Cumer mountain, having only a care-taker to tell its pedigree. The rocks are thrown together upon one side, in masses, as if ready to fall asunder; some lying at the foot of cliffs, as if precipitated from them, and one of immense weight is poised upon a summit, by a small point, which to the passer-by appears as if jostling ready to fall; and we were told that a skein of silk could be drawn between the two rocks. We took the road from the lower lake to the left, and followed the tortuous ravine till we reached a small one-arched bridge, opposite which is a most picturesque barren island, covered with heath, and a black rock, which contrast beautifully with the blue water of the lake; the wooded hillocks, bordering the lakes with varied foot-paths, give the visitor all the advantages of pleasant views from their elevation upon the bold expanse, and the rocky shore upon the other side.

In its moss-covered rocks, and richly wooded hills, Ponton resembles Glengariffe, but it wants the curling smoke between the rocks, and the tree-tops, ascending from turf cabins, and here and there a flaxen-headed urchin upon the top of the thatch to make the whole picture. We wound along, meeting now and then a sudden peep, through trees, on the path which leads three miles farther to the once tasteful domain of Mr. Anderson, which afterwards I visited with Mrs. Bourke, and found the mansion desolate, the walks grown up with weeds; and all the ancient grandeur, which once was here displayed, reminds one of the old blasted fortunes of a hunter, who had exhausted his wine-casks, drunk the last health, and sounded the last horn over these broad lakes, and now tattered and slip-shod, was recounting his hunting valour in some shebeen house, where whiskey, pipes, and song enliven the present, and put out all light of the past. The declining sun warned my friends that they must return; leaving me

to walk, or sit upon a stone, while waiting for the coach that was to take me to Castlebar. I saw the last wave of the hands of the kind young ladies and flirting of the handkerchiefs of the little Kellys, as they whirled around the point which took me from their sight. It was not a mawkish sentimentality that made me feel like giving up the coming lonely hours to an indulgence of weeping. I was alone, in a land of strangers, amid famine, pestilence, and death, going I scarcely knew where, and could not expect to find another Ballina before me; and the last few weeks served to heighten the contrast of what had been suffered, and what must rationally be expected awaited me. The coach came, and shut me in, and no more was seen till Castlebar was reached. *Here* was a town that had tasted deeply the cup of woe; she had a splendid poor-house, and it lacked no inmates, yet the streets were filled with beggars. Many beautiful seats of respectable families are about the town, some in tolerable vigour, and some giving the last look upon former grandeur. Some interesting facts are recorded of this old assize town. Many trees have borne on their limbs the bodies of miserable culprits; and now the more genteel drop effects the same work in a different way.

March 14th.—Criminal cases were going forward now in court, and the attorneys, Dublin-like, had come prepared with wigs and gowns, for the first time, a practice heretofore not in vogue in Connaught. The ladies in Castlebar were curious to behold this novel sight, but custom had prohibited them hitherto from appearing in these places. Two prisoners were to be tried for murder; and wishing to know how Ireland, which has been somewhat celebrated for trials of this kind, managed such cases, in company with a young lady of the family, I went; we found a favourable position in the gallery, where we could see the court and prisoners. The case was this:—A publican had become offended with a neighbour, and determined to be revenged, by giving him a good beating. Not wishing to do it himself, he called in two men, gave them an abundance of whiskey, and for a few

shillings they agreed to do it *well*. The man was waylaid at nightfall, and the beating went on ; many joined in the affray, some to rescue, and some to assist. The man was killed. The evidence went to prove that *one* of the two gave a heavier blow, and *he* must have finished the work, consequently he was guilty. The attorney, Bourke, made a most able defence, and though a Roman catholic, he dwelt most solemnly on the last grand Assize, when *that* court, as well as the prisoners at the bar, must be judged by an impartial Judge, and condemned or acquitted, as their *real* state should be found. The judge was celebrated for clemency, and gave a plain impressive charge, that if the least doubt remained on their minds, they must lean to the side of mercy.

What must have been the conflicting emotions of the miserable men, when that jury retired. They both stood coolly, as is the peculiar habit of that impetuous hasty people, in face of danger or death ; and the jury soon returned with a verdict of guilty for one. "What a fallible tribunal is man ! How could the jury decide, in a riot like *that*, who was the murderer, and how could they decide that *either* intended murder ? It appeared a haphazard jump to get rid of the case. In the evening, I was in the company of three of the jury, and spoke of the responsibility of being a juror, where life and death are concerned. One most *exultingly* responded, that he liked the responsibility *well*, and should be glad to have it in his power to hang every murderer he could catch ; they deserved no mercy, and he would never show any." A second one confirmed it, and *all* manifested that lightness that was horrid for men who had just condemned a fellow-creature to the gallows. It is hoped that these jurymen were not a common specimen of the class in Ireland ; if so, life must hang more on the prejudices and retaliating propensities of a jury, than on the evidence or merits of the case. The poor man was reprieved, and transported for life. The inhabitants had strenuously exerted themselves in his behalf, knowing that the *publican* was the instigator, and *whiskey* the instrument, of the murders. This "good creature" certainly has some marks in his forehead that look like the "beast."

Patrick's-day was opened with a little apprehension on the part of the people throughout the country. "Conciliation Hall" had given an invitation to all parts, for the people to assemble that day, and send a *united* and earnest appeal to government for a redress of grievances and Repeal of the Union, holding up France as an encouragement for action. The deplorable state of the country, the loss of confidence in landlords, and the abatement of the influence of the priests, left something to fear, that when so many should be assembled, the irascible temper of the nation would be stirred up to dangerous acts. In Castlebar, the people collected had mass; the priest exhorted them to be quiet; and in the evening the principal houses were illuminated. Boys assembled, lit up a tar-barrel, drew it through the streets, shouting, "Hurra for the Republic," while men walked soberly on, *more* as if following a hearse than if stimulating their countrymen to deeds of valour, or rejoicing at conquest. The mirth of the land has *emphatically* ceased, the spirit is broken; every effort at conviviality appears as if making a last struggle for life. The shamrock was sprinkled here and there upon a hat, but, like its wearer, seemed drooping, as being conscious that its bloom was scathed and its beauty dying for ever. The deep disease in this body politic has never been thoroughly probed, and the evil lies where probably it has been least suspected. The habits of the higher classes for centuries have had little tendency to enlighten or moralize the lower order, and yet, when all is taken into consideration, drinking habits included, the scale must preponderate in favour of the latter.

Some respectable families in and about Castlebar were doing to their utmost for the poor. Mr. Stoney, the rector, was employing many of them, in spinning, but so isolated were these efforts, that little could be done to stay the plague. Two miles from Castlebar I spent a Sabbath in the family of the widow Fitzgerald, relict of a British Officer, who was an English lady from the Isle of Wight, much attached to Ireland. Though the mother of a numerous family, she draws, paints, and

plays on the piano, as in the days of her youth. Her spacious drawing-rooms are hung around with elegant specimens of her taste in painting; and then 73 years of age she appeared to have lost none of the vigour of intellect which she must have possessed in her youth. A son-in-law, a meek believer, the protestant curate of the parish, was residing with her, and the whole constituted a family of love and peace, and of the kindest feelings towards the poor.

An unexpected invitation to visit the parish of Partra, by the active catholic curate who resided there, was accepted. "You will find him," a protestant gentleman remarked, "an *active honourable* man among the poor, and one who has done much good." The country about him scarcely had a parallel, even in Skibbereen. Eleven miles from Castlebar opened a bright spot of taste—a glebe house and tidy new chapel, which this indefatigable curate had built, in spite of all poverty. In the chapel were a few half-dead children huddled upon the floor, some around the altar, with their writing books upon the steps for desks, without table or benches. These the curate had gathered among the starving, for the sake of the black bread, which kept them barely alive. The neighbourhood abounds in novelties, strange and romantic, but most of them must be passed over, to leave room for details of the people. This indefatigable man had caused a fever-shed to be erected, on a bog bordering upon the Lake of Musk, where pure air is circulating, and a snug cottage stands near, in which the matron who keeps the hospital resides. Thirty invalids were here, mostly sick from the effects of hunger, with swollen legs, many of them past all hope. Far away from any inhabitant, this hospital, cottage, and their inmates stood, struggling to keep up the dying flame of life, only to suffer fresh and hopeless troubles. Solitary as this region everywhere is, it was once celebrated ground. That day's excursion to me was full of strange scenes and strange anecdotes. Here stood the stone raised in memory of the death of John, the "priest killer;" *here* is the site of an ancient Abbey, but twelve feet wide; *here*, on the borders of the

lake, is an anvil belonging to a forge, which is of such weight that it has never been raised from the bed into which it has sunk, and where it is supposed to have lain for centuries. An iron-ore bed is near the spot, as useless as all materials for improvement are in Ireland.

This parish borders on the famous Joyce country, and is replete with interest, where in days of yore robbers and murderers sported at will. A noted robber, by the name of Mitchell, was taken in a house pointed out, now in a crumbling state, but then occupied by a landlord who entertained the mountain robber, and had even bargained away his daughter to this desperado. A handsome reward was offered for securing this fearful prowler, and the landlord, in spite of family relation or treaty, determined to make sure the prize. One night when Mitchell, overcome with a mountain excursion of plunder, had gone to sleep with his pistols near him, the landlord wetted the pans, went out and took in the magistrates to Mitchell's bed, who was still asleep, but soon awaked—seized his pistols—they refused to act. He was secured, bound, and finally executed.

On the route this day, among all the rarities, was the christening of an infant in a miserable dark cabin by this priest, which he assured me was the only birth he had known for months. May I never see the like again. The dark mud cabin—the straw on which the mother lay—the haggard countenances of the starving group—the wooden bowl of “holy water”—the plate of salt—the mummary of the priest, while he was putting the salt of grace to its lips, the blowing with his breath to infuse the regenerating spirit into the soul, were such a *trifling, fearful* combination of nonsense and profanity to *my* dark mind, that it was quite difficult to keep a usual degree of sobriety, but the priest escaped with no other lecture than an exclamation of *nonsense*, when we were out of the cabin. To do these poor priests justice, they have laboured *long* and *hard* since the famine, and have suffered intensely. They have the most trying difficulties to encounter, without any remuneration. In the *best* of times their stipulated sum is but ten pounds a

year, the remainder must be made up by "hook and by crook." Weddings and christenings formerly gave what the generosity of guests could bestow, which was always so small, that a protestant lady once, from pure benevolence, attended one of these cabin weddings in the poor parts of the country, and put four pounds into the plate as it was passed round. She said the priest was a peaceable citizen, very poor and very kind, and why should she not give *this*, which she could spare, and he needed. In the famine, night and day, their services were requisite, no fevers or loathsome dens, and even caves could exonerate them, they *must* go when called, and this without *any* remuneration. One day's excursion will better illustrate this fact, than general remarks *can*. I went to a spot on purpose to see for *myself*, and that day asked the priest to show me the most that he could of the realities of the famine, and soon I was gratified: the sight was too much, and in a few hours my way was made back in the rain over the fearful waste alone to the glebe-house. We were soon met by applicants of all description begging on their knees, clinging fast to the poor man, begging for God's sake that he would give them letters to the relieving officer for the pound of meal, asking advice *how* and *what* to do, when they had pulled down their cabins and had no shelter; the rain was falling, the roads bad, and the multitude so increased as we proceeded that it was very difficult to make our way. He told them, they must let *me* pass decently as a stranger, who had come out to see them through pity, and kindly added, "You know I would relieve you, but cannot." Not one impatient word ever escaped him through the whole, although their unreasonable importunities were dreadfully tormenting. I had heard so many relieving officers and distributors scold and threaten, and had struggled so hard myself to keep patient without always succeeding, that I inquired how he kept without scolding. His answer was—"Sure, as I can give them no money, I should give them kind words." Here were cabins torn down in heaps, and here were the poor wretched starving women and children crawling together

by the side of ditches, or in some cabin still standing, to get shelter from the rain, scattered too, over a wide extent of country. "What *shall I do?*" said the despairing priest; "let me die rather than witness daily such scenes as I cannot relieve." I left him to go farther into the mountains, where some of the dying had sent for him, and ascended a little eminence alone, and saw the smoke of the humble abode of the parish priest, by the name of Ward, and all without and within gave proof, that if he had lived for gain, he had *missed* the road thither. He was a simple-minded priest of the old school of Ireland, and had added no new-fangled notions of modern style, and welcomed me to his house like an old patriarch of four thousand years ago; the poor found in him a friend whose warm heart and open hand always were ready to give, so long as he had any thing to bestow. Thirteen hundred of his parishioners had died in Partra of the famine in twelve months, out of a population of six thousand. I returned home with benediction added to blessing upon my head, for having come to visit so poor and so neglected a people as his in those desolate mountains. The curate did not reach home till late in the evening drenched with rain; he had left without shelter a dying man, with his wife and daughter standing by, and giving them the last sixpence he had returned, for he could do nothing more. At the dawning of day the daughter stood at his window, saying her father was dead, and begged that he would go and do something to assist in putting him away from the dogs!

Thursday, April 13th.—A drive to Balinrobe presented a beautiful variety of scenery. Lake Carra is spread out, dotted with islands, and indented by peninsulas, with a long bridge across it, called Keel, inferior to none but Ponton, three miles from the glebe, and we were in sight of the tall steeple of the chapel, towering presumptuously for so unpopular a religion; for time *was* when the Romish church was not allowed steeples of any dimensions, and they now make no great pretensions in the steeple way.

The town of Balinrobe is somewhat picturesque, and was once the assize town of Mayo ; but the judges saw fit to remove it to Castlebar ; and report says, that some trifling complaint concerning bakers and cooks was the cause ; but the town still boasts a famous poor-house, well filled, a proud barrack, with a noble supply of the fighting gentry, placed there, as we are told, to make up for the removal of the assizes. A beautiful river bordered with trees, winds through the town, occasionally a pretty cottage peeping between them, with two ivy-covered ancient ruins, among tombstones and naked skulls, with inscriptions of such ancient date, that time had worn them so that they were almost entirely defaced.

An invitation to dine at Dr. Rafe's, introduced me to a lady, in Mrs. R., who might justly be classed among intellects and attainments of the highest order ; I had seen many well-bred ladies in Connaught, but not *one* who was better acquainted with books, and who could converse on something beyond *small* talk with greater facility and understanding than Mrs. R.

From Balinrobe, the famous Cong was visited, known as containing so many natural curiosities and ancient historical events. The abbey here is one of great interest, large, and designed with exquisite carvings, and beautiful arches of doors and windows. The niches are entirely filled with bones. Here is interred the famous Roderic O'Connor, among the neglected rubbish ; and priests and people in one confused mass, mingling their dust among peasants and beggars. But the beauty of Cong is, that ordained by nature ; the river, and green meadow, and hillock, where stands a most enchanting lodge, backed with wood, which is seen with great advantage from the top of a hill upon the opposite side, which every tourist should be mindful to ascend.

The lake, the town, the church standing in the walls of the old abbey, the river, lodge, and wood in front, a promontory of the brightest green ; and, as a finish, the pier, containing some of the choicest stones of the abbey carved with hieroglyphics, give to the whole picture a view beautiful and novel in the extreme. The "Horse

Discovery," is a chasm into which a horse plunged when ploughing. The chasm is now descended by artificial stone steps, and standing upon the bottom, the water is seen sparkling far back and murmuring at your feet in darkness. Spars are hanging from the roof, and the aperture above is fringed with vines and ivy, giving a sombre look to the whole.

The "Lady's Buttery," comes next ; this is a shelving rock, covered with grass and shrubbery, under which flows the river Al, somewhat rapidly, and is lost in the lake some quarter of a mile below.

The "Pigeon Hole" is the lion of Cong ; it is so called because pigeons are wont to make nests in the dome. This hole is descended by forty-two stone steps, quite steep, and at the bottom is the river that runs through the "Buttery," flowing most cheerfully here, and forming a little eddy in which fish are sporting. These caused great excitement among the troop that had followed us, a legend being told, that the fish in this pool had lived there ever since its discovery, without multiplying or decreasing ; these patriarchs consequently are of very ancient date ; and a young lad told us that one of these fathers had been caught, and put upon a gridiron to broil, but made his escape into the water, and has now the marks upon his ribs, so that from age to age he has been traced ; but he can never be caught, nor can any of his comrades be induced to nibble a bait. The fish had not been seen for a long time, and the company and curate were highly rejoiced that these black gentlemen should come out to salute us. The river after passing this eddy flows rapidly through a fearful cavern, arched over with black stones, many of which seem to have tumbled down, and lay piled along through the dark chamber ; an old woman, for many a year, had been the keeper of this cavern, and with a bundle of dried rushes lighted, she led the visitors on, showing a lofty ceiling of stone, cut in the most fantastical shapes. The fearful slippery passage, over slimy and uneven rocks tumbled and piled together, the music of the water hastening away to hide itself

under the earth again, the grand dome of black stone, and the graceful curtains of the ivy hanging and swinging at ease, all lighted up by the glaring torch, made an underground picture, sublime, terrific, and beautiful in the extreme. This profitable estate is now in possession of the granddaughter of the lately deceased inheritor; and the elasticity of the young damsel testified to her full confidence in her own powers, as well as hopes of a fortune in the end. The environs of Cong contain a quantity of black stone which is much used in building, covering the ground in layers, through the fields about the town.

A dinner was in waiting at Dr. Rafe's, and no one could have thought, when looking upon the table, that famine was raging without. On a beautiful site at Balinrobe, this indefatigable priest has leased a piece of thirty acres of land, at one shilling per acre, where he intends building a monastery for nuns and children of the poor. A curious stone stands upon the spot, and no manuscript has yet told its pedigree; but its lofty upright bearing says it is of noble origin.

The industry of this curate appears, if not *supernatural*, urged on by an irresistible impulse, almost unparalleled. Shall it be credited, that in thirteen weeks he converted a barren spot into a fine site for a chapel and glebe-house. After demolishing the old chapel, he built and finished them both in excellent taste. The wall, which surrounds a large handsome lawn before the house, is built of stone, which was quarried in *one* day, and the whole completed in three hours. The entire parish were invited to the chapel to hear mass at nine o'clock; then all were encouraged with having music and amusement to their hearts' content when the work should be finished. 800 assembled. The curate assigned a certain portion to be erected by so many, and thus confusion was prevented—the work went orderly on. And this three hours' labour completed a wall enclosing the chapel and glebe-house, fringed upon the top in front with a peculiar kind of stone from the lake, which is jagged, porous, and black, and when struck, gives a

sound like iron. The wall is whitewashed, the stones upon the top left black, adding an air of ornament to the whole. A young shrubbery is already looking up in the door yard, giving to the lately barren waste bog an appearance "like a young garden, fresh and green."

Those people, called Roman catholics, certainly must astonish the orthodox world by their untiring zeal for the good of their church in Ireland. With every thing to oppose they urge on their *way*; a government church forcing upon them restrictive laws very severe, and a labouring class of *real* paupers; with these drawbacks they build chapels, finish them well, and "through evil and through good report," nakedness and famine, they urge their way, erecting chapels in the midst almost of hecatombs of the slain! The curate was asked where he got money for all this; "Money was not wanted," was the answer. Seventy carts were in a train drawing the stone when cut from the quarry. The stone was *free*—labour was *free*—and every parishioner performed his part cheerfully. The little money that was required for the trimmings the bishop supplied. The coarse trite saying of John Bunyan's imprisonment may fitly be applied to the government church in Ireland. A writer remarks, that "the devil run himself out in his own shoes, when he put John Bunyan in jail."

The curate shall be dismissed after one more allusion to his ever awake zeal in all and every thing. The poor-house in Balinrobe did not exactly suit his notions of justice to the inmates. He called upon the guardians, and apprized them that a fearless scrutinizing friend to the poor, from the United States, was visiting all the "soup-shops" and "workhouses" in Ireland, and was "showing up" the dishonesty practised among them, by taking notes, which were printed for the information of government. Not suspecting that my name had gone before, in the innocence of my heart my way was made thither, and was happily disappointed at finding the house in such excellent order, officers and servants were all at their posts, and everything done to make the visit most agreeable, yet there was such an

appearance of affectation in the whole that thoughts did arise whether in reality all was so. The purloining of the public benefactions since the famine, has given so much cause for suspicion, that all whose hands are not thoroughly clean, shrink from observation.

The guardians of the poor in Ireland will have a sad account to render at the last, in many cases, it is greatly to be feared. Feeding the poor on two scanty meals of miserable food, when there are funds sufficient, has been the accusation which has proved too true in many parts, and has operated so powerfully upon the inmates, that when once out they have chosen death out-of-doors rather than going in again.

I found some few hungry men on my way putting a few potatoes in a field, and inquired why they should lose their potatoes and their time in this hopeless undertaking? The answer was "Plaise God we'll have the potatoe again." The "potatoe again," is the last wreck to which they are still clinging.

April 17th.—With a sister of Peter Kelly, I went to "Old Head," and was first introduced into one of the dreadful pauper schools, where ninety children received a piece of black bread once a-day. It was a sad sight, most of them were in a state of rags, barefooted, and squatted on the floor, waiting for a few ounces of bread, with but here and there a fragment of a book. The clean schoolmaster, on a cold day, was clad in a white vest and linen pantaloons, making the last effort to appear respectable, labouring for the remuneration of a penny a week from each family, if by chance the family could furnish it. These ninety all belonged to Mrs. Garvey's tenantry, and there were others looking on which had come in likewise, not belonging to her lands, who wishfully stood by, without receiving one morsel. I looked till my satiated eyes turned away at a pitiful sight like this. Neither the neat cottage, the old sea, nor my favourite Croagh Patrick, could give satisfaction in a wilderness of woe like this. When will these dreadful scenes find an end?

Nought but desolation and death reigned; and the

voice of nature, which was always so pleasant on the sea-coast, now, united with the whistling of the wind, seemed only to be howling in sad response to the moans and entreaties of the starving around me. The "holy well," where the inimitable drawing of the blind girl was taken, is near this place. In years gone by this well was a frequented spot, where invalids went to be healed. It is now surrounded by stone, covered with earth, and a path about gives the trodden impress of many a knee, where the postulant goes round seven times, repeating a "Paternoster" at every revolution, and drops a stone, which tells that the duty is performed. A hole is shewn in a stone, where the holy St. Patrick knelt till he wore the stone away. A poor peasant girl, in the simplicity of her heart, explained all the ceremonies of the devotees and virtues of the well, regretting that the priests had forbidden the practice now. A company soon entered the church-yard and set down a white coffin, waiting till the widow of the deceased should bring a spade to open the grave; and while the dirt was being taken away she sat down, leaning upon the coffin, setting up the Irish wail in the most pathetic manner; she, by snatches, rehearsed his good qualities, then burst into a gush of tears, then commenced in Irish, as the meagre English has no words to express the *height* of grief, madness, or joy. The ground was opened but a few inches when the coffin of another was touched. The grave-yards are everywhere filled so near the surface that dogs have access, and some parts of the body are often exposed.

A debate was now in progress respecting good works and the importance of being baptised into the true church. Mrs. G., who professed to be a papist, disputed the ground with them, till the contest became so sharp that I retired, for their darkness was painful; it seemed like the valley and shadow of death, temporally and spiritually.

The little town of Louisburgh, two miles from "Old Head," had suffered extremely. An active priest and faithful protestant curate were doing to their utmost to mitigate the suffering, which was like throwing dust in

the wind ; *lost, lost* for ever—the work of death goes on, and what is repaired to-day is broken down to-morrow. Many have fallen under their labours. The graves of the protestant curate and his wife were pointed out to me in the church-yard, who had fallen since the famine, in the excess of their labour ; and the present curate and his praiseworthy wife, unless they have supernatural strength, cannot long keep up the dreadful struggle. He employed as many labourers as he could pay, at four-pence a-day, and at four o'clock, these “lazy” ones would often be waiting at his gate to go to their work. He was one day found dining with the priest, and the thing was so novel, that I expressed a pleasant surprise, when he answered, “I have consulted no one’s opinion respecting the propriety of my doing so ; I found,” he added, “on coming here, this man a warm-hearted friend to the poor, doing all the good in his power, without any regard to party, and determined to treat him as a neighbour and friend, and have as yet seen no cause to regret it.” This same priest was not able to walk, having been sick, but he was conveyed in a carriage to Mrs. Garvey’s, and most courteously thanked me for coming into that miserable neighbourhood, and offered to provide some one, at his own expense, to convey me into the Killery mountains, to see the inimitable scenery, and the wretched inhabitants that dwell there. In company with the wife of the curate, and the physician, I went there. The morning was unusually sunny, but the horrors of that day were inferior to none ever witnessed. The road was rough, and we constantly were meeting pale, meagre-looking men, who were on their way from the mountains to break stones, and pile them mountain-high, for the paltry compensation of a pound of meal a-day ; these men had put all their seed into the ground, and if they gave up their cabins, they must leave the crop for the landlord to reap, while they must be in a poor-house or in the open air. This appeared to be the last bitter drug in Ireland’s cup of woe ! Why ? a poor man was asked, whom we met dragging sea-weed to put upon his potato field, “do you do this, when you tell us you expect to go into the poor-

house, and leave your crop to another?" "I put it on, hoping that God Almighty will send me the work to get a bit."

We met flocks of wretched children going to school for the "bit of bread," some crying with hunger, and some begging to get in without the penny which was required for their tuition. The poor little emaciated creatures went weeping away, one saying he had been "looking for the penny all day yesterday, and could not get it." The doctor who accompanied us returned to report to the priest the cruelty of the relieving-officer and teacher, but this neither frightened or softened these hard hearts. These people are shut in by mountains and the sea on one side, and roads passable only on foot by the other, having no bridges, and the paths entirely lost in some places among the stones. We left our carriage, and walked as we could; and though we met multitudes in the last stages of suffering, yet not one through that day asked charity, and in one case the common hospitality showed itself, by offering us milk when we asked for water. This day I saw enough, and my heart was sick—sick. The next morning, the protestant curate wished me to go early to the field, and see the willing labourers in his employ. He called one to the hedge, and asked if he had the potatoes in his pocket which he had gathered some days ago. The man took out a handful of small ones. "These," said the curate, (the tear starting to his eye) "is what this man found in spading up the ground here; and so little have his family to eat at home, that he has carried them in his pocket, till he can find some little spot where he may plant them, lest if he should leave them in the cabin, they would be eaten. This man had a family of four to support on the four-pence earned in that field."

One interesting and last excursion ended my painful visit in this romantic desolate region. The company were made up of Mrs. Garvey, a cousin of hers of the same name, a widow who possessed land in these vales and mountains for four miles, and her two sons. The distance was eight miles, the road narrow, winding,

rocky, and in some places entirely lost, excepting the foot-path of the shepherds. Our vehicle was a cart with a bed in it for the accommodation of the two ladies, who had never like me been jolted on this wise, and were now submitting to all this hardship for my amusement. With much fixing and re-fixing, ordering and re-ordering, bed, baskets of lunch, extra cloaks, and so on, all adjusted, we were "well under way" for these "Alps on Alps." We had not made more than two miles of this journey, when stones, brooks, and no road said "Ye can go no further." We did, by getting out and lifting the cart, and at length found ourselves in a flat vale with a pretty river flowing through it. Scattered here and there were the once comfortable cabins of the tenants of the last-named Mrs. G., now every cabin either deserted or suffering in silent hopelessness, and all the land lying waste.

The poor cabiners would meet us, and say to their landlady, "God bless ye, and once ye didn't see us so, but now we are all destrawed." "And how Mary or Bridget do you get on?—have you any meal?—and I am sorry that I couldn't send you more," &c., were the salutations of this kind landlady, who had not received one pound of rent since the famine. I thanked her most gratefully for the favour she bestowed on me, in keeping from my ears those heart-scathing words to the starving poor I had heard so much from landlords and relieving officers during the famine. "I could not upbraid them," she answered, "for until the famine, scarcely a pound of rent has been lost by them *all*; and my only sorrow is, that I can do nothing to keep them alive, and not lose them from the land." Four miles took us to the foot of a pile of "Alps," at the bottom of which was sleeping a sweet lake, cradling in its bosom a little green shrubby island, the habitation of wild fowl entirely. The precipitous rocky path made it impossible to use the cart, and our crushed clumsy feet were now put in requisition. Though our walk was a rugged one, yet we were not losers; for Ireland, above all other countries, probably should be visited in this way, having two superior

advantages—first, there is so much of the *romantic* reality to be seen everywhere, both in antiquities and nature ; and second, the courtesy of the peasants, which makes every rough place easy ; and if they have not milk to offer you, the purest water that ever sparkled in fountain or well is springing up everywhere to refresh the traveller. We had nature to-day in her *full dress*, and besides the pleasure of seeing that heartfelt welcome which was manifested towards the “blessed landlady,” I contrasted it with a walk taken one sunny day with a rich landlord, a few months before, whose tenants were all “lazy dogs ;” he had tried them twenty-five years and could make nothing out of them, and now they were starving they were all looking to him, &c. These tenants when they saw us approaching, walked away without any recognition ; or if in close contact, they gave a slight touch of the hat, with no welcome, nor “blessed landlord.” “Your tenants, sir,” I observed, “do not appear so hearty and courteous as is customary for the mountain peasants in many places.” “I told you I could never make anything out of them, and intend clearing the whole land another year and get a better set.” The landlady this day was pointing me from cabin to cabin, where lived an industrious man or tidy woman, and “I must lose them all.” Proud mountain rose, in conical form upon mountain, as if by some volcano they had been shot up perpendicularly ; streamlets were trickling from their sides, and the rich heath and sedge covered their surface. These lofty piles give pasturage to cattle, sheep, and goats, and we saw the faithful shepherd’s dog leaping from rock to rock, gathering the flock to drive them to better forage, and the little shepherd girl sitting upon a crag to watch the little charge ; and under the mountain was nestled the cabin of the herder, who for twenty years he told us had guarded the flocks upon the tops and sides of these lofty mountains. By the way-side was a large fold, into which all the sheep are gathered when the different owners wish to ascertain if any are missing, or when any are wanted for use. The owner and not the shepherd sustains the loss, if the

number be wanting. The sheep live and thrive upon these rich mountains, summer and winter. The mountain goat, so peculiarly adapted for climbing the crags, we saw here ; his shaggy mane waving in the breeze, as he nibbled the sedge and heath upon the highest peaks. Our road was upon a fearfully precipitous side of a hill, hanging over the lake. We had re-ascended the cart and was obliged again to leave it, and the chubby Mrs. Garvey, in doing so, like a sack of wool, made a somerset and rolled upon rough stones ; her justifiable shrieks were echoed by our hearty O dears ! for we expected to see her mangled arms, body and legs, making their fearful tumble into the lake below. When we saw her peep out from under her mutilated bonnet, and found that life was still in her, though she insisted that she was dead, *quite dead* ! my uncourteous laughing powers had no alternative but to drop into a dead grave silence, which was more uncourteous still ; for united with that natural abstractedness into which my mind always drops when in the midst of nature's grand scenery, my appearance amounted to a state of sullenness. We hobbled down the hill, leading our unfortunate tumbler, right glad that she was not actually broken in pieces by the fall, though certainly she was not benefited by it for the day. We reached a little flat lawn by the side of the lake, took our "pic nic," and commenced new difficulties : a stream must be crossed—there was neither bridge or stepping-stone, nor could the cart assist us. We wandered to and fro—at last, taking the clothing from our feet, we waded over slippery stones and gained the shore, not far from the Adelphi Lodge. Its whereabouts we knew by the evergreens that adorned the mountains. We wound round a path which showed us on the right a conical heath mountain, lost in the skies ; and no sooner had we passed *that* than one on the left, as though broken from its side, rose in view. Thus we proceeded, threading our way by the side of a pretty stream, till we saw the cottage, built by Lord Sligo, now in possession of the Plunkets, three brothers, who named it Adelphi.

A river winds round the domain, which connects the sea on the left with the lake on the right, a mountain of the grandest and boldest stands in front of the cottage, without a tree, presenting a most beautiful picture of light and shade; the sides being spotted with a yellow appearance mixed with the heath and sedge, reconciling the eye to the absence of the tree. At the back of the lodge stands another like mountain; forming, in unison with everything around, a scenery distinct from any other in Ireland. It was once the resort of the gay, where resounded the bugle and hunter's horn: its lakes, its river, its mountains, gardens, cascades, and walks, now appear as if the struggling gardener was trimming here and there a festoon, and fastening a decaying plant anew to some supporting stalk, that he might keep alive a relic or two of its former loveliness; but alas! the beauty of Ireland is departing, her gay ones are becoming sad; the cruel sport of the hunter which once was the delight of the fashionable has ceased, and the timid hare may now trip and leap among the brakes and ferns, without starting at the bark of the fearful packhound in pursuit. The setting sun, as it warned us to depart, gave such an enchanting look to the dark mountains hanging over the lake and pretty river, that I could not but—

“Cast a longing, lingering look behind.”

There was a fearful eight miles in advance; the stream must be waded, the precipitous footpath hanging over the lake at nightfall was before us; but so completely abstracted had I become, that if no company had been there to have urged me forward, the moonlight, if not the morning, might have found me sitting, looking alternately at the mountains and lakes. We made our way through the defile, and reaching a little hamlet, a solitary man came to meet us, and welcomed me in true Irish style to his country, adding, “in a twelvemonth I hope to be in yer country.” A young son had gone two years before, and sent him back £19. for the voyage. “I am leaving,” said he, “praise God, a good landlady, who can do no more for us, and we can do nothing for her.”

"This man," said Mrs. Garvey, "is one of my best tenants, and I am lost by parting with him, but cannot ask him to stop."

This romantic tour ended in the evening, and I stopped with the "good landlady" over the night, and arose while all were asleep in the morning, and scoured through the pretty wood that fringed the river, and back of the house, and selected the choicest moss-dotted stones, both great and small, for a rockery; and when the labourers had arisen, they assisted in carrying and wheeling them upon the lawn which fronted the cottage and bordered the stream, and around a solitary young fir standing there, we placed these stones. The daisy and primrose were in bloom—these were dug and planted in the niches, while the landlady added her skill in setting the young plants, when, in three hours—the same time that the wall of the Partra Priest was in building—there was a rockery of firm finish, blooming with the young flowers of spring. This was my last work in the county of Mayo, and frivolous as it might be, it was so in accordance with the ancient customs of Ireland, and my own feelings too, that when I turned from it for ever, I said, "*Stand there, when the hand that raised you shall be among the dead; and say to the enquiring traveller who may visit this spot, that Asenath Nicholson of New York, raised these stones, as a memento of the suffering country she so much pitied and loved, and as a monument of gratitude to the God who had conducted her safely through all the dangerous scenes encountered while passing over it.*"

A branch of the Garvey family lives near Murrisk Abbey, situated on Clew Bay, at the foot of the Croagh Patrick. The house stands near the sea embosomed in wood, a garden of three acres, with useful horticultural productions, at the back of it, and the abbey at a little distance. The walls of the abbey are of smooth stone in small blocks; the building contains numerous apartments. A place is reserved for the burying of priests, and a pile of their leg and arm-bones are now in a window to leave room for fresh inmates.

The Irish appear to have no regard for their dead when the flesh is consumed, but leave the bones to bleach in the sun, and the skulls to be kicked about as foot-balls in any place. A return through Westport to Castlebar gave a sight of suffering and degradation which could not be heightened. A coach is always the rallying point for beggars; and this morning the Roman Catholic Dean was upon the top, and I went out to take my seat, but was happy to retreat into a shop, for I supposed that all the inmates of the workhouse were poured out for want of food, and were sent to prey upon the inhabitants. In this dreadful flock there was not one redeeming quality—not *one* countenance that smiled, nor *one* voice that uttered a sally of Irish wit—all was piteous entreaty, without deceit; for no proof was needed of sincerity, but the look they gave us. I was urged to my seat through the crowd, and no sight like that had ever met my eyes as when that coach whirled from that haggard assemblage.

SOUP-SHOPS.

It is well known that among the many devices for the cure of Ireland's famine, the soup-shops and "stir-about" establishments, ranked among the foremost, and the most effectual for some time. These were got up in many places at a great expense, so much so, that had they expected to have fed the nation on beef-bones and yellow Indian for centuries to come, they could not have been more durably made and fixed. There was quite a competition to excel in some places, to make not only *durable* boilers, but something that looked a little tasty, and he that "got up" the *best* was quite a hero. But the soup-shop of *soup-shops*, and the boiler of *boilers*, the one that sung the requiem to all that had gone before, was the *immortalised* one of Soyer, the French soup-maker and savoury inventor for the "West End" of London. It would seem that the Government, on whose shoulders hung this mighty "potatoe-famine," had exhausted all its resources of invention "to stay the plague" but the *one* last mentioned, and, driven to their "wits end," they happily hit upon this panacea.

Every minutiae cannot be given, either of the "getting up," or the "recipe," itself; but the "sum and substance" was simply *this*, that a French cook from London was sent to Dublin with a recipe of his own concocting, made out of "drippings," whether of "shin-bones" or "ox-tails" was not specified; but this "dripping" was to be so savoury, and withal so nourishing, that with a trifling sum, Paddy could be *fed*, and *fed too* so that he could dig drains, cut turf, and spade gardens, on an advanced strength, which flung both the potatoe and "yellow Indian" entirely in the "back-ground." The work commenced: a new and splendid soup-shop in French and West End fashion soon gladdened the eyes of the expecting Irish. "By dad," exclaimed one as he passed it, "and there's the cratur that'll du the heart good; not a ha'porth of the blackguards will be fightin' for the 'yaller Indian' when that's in the stomach."

So great was this work, that the city was moved when the sound went forth that the boiler was ready, and the soup actually "under way." A great and general invitation was given to lords and nobles, with wives, sons and daughters to be there, and test this never-equalled sustainer of life and zest of palate—Carriages, horsemen, and footmen, lords in velvet and broadcloth, ladies in poplins, satins, flounces and feathers, bedizened the train. *Nor was this all*: when anything great or good is afloat, the patriotism of Paddy, in high life and low, is aroused, and he waits not for cloak, shoe, or hat—if cloak, shoe and hat be lacking—but is ready on the spot. And here every beggar, from Liberty, to Cook Street, from way-side, hedge and ditch, whose strength was adequate, swelled this living, moving panorama. Wherever a feather waved in the breeze, there a rag fluttered in thrilling harmony. The procession entered the hall, where soup-ladles, plates and spoons, were in bright array. Lords and dukes, duchesses, baronesses, and "ladies of honour," walked around this fresh-steaming beverage, each taking a sip and pronouncing it the *finest* and *best*. The hungry ones heard the verdict, and though some doubting ones might scoff, yet the multitude

went away declaring they believed that the "blessed soup would put the life in 'em."

The celebrated patentee received his sovereigns, returned to his sauce pots and dripping-pans in the metropolis of John Bull. The recipe was made over to safe hands, the fire extinguished under the boiler, the soup-shop closed, and poor Paddy waited long, and in vain, for the expected draught; nor did he awake from his hopeful anticipations till the streets of Dublin resounded, by night and by day, with

"Sup it up, sup it up, 'twill cure you of the gout," &c.

The poetry in refinement of style, in orthography or punctuation, did not equal Cowper's "John Gilpin," but in aptness of invention, and clearness of description, it was not a whit behind; and when the echo was beginning to swell on the breeze,

"Up flew the windows all,"

of many a dwelling, whose inmates would shrink from the gaze of the vulgar, and blush to be found reading by daylight, wit so coarsely expressed. The soup recipe was not entirely a thing of nought; it brought to the ballad-maker and ballad-singers ready cash for many a week; and the host of disappointed hungry ones who followed in the train, found in the poetic excitement a momentary pause of pain, which said,

"That the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

I soon left for Cork. A visit to the house of Mr. Murry, who, in union with his fellow-labourer, Jordan, had established a church of the Independent order, under the auspices of the Irish Evangelical Society.

Their labours are blessed; the Roman catholics appear to feel that in that little organization good is doing, and often when mention was made of it the answer would be, "they are a blessed people." Many expressed a desire that they might build a chapel, and some few had actually contributed a little for the purpose. These men had preached Christ, and treated the people kindly, and

they met with no serious opposition. They had been impartial in their distributions through the famine, and had never attempted to proselyte either by a pound of Indian meal, or "ten ounces" of black bread.

A rainy morning took me from Castlebar, and in a few hours I reached Tume, and first visited the workhouse. 1800 were here doing the same thing—*nothing*; but one improvement, which is worth naming, distinguished this house. All the cast off bed-clothes and ticking were converted into garments for the poor, and given them when they left the house. Their rags which they wore in, were all flung aside, and they went decently out. Next I visited the convent, and here found half a dozen nuns hiding from the world, and yet completely overwhelmed with it. They had a company of 400 children, most of them who were starving in the beginning of famine, and have instructed and fed them daily. This was the first school I had visited during the famine, where the children retained that ruddiness of look and buoyancy of manner, so prevalent in the Irish peasantry. "We have tested," said a nun, "the strength of the Indian meal. These children, through last winter, were fed but once a-day on stirabout and treacle, and had as much as they would take; they were from among the most feeble, but soon became strong and active as you now see." They assembled for dinner, and as had been their custom, they clasped their hands and silently stood, while one repeated these words: "We thank thee, O God, for giving us benefactors, and pray that they may be blessed with long life and a happy death." "The good Quakers," said a nun, "have kept them alive; and the clothes you see on them are sent through that channel, all but the caps, which we provide." These children were taken from filth and poverty, never knowing the use of the needle, or value of a stocking, and now could produce the finest specimens of knitting, both ornamental and useful. And looking upon these happy faces one might feel that Ireland is not wholly lost. My next visit was in the workhouse at the old town of Galway. The distress here had been dreadful, and most of

them seemed waiting in silent despair for the last finishing stroke of their misery. One cleanly clad fisherman of whom I made enquiries, invited me to visit the fishermen's cottages, which before the famine were kept tidy, and had the "comfortable bit" at all times; "now, the fisheries are lost, we are too poor to keep up the tackle, and are all starving." I followed him to a row of neat cottages, where the discouraged housekeepers appeared as if they had swept their cottage floors, put on the last piece of turf, and had actually sat down to die. "Here we are," said one, (as she rose from her stool to salute us,) "sitting in these naked walls, without a mouthful of bread, and don't know what the good God will do for us." This fisherman then shewed me into the monks' school-rooms, who were teaching and feeding a number of boys, and showed me some new fishing nets which the kind Quakers had sent, and he hoped, if they did not all die, that the "net might sairve 'em."

The workhouse here was on the best plan of any I had seen; the master and matron had been indefatigable in placing every thing in its true position, and appeared to feel that their station was a *responsible one*, and that the poor were a sacred trust, belonging still to the order of human beings. The food was abundant and good, and the parents and children allowed to see and converse together oftener than in other like establishments; and now, in March 1850, the same report is current, that good order and comfort abound there, beyond any other. Everlasting peace rest on the heads of those who do not make merchandise of the poor for gain.

From Galway, Limerick was the next stopping-place, and the poorhouse in that place was so crowded, the morning so rainy, and the keepers so busy in gathering the inmates to the "stirabout," that but little that was satisfactory could be obtained.

Cork was reached in the evening, with the loss of a trunk by the inattention of the coachman, but in a few days it was restored by the honesty of a passenger. As the comfort of the travelling public depends so much on coachmen, and as passengers beside have a heavy fare to

pay, it would be unjust to the public, as an individual, not to give a second testimony to the celebrated Bianconi's cars and carmen. I should have been happy to have found that my complaints in the first volume respecting this establishment were not realised as *habits*, but merely *accidental*, and that further acquaintance might ensure greater esteem; but a second trial told me that thus far severity had not exaggerated. I paid my passage at Limerick for Cork, went to Fermoy without any serious difficulty; here vehicles and horses were changed, my trunk placed beyond my care, new passengers seated till the car was quite overcharged, when the carman said with insolence, as he saw me waiting for a seat, "Get on and stand up, or else stop till to-morrow, I'll not wait for ye." My passage is paid to Cork, my trunk is beyond my reach, or I would wait, was the answer. "Get on quick and stand there, or you're left." I ascended the seat, and holding by the luggage, rode ten miles standing in much peril, while the carman occasionally looked around, and made some waggish joke, much to the amusement of decently clad gentlemen, who not *one* of them offered me a seat. The reader may justly inquire—Is this Irish politeness of which so much has been said in these pages? It is not *instinctive* Irish politeness—this is always *pure* and always *abundant*; but it is the habit put on and cultivated, by such as having no claim to family or rank, have, mushroom-like, started suddenly from a manure-heap into a little higher business, and having no education that has in the least disciplined the mind, they at once assume the airs of imperious landlords, and keepers of "whiskey-shops," as the best means of establishing their advanced standing.

The county of Cork is the largest county in Ireland, and once had four walled towns:—Cork, Youghal, Kinsale, and Bandon. It has an extensive sea-coast, and ten good harbours. It is everywhere well watered, and was once supplied with all kinds of game and cattle, wool and woollen, and linen yarn. It, like all Ireland, has been sifted and shaken, divided among septs and kings, and is now resting under the gracious shadow of

the Queen Victoria. The population numbered in the year 1841 about 107,682. The beautiful River Lee, where vessels from the Cove of Cork enter, flows through the city, giving from the hill top and side to the neat trellised cottages that hang there a cheerful aspect of life and commerce which few towns can claim. A sail from Cove Harbour up the Lee, to the city, cannot be surpassed in beauty, on a pleasant evening. The Venetian boatman might here find material enough to add a new stanza to his Gondolier song; and if angels retain any wish for the sin-scathed scenery of earth, they might strike *here* their golden harps, and sing anew the sweet song

“Peace on earth, and good will to men.”

The whole distance is so variedly enchanting that the overcharged eye, as it drops its lingering curtain upon *one* fairy spot, pauses, in doubt whether its next opening can greet beauties like the last. Cove, now a town, containing a population of about 7000, is built upon the sloping side of a hill, in Terraces; and at the foot of the hill is a line of houses called the Beach and Crescent.

This beautiful town, now named Queenstown, in honour of the landing of Victoria, in the summer of 1849, when Her Majesty placed her foot for the first time on that green isle, and honoured *that spot* with its first impression, was, half a century ago, but a miserable fishing hamlet, the remains of which are most hideously and squalidly looking out, on the North side, called “Old Cove.” However squalid the old *houses* may look, there are more redeeming qualities here than any town in Ireland. It is snugly sheltered from winds by the hill; and this hill is so continually washed with fresh showers from the buckets of heaven, that it needs no police regulations to keep the declivity in a condition for the most delicate foot and olfactory nerves to walk without difficulty or offence. Then the broad old river spreading out beneath its foot, presenting a harbour of six miles in length and three in breadth, dotted with four islands, Spike, Hawlbouline, Rocky, and Coney,

with two rivers, Ballinacurra and Awnbree, beside many pretty streamlets emptying into it. The harbour is backed by hills of the greenest and richest, and ornamented with five Martello towers, so called from a Tower in the Bay of Martello, in the Island of Corsica. As nearly all the present names of places in Ireland had an Irish root, and this root has a signification, a knowledge of these, places the history in many cases in a clear and useful light. The village and glen of Monkston stretched along, with the church and old castle, with spire and towers overlooking the whole, first meet the view; then a mile further, Passage, a village extending nearly a mile, with a quay and bathing houses, and taken as a whole is interesting, as a busy thoroughfare. Blackrock Castle soon catches the eye, and its situation and happy construction can hardly be improved in imagination. It looks out upon Lake Mahon and the picturesque islands which dot it; and further on upon the right is Mount Patrick, where stands the tower dedicated to Theobald Mathew; and before reaching Cork, embosomed in trees, is the seat of Mr. Penrose, called Woodhill, and possesses the undying honour of the spot where the daughter of Curran was married to Captain Henry Sturgeon. It is long since Moore sung in sweet strains the never-to-be-forgotten melody of

“She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

“O! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow,
They’ll shine o’er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own lov’d island of sorrow.”

Cork stands on a marshy spot; its name in Irish is Corcaig, signifying a moor or marsh, and the city owes its origin to St. Fin Bar, who first founded a cathedral, in the seventh century, near the south branch of the Lee, and from this beginning Corcaig-more, or the Great Cork, arose; and though this city has passed through changes and great sufferings, yet it has for a long time maintained

a respectable, if not *high* standing, for intelligence. Schools are numerous, and some of them of a high order, and the labouring classes are mostly well educated in a plain way. The Roman catholics give 9,000 children gratuitous instruction in the various schools, and the protestants have done much, their schools being liberally endowed, and probably it would not be exaggeration to say, that in no city in the kingdom of like population would more people among the poorer classes be found who could read, than in Cork. The convents, too, have done nobly in this respect, educating a multitude of children of the poor without any compensation. J. Windell has justly said, that "the great majority of the working classes are all literate, and generally acquainted with the elements of knowledge ; the middle classes, in intelligence, and in the acquisition of solid as well as graceful information, are entitled to a very distinguished place." The Royal Cork Institution has a library of from five to six thousand volumes, the Cork Library has nine thousand volumes, and the Cork Mechanics' Institute has a small one, beside private libraries of considerable note. It may be doubtful whether it can be said that, as in the one in Belfast, that there are no works of fiction. The summer of 1848 found the city rallying a little from the fearful effects of the famine ; for in a county so large, embracing so much sea-coast, marshy ground, &c., there must be found many poor in the best times in Ireland. The Friends' Society, connected with the Dublin Central Committee, acted with untiring efficiency ; and Theobald Mathew laboured for months in giving out American donations which were entrusted to him. The nuns, too, had children to a great amount, whom they daily fed. The British Association, likewise, were there, but death fearfully went on. Let the walls of that workhouse tell the story of the hundreds carried out upon "sliding coffins," and buried in pits. Let the cemetery of Theobald Mathew shew its ten thousand, which he buried there in huge graves, opening a yawning gulf, and throwing in lime, then adding coffinless bodies daily, till the pit was filled ; then opening another, till ten thousand were

numbered ! The rain had washed the loose dirt away in some spots, and parts of the bodies were exposed in a few places. A painful sight !

The Cork Committee acted most efficiently, and the name of Abraham Beale has left there a sweet and lasting remembrance. Beside the city of Cork, the rural districts were in the greatest distress, and this benevolent indefatigable labourer turned his energies unceasingly to those districts, faithfully discharging his duty, till his health failed ; and his biographer states, that " His last act of public duty was the attendance of the Relief Committee, in which he had so assiduously laboured." Typhus fever took him in a few days to the " mansion " which, doubtless, was prepared for him ; for though he said, " I have been but an unprofitable servant," yet the living testify that his profiting appeared unto *all*. He died in August, 1847, while the scourge was still raging ; and in 1848 his name was fresh on the lips of many in that city, who, with his two bereaved sisters, say, they have lost in him a friend and a father. " The memory of the just is truly blessed."

Though in the summer of 1848 many were suffering, yet the workhouse was not filled with the dying as before, and the " sliding coffin " never met my eye. The indefatigable nuns still were overwhelmed with children, many of whom were placed there by Father Mathew, and in one contiguous to his chapel were about thirteen hundred, which were fed when food could be obtained. One of the most affecting items of the famine, if item it may be called, is the multitude of orphans left in that afflicted country, and the saying was becoming quite a common one, when a hungry child was asked where he lived, or where his father and mother were, to answer, " They died, sir, (or ma'am) in the stirabout times." This alluded to the year 1847 particularly, when the " stirabout " was most in vogue. The " black bread times " now have an imperishable name in the west of Ireland, and " Soyer's soup " will not die in the memory of the wags of Dublin, till wars, pestilence, and famine shall cease to the ends of the earth.

The environs of Cork had not lost any of their charms by the scourge, and Blarney seemed to have put on new beauties ; her old castle and Blarney stone, now supported with two iron grasps, are still looking forth from the shrubbery and trees, which wildly surround it, for the good taste of the owner keeps the pruning knife confined to his enchanting gardens and walks, and allows nature here to frolic according to her own vagaries. The sycamore, oak, arbutus, elm, ash, holly, copper-beech, and ivy, were mingling and commingling, without any aristocratic airs of family descent or caste.

A stranger here would wonder what famine could have to do in these pleasant grounds ; and while rambling among its moss-covered stones, wild flowers, and creeping ivy, its shady seats, alcoves, and grottos, we felt that an Italian gardener could scarcely make a spot more enchanting, even though an Italian sky should mingle its blandness.

The company too, in such places, has much to do in heightening or diminishing the pleasure, and even *beauty* of such scenes. Mine was a happy lot this day. The young Beales, who were the party, with a London acquaintance, had a natural and cultivated relish for treats like these, and while we were taking our pic-nic in that grove of delights, gladly would I have forgotten the sorrows of the past and avoided a dread of the future, but could not ; for notwithstanding Blarney pleasure grounds, we were in woe-stricken Ireland still, and we knew that desponding hearts and hungry stomachs were not far distant. A cheerful walk home led us through Blarney Lane, in the suburbs of Cork, where the neatness of the cottages, with a flower-pot in many a window, had an interest beyond what had been presented in any suburb of Ireland's large towns, since the famine. We took welcome liberties to look occasionally into one, and found all invariably tidy, and what was *still* more creditable, the women were busy at work. This said that Cork had still a living germ within her, that might and would be resuscitated ; for if woman's hands are well employed, however unnoticed her little

inventions and doings may be, they at last *work out*, and *bring forth* untold comforts, which are more valuable because diffused insensibly where most needed.

"The little foxes spoil the vines," and little things are the foundation of all *great* ones, and had Ireland, as well as the whole world beside, looked better to this, better effects would have been produced. Cork may boast as many efficient men, and active useful women, probably, as any town in Ireland. It has a Father Mathew and a William Martin, to urge by precept and example the importance and benefits of sobriety and industry; it has a Society of Friends, whose religion and discipline encourage no drones, and its intelligence has broken down that caste which so much exists in many parts of the country, and rendered the people of all classes more accessible than in any other city in Ireland. Fifteen weeks' stopping there heightened my admiration of the true hospitality and capabilities of the inhabitants; and those flowery hill-sides, and rose-covered gateways and windows that hung over the Lee, will be held ever in the sweetest remembrance. "*The little room*," where one week of the pleasantest was spent, deserves an acknowledgment which I am not able to give. May that cottage and its inmates long be united as happily and sweetly as their industry and beauty so richly merit.

A short excursion to Castlemartyr, fifteen miles from Cork, took me through a richly cultivated country, where fields of wheat, barley, and oats were ripening for the harvest; but five fields of blasted potatoes that we passed, said that they had not yet recovered courage and strength to look out again upon the world, as in days gone by.

The feelings of the people are so sensitive, that they are not willing to speak of the subject when the fields begin to droop, and when mention is made of the appearance of a new failure, everything favourable is brought to bear on the subject; and often one member of a family has been known to keep all knowledge from the others, that might have reached him. Castlemartyr was

once a parliamentary borough ; the castle has long been famous for battles and plunders, and King William's forces, after the Battle of the Boyne, charged a body of 300 Irish, who fled to the castle, were driven out, the fortress surrendered, with the loss of 60 men, and 16 prisoners taken. The Irish, in 1671, got possession of the town, but were driven out, and the castle since has laid in ivy-covered ruins, being used as a wine-cellar by Lord Shannon. It is surrounded with the loftiest trees, and a lawn of emerald green runs down to a lake upon one side of it. A thousand acres of the most richly cultivated land belong to this domain ; a canal, three lakes, an extensive deer park, walks and rides, a flower garden of rare beauty, and kitchen garden of great size. Near the castle stands his lordship's house, containing a centre and two wings.

The apparatus for hunting are a great curiosity. Forty-two pleasure-horses for this sport were stabled here, in apartments much better than the dwellings of the labouring class, and the richly tipped harnesses, with their bright stirrups and saddles, were still hanging, as mementos of former greatness, and ready for use, should the absentee find it for his benefit to return to his pleasure grounds. The famine and other embarrassments have compelled him to suspend his hunting pleasures at present ; his hounds were dismissed, his horses sold, and his carriages remain in silent waiting.

The town had suffered like all others, in the famine, and the rich widow where I stopped told sad tales of what had passed ; but so engrossed was she with the loss of her husband, that she could find little space for the woes of others in her heart. She took me upon a desolate sea-coast some ten miles distant, and there was misery ever fresh and ever young. The strange leap from a domain in Ireland to a hut or village of the poor, is nowhere so vivid in any county as here. I was glad to leave this spot and return to Cork ; but a few short excursions more must finish all. A flower-show was a treat which always brings out all that is beautiful to the eye, so far as fashion is concerned. Here

lords and ladies are found, and though they would not like a vulgar stare, yet they would not disapprove of a little admiration given to style and beauty. The show was a splendid one, and gave great credit to the skill of gardeners, who certainly are not inferior in taste in Ireland to any in the kingdom. The ladies too, were the ladies of Ireland—"fair to look upon."

SPIKE ISLAND.

Strangers were not permitted, in the year 1848, to visit the convicts on Spike Island, but fortunately being a few days in the family of Doctor Maurice Power, M.P., he was, in consequence of his standing, allowed a peep among them, and had the privilege of taking all who belonged to his family;—his wife, daughter, and myself were his company. This island is rough in its appearance, containing 180 acres, and has been a fortified island from about 1791-2. Here we found convicts from every part of Ireland, who were deemed worthy of an exile from home, for the space of seven years. The number of these victims was about 840; some employed in digging out rocks and levelling rough places, some in making mats of cocoa-nut bark, some knitting, and some marching round a circle made up on the pavement, for exercise and punishment. A school is kept where for two hours in rotation all who are of suitable age, and cannot read and write, are taught these branches. The teacher remarked, when pointing to 300 pupils, "these persons," are docile, and I believe honest; their only crime being taking food when starving." Some of these young men and boys had thrown a stone into a bread shop, some had stolen a turnip, and some a sheep; but every one was induced by extreme hunger to do the deed. But we are gravely told in Ireland that property must be protected, though life should be squandered. The teacher added, "I cannot look on these men and boys as criminals." A few others had been guilty of manslaughter; and one gentlemanly appearing man had been guilty of embezzling public money—he was overseeing the making of mats. A dexterous pickpocket,

not yet fifteen, was present, from Dublin, who had, when there, fifty men under pay ; and in the presence of us all he showed his propensity, by keeping one hand upon his work and the other apparently carelessly upon the skirt of Doctor Power's coat near the pocket. This sad boy will not be cured by forced abstinence ; the keepers informed us that he steals for the pleasure of it—taking what he does not want, such as handkerchiefs and stockings, which he can neither wear nor dispose of. The lodging-rooms were large, and well ventilated ; and numbers sleep in the same apartment, without any guard. The solitary cells were very cold,—the walls reeking with wet ; but as these are only for the incorrigibles—if none behave unseemly, none need to inhabit them. The room where the unfortunate Mitchell was confined, when on his way to Bermuda, was shewn us ; it was larger than any other single room, and had the luxury of a board floor, and would, if nicely fitted up, make a tolerable farm kitchen. But report fell far short of the reality, when she said that this traitor was treated more like a gentleman than a felon, occupying a drawing-room, well-furnished. The bread was good, made of unbolted wheat meal, and the quantity quite sufficient. Cocoa is given every Sabbath morning, and meat for dinner. Much better in any way were these convicts than any inmates of a workhouse in Ireland. We sailed from Spike up the beautiful Corigaline, and its winding course presented us rich beauties of foliage, gentlemen's seats, and rose-covered cottages. A clear sun, like that of my native home, shone upon this landscape ; and in sight of the river, mid the song of birds, with children sporting about us, in this wooded spot we took a pleasant "pic nic," which was greatly valued by me, because the carmen were sitting too, at a little distance, partaking of the *same* repast, when one sent a civil inquiry to Mrs. P. to know if the pudding had whiskey in it, as he was a teetotaler, and could not take it if anything of the kind were in it. He was assured it was *pure*.

The whole to me was quite American, Dr. P. having graduated in a college there, his wife being a native, and

his daughter born there, and had he not been an M.P. we might have talked republican things. Why is this partiality for country and home so deeply fixed in the human heart? Is it not selfish, and does it not tend to contract and even *sour* the mind against what often is more valuable than home produces.

THE MATHEW TOWER.

Among the many interesting subjects of people and things in the city of Cork, may be included as pre-eminent this beautiful tower, standing upon Mount Patrick, overlooking the pleasant waters of the Lee. It is three miles from Cork, on an elevation of 800 feet, and was erected by William O'Connor, entirely at his own expense. Theobald Mathew visited London in the year 1843, and his generous reception suggested the idea to O'Connor, who was present, to erect a monument in commemoration of the event, and as an honourable memento to future generations of the indefatigable labours of the great Apostle of Temperance. The history of this spot gives to the visitor a double interest, especially so, when he is told that the founder was a *tailor*, who, through his shears, was enabled to give 3000 *guineas* for the tower alone.

A few years since this *now* blooming garden of trees, shrubs, and flowers, was a wilderness of woods, and the soil the most unpromising. O'Connor purchased twenty acres, cut down the trees, leaving a few for ornament, dug up the roots, and made an entirely new soil, by material taken from the mud and gravel of the Lee, at Cork, and planted this new-made land with potatoes, giving employment to a great number of men; and when the harvest was gathered he made the *whole* of it as an offering of the first fruits to the poor. The Sisters of Mercy shared largely in this donation, as almoners of the gift. He then built a neat cottage, which he inhabited, with a sister, who has since deceased. A fine gravelly walk conducts the visitor from the gate leading to the cottage through a rich thicket of laurel, arbutus, and firs, opening upon a tasteful flower-ground, descending from the cottage, which is ascended by fourteen

stone-steps, with iron-railings. On the right and left from the hill two rooms are fitted up in good modern taste, for the reception of visitors. In the centre of each stands a table, one containing the periodicals of the day, the other only a large ancient bible. The walls are adorned with a variety of pictures, some of which are the best specimens of drawing. Two, which are dedicated to the Queen and Prince Albert, and executed entirely with a pen, by McDonnell of Cork, are almost without a parallel. They contain an address by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Council of the city of Cork, on the birth of the Prince of Wales, in 1841. They are both executed in a manner that entitle them to a standing among the highest ornamental works. A portrait of O'Connor hangs in the same room, with one of Edim Forest, and a few others, of the best model. The left-hand room represents the Queen, with an infant on her lap, and another child standing by her side; another of the Virgin and child of peculiar beauty. A framework containing the baptismal cake of one of the Queen's children, and a phial of caudle. The frame is lined on the back with a piece of satin, embroidered with the crown of the King of Prussia, and is a piece from the vest he wore; the sides are of embroidered satin, like that worn by the Queen, with her crown wrought upon it, and which is worn on the baptismal occasions of her children. A fourth is Louis Phillippe receiving the visit of Victoria, in France, beside two other pictures not named. In the hall hangs the picture of the "testimonial" or tower, and opposite is the monument of Scott.

In a little opening at the back of the hall, is a glass case, containing a choice collection of shells, and on each side from this are two nicely-furnished bedrooms; these rooms with a kitchen include all the dwelling part. Two wings, with artificial windows, are attached to the cottage; the glass, frame and blind, are such a finished specimen of the reality, that one must touch them to be convinced of their mockery. Two winding paths from the cottage lead up the ascent to the monument. A circular stone-wall containing a small fountain

is the first object, in the centre of this is a curiously-wrought pedestal, surmounted by a large basin, in which is seated a boy, whose business is to spirt water from his mouth through a small tube, when any one is so kind as to open a pipe underground, by a key, which pipe communicates with one from the top of the tower, which conveys the water from a cistern fixed near the top; near this fountain stands a boy, grasping in his hands a snake, which is wound about *one* leg; but the boy holds him fast in defiance: this is the serpent alcohol. On the right of the boy stands an angel to strengthen him. Theobald Mathew is standing back, and over this group, in a figure larger than life, with his right-hand pointing to the fountain, while his left arm rests upon a pedestal. Above all this stands the testimonial, the door facing the west. Two dogs are resting upon a pedestal at the entrance; both are portraits of one dog, who saved the lives of eight men who fell into the Thames. He was elected a member of the Humane Society of London, and now wears a gold collar. Next the door stand two warriors, one a Roman, the other a British officer, representing the two religions.

Peeping over the wall is the head of a grey horse, and around the tower are various statues; the first is of Fidelity, represented by a female with a dog looking up to her face; Faith with a cross; Hope with an anchor; Charity with a child in her arms; and Plenty with a bunch of wheat in her hand.

The tower is circular, though all in one massive pillar, yet it has the appearance of two, one smaller and taller, with the union jack waving from the top. There are two apartments in this tower, the window cases and frames are of fluted oak, surmounted by carved heads, stucco-work is over these, and continued along the ceiling. Enclosed in a glass-shade, on a rosewood pedestal is a model bust of the apostle Matthew, and over this, one of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of the Catholic church. A massive chimney-piece has upon it a basso-relievo figure of Father Mathew, holding in one hand Britannia, in the other Erin, the emblems of both countries surrounding them. A large chandelier

is suspended from the ceiling, and the upper portions of the windows are stained glass. This circular room is 16 feet in diameter.

This description is minutely given because there are pleasant and painful reminiscences of my visit to that spot. Theobald Mathew was *there*, he is now in the land of my fathers; friends were *there* that will meet me no more; and the generous heart was *there* who fitted this enchanting elysium for the man he so much honoured, and for the happy resort of friends who might honour him too. The cottage, the garden, and testimonial are *there*. The hyacinth, the rose, the holly, and fir, are still blooming in fragrance and verdure; but alas! the heart that designed and the hand that completed them are cold in the dust. That relentless scourge the cholera, which has spared neither age nor station, has laid *him* low; and who will trim afresh that hill-side, and brighten the neat cottage and pretty summer-house, for the happy eye and sweet resting spot of the visitor and stranger? Who will keep open the welcome gate that introduces to shrubbery walks of arbutus and flower-beds; and to the chaste testimonial, which *has* been and *must* be the admiration of every eye that has rested upon it? Will it fall into hands that will add fresh garlands to honour the memory of him who erected it? Who will still say to every lover of temperance and beauty, "Come in freely and banquet on these delights of nature and of art?" Or will contracted minds and penurious hearts close its gates to all but aristocratic passports and shilling fees? Let sacred respect for the honour of the generous departed *forbid* it; and let love for the benevolent apostle to whom it was dedicated *forbid* it.

While penning these pages, intelligence of the death of O'Connor was forwarded me by the pen of one who first introduced me to that spot, and this circumstance prompts to the insertion of the following documents, as a tribute of respect due to the deceased, and which to *me* are doubly valued, because this tribute did not wait till he to whom it was owing should be no more. What a comment on good sense and justice, what a mockery of the dead, to write eulogiums and build costly monuments

to him who, while living, was carelessly neglected, or wilfully despised. O'Connor's history, as was related by a friend, was simply this: He was the son of a poor widow, belonging to a rural district, and was early sent to Cork, where he acquired the trade of a tailor, and by persevering industry, good conduct, and economy, he became first in the profession of a merchant tailor, and through his shears he amassed a handsome fortune, before reaching the meridian of life. With this fortune, let the Mathew Testimonial tell *part* of the honourable use he made of his money. He had no family, but his attachment to friends was deeply manifest in the love he bore towards the sister, who lived with him in the cottage on Mount Patrick. He left it when she was buried, and said he could never tarry in it another night, and observed that it was *purely* out of respect to strangers that he ever visited it.

The origin of the letters which follow was simply this: When going over the grounds, through the cottage, and through the tower, but *one* item seemed to be wanting to make the whole complete, that *was*, a few choice literary books to grace the centre table of that otherwise well-fitted drawing-room. It was proposed to a few friends, and was done without any *intention* of display, or *wish* to have it thus memorialized. A letter was sent me the following day, and an answer returned the next. They both *unexpectedly* appeared in print, in the *Cork Examiner*, a few days after, where they doubtless would have slept for ever, had not the death of O'Connor revived so painfully the visit to that beautiful spot.

If ever vanity, ambition, or pride, have stimulated me to seek notice or applause from men, these propensities have been so subdued, that when *contempt* has been added to *privation*, I have felt an inward gratitude, that since in Ireland so few comparatively hindered my labours by false attentions and fulsome flatteries, which travellers too much seek in foreign lands; and never should any of the neglects or rudeness which have been received been recorded, were it not that the *character* of the people was the object to find out and show, rather than to draw pity or favour to myself:—

THE MATHEW TOWER—MRS. NICHOLSON.

Last week, Mrs. Nicholson, now well known by her tour on foot through Ireland, and the very interesting book which she has written descriptive of her wanderings, paid a visit to Mountpatrick. She was accompanied by some friends. She was met by the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew, Mr. O'Connor, the hospitable proprietor, and some other gentlemen. After visiting the Tower, which is now superbly finished, and promises to stand, in firmness and durability, for the next five hundred years, and perambulating the grounds which are laid out in a highly ornamental style, the parties partook of lunch, which consisted principally of fruits and coffee. Mrs. Nicholson, and the friend who accompanied her, are, besides being strict total abstainers, also vegetarians, disciples of a strict dietetic school, in which no animal food is permitted. The object of her visit was then announced; it was to present to Mr. O'Connor, a small but beautiful select library, in testimony of her ardent respect for the cause and the Apostle of Temperance, and in kindly appreciation of the services and worth of Mr. O'Connor, who not only built a testimonial unexampled in the history of such memorials erected by private individuals, but with a hospitality that cannot be over-estimated, throws open his grounds daily to the public. Mrs. Nicholson presented the following short address:—

These volumes are presented by a few friends of temperance, in grateful acknowledgment of his generosity in throwing open his tasteful and beautiful place to the public, and for the purpose of affording a profitable recreation to its numerous visitors; with a desire that the lovely spot may be ever sacred to that glorious cause, to whose most successful and untiring advocate it has been dedicated, and to the advancement of universal philanthropy.

Cork, August 28th, 1848.

The reply was as follows:—

MADAM,—I receive the books with pride and pleasure. The subject of each volume, and the names of the authors remarkable in our literature for their genius or scientific knowledge, are the best tests of your own pure taste and judgment.

Ten years have elapsed since I found this spot a wilderness—four since a monument, I hope an enduring one, has been erected, to perpetuate, in a small degree, the true greatness and glory of the Christian benefactor of Ireland. As that monument belongs to him and the public, and as those grounds, which you and others have been pleased to eulogise,

are but the abiding place of the Tower of Temperance, so my gates have never been closed, and never shall be, against visitors, whether they be residents of our own favoured but unfortunate land, or citizens of Europe, or of your own great country.

It is a singular spectacle to witness—a lady gently nurtured and brought up, giving up, for a time, home and country and kindred—visiting a land stricken with famine—traversing on foot that land from boundary to boundary—making her way over solitary mountains and treading through remote glens, where scarcely the steps of civilization have reached, sharing the scanty potato of the poor but hospitable people, and lying down after a day of toil, in the miserable but secure cabin of a Kerry or Connaught peasant. All this is unusual. But above it shines, with a steady light, your sympathy, your benevolence, your gentleness of heart, and your warm appreciation of the virtues, rude but sincere, of a people whose condition it is necessary to improve, in order to make them contented and happy.

The first step to raise them socially, to create in them self-respect, and elevate their shrewdness into the wisdom of morality, has been taken by the MAN whom you revered so much, and to whom and not to me, you have this day paid a grateful and graceful tribute. May he live for ever in the memories of his country.

You are about to depart for your own great country, because you could not witness again the desolation of another famine. But you will carry back from Ireland the heartfelt sense of her people for past kindness, to your Christian countrymen. To them, to the generous people of England, and to the Society of Friends in England, Ireland and America, we are indebted, but utterly unable to discharge the debt.

Again, Madam, expressing my deep sense of your kindness and personal worth, and wishing you many happy years in your beloved America,

I beg to subscribe myself your grateful servant,
WILLIAM O'CONNOR.

Mount Patrick, August 31st, 1848.

TO WILLIAM O'CONNOR:

SIR,—The unmerited compliment you publicly bestowed on a stranger, in the last week's *Examiner*, deserves a public acknowledgment, and the more cheerfully given, because it affords an opportunity of saying, that not to me alone is the honour due of the small bestowment of books upon your table. It says, "there are hearts in Cork that do appreciate the Mathew Testimonial, as well as the noble generosity of the

man who designed it, and though small the offering, it may be the prelude to more liberal demonstrations of a people's gratitude."

These few volumes, it is hoped, are but the alphabet to a well chosen library that shall one day grace a room in the Tower, affording the citizen and the stranger a profitable, as well as a pleasant recreation.

And now, Sir, allow me to say, that in a four years' tour through this beautiful isle, from the Donegal sea to Cape Clear—from the mountains of Wicklow to the Killery Peaks, I have never seen from the top of mansion or castle a flag so gracefully waving—a flag on which is inscribed so much love of country—so much just appreciation of worth—and so much that deserves the appellation of "Well done," as that which is flying in the breeze from the tower of Mount Patrick, and should my eyes ever again look out upon the proud mountains and waters of my own native land, when memory shall revert to the summer of 1848, the brightest, the happiest associations will be—the hours passed in the cottage and tower, the garden and walks, dedicated to the man, who lives for humanity. And though I return to my people with a sorrowing heart, that the tear is still on the long wasted cheek of Erin, yet this shall be my joy, that there live among her country-loving sons, hearts that can feel and hands that can act, when worth and virtue make the demand, and to the proud monument of Mount Patrick will I point as a witness, to all who may sail up the green banks of the sweet-flowing Lee.

When the hand of Theobald Mathew shall cease to rest on the head of the pledge-taking postulant, and when he shall have been gathered to the dust of his fathers—when the generous heart that devised the lasting memorial shall have stopped its pulsation for ever—on every health-blowing breeze that fans the flag of Mount Patrick, shall be whispered—"Peace to the Apostle of Temperance, who said to the wine-maddened brain of the maniac, Peace be still, who wiped the tear from the face of heart-stricken woman, and who 'lifted up him that was ready to fall.'"

And when from heaven's high battlement his gentle spirit shall look down on this Tower, future generations shall rise in succession and call him "blessed."

And let their long-sounding echo reverberate over mountain and glen, "honour and gratitude to WILLIAM O'CONNOR."

ASENATH NICHOLSON.

Ireland "I love thee still."

September 4th, 1848.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Oh! could we from death but recover."

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES WOLFE.

It was in the cottage of Dr. Power that unexpectedly the sweet strains of the "Soldier's Grave" was struck by Mrs. P., and awakened again those sensations which were stirred, when in the city of New York, a few days before sailing for Ireland, I heard them for the first time; and here was told that the author was sleeping in a humble burying-ground but two miles from the spot.

In two days Mrs. P. accompanied me to the strangers' churchyard adjoining an old crumbling ivy-covered ruin of a church, where sleep together in a rank grass-grown spot, the sailor and the soldier who dies from home, in this harbour, and where seldom a foot tramples on the wild weed that grows tall in the uneven enclosure where they sleep. Here and there a coarse monument tells that Captain M., or Lieutenant G. died in this harbour, Anno Domini —, but Charles Wolfe was not among them, his was a bed detached, and confined within the wall of one corner of the church, with a humble flat stone over his breast. The roof of the church is gone, and the entrance to his grave, when the sexton is not there to unlock it, is over the wall by climbing a ladder. A look through the key-hole showed that luxuriant weeds and stones from the crumbling wall had well-nigh concealed the epitaph, which told his age and death. His short story was easily rehearsed; for like all *true* merit, he was unostentatious, and asked not that the world should honour him. His birth-place was Dublin, in 1791, a descendant of the military hero Wolfe, who was slain at Quebec. He was sent to Bath, in England, in 1801, to school, where his mother removed at the death of his father, then to Dr. Evans's, then to Winchester, where his amiable disposition made him greatly beloved, and his classical attainments gained him great distinction without flattering his vanity. He never in one instance

received a reprimand from a teacher, and his sister adds, that to her recollection he never acted contrary to his mother's wishes during his life. He cheerfully gave up the idea of a military profession, which he had imbibed, because he found it was unpleasant to his mother. In 1808 the family returned to Ireland, and in 1809 he entered Dublin College. He soon distinguished himself as a poet; his *Jugurtha Incoraratus* was written in the first year of college, the year when his mother died, an event which left a lasting impression in his heart. He soon after won a prize and became a college tutor, obtained a scholarship, and his talents for prose and verse, as well as oratory, soon manifested themselves.

The poem which gave him such deserved celebrity was published without his knowledge, and it originated in his mind by reading a paragraph, as follows. Sir John Moore had often said, that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell.

"The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th Regiment, the aide-de-camps attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened, for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared if a serious attack were made they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him the last duty. The officers of his army bore him to the grave—the funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with earth."

Thus they buried him at dead of night, and—

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak about him."

His biographer says, had he written no other poetry, this poem would have entitled him to the name of poet of *poets*. He had one peculiarity: in reading, he analysed the subject to its origin, and there tarried so long, that he seldom perused it to the end—he digested thoroughly what he *did* read, but seldom read a book through. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the scenery

of his own country. Lough Bray, Wicklow, and the Dargle, have been graphically portrayed by his pen.

He became pious, but humbly laid his attainments at the foot of the cross, and in November, 1817, he took an obscure country curacy in the North, where his indefatigable labours and affectionate heart won him the love of all his flock, especially the poor, but who could not appreciate his talents, nor "enter into the deep feelings of his soul."

Here he laboured, and here he loved to labour; and would have died among the simple flock he loved for Christ's sake; but his friends removed him to the sea-side at Cove. His sermons were but precepts of which he was a living example. His sickness and closing scene were replete with all that is lovely in the christian character. To his relatives, who stood round him, he said, "The peace of God overshadow them, dwell in them, and reign over them;" and to a relative who hung over him, he said, "Close this eye, the other is closed already—and now farewell."

Thus this poet and christian died, and thus is he buried, in that lonely deserted place, among the dead of almost every clime, who have been huddled and housed here, apart from country and kindred, and where few but strangers' feet ever tread the way to their isolated resting-place.

There was something to me quite forbidding in the associations that hung around the grave of Charles Wolfe, in that deserted corner:—

"Oh, breathe not his name, let him sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head."

The summer of 1848 was pleasant and unusually sunny, and the hopes of the poor peasant revived as he saw the potatoe looking up again, in freshness and strength; but alas! a few days laid all his prospects in the dust.

A brother of Theobald Mathew had planted a field

of twenty-seven acres, in almost certain faith that they would not be blasted; for weeks they flourished, and promised to yield an abundant crop. The poor people in the neighbourhood were blessing the good God for the beautiful patch of the "kind gentleman," and seemed as happy as though they were ripening for their own use. They have been known to go and look into the field, and take off their hats, and in humble adoration bless the name of God, for his great mercy in sending them the potatoe again. This was their usual practice when they saw a field looking vigorous. But in one night the spoiler came—this beautiful field in the morning had, in isolated spots, the withering touch of the fatal disease. In a few days the rich extensive crop would not pay the labourer for his toil in gathering it. All was over, and in silent despondency each one submitted to the stroke. The "still small voice" seemed to say "Be still, and know that I am God." It was something for which man *could* not reprove his brother; and he *dared* not reproach his God. "And what," said an old woman, sitting by her vegetable stall, "would become of us miserable bodies, if God Almighty had sent the blast on us, and left the potatoe?"

This was in the autumn of 1845, when but a partial failure took place—the blast had not *then* fell on man; but it *did* fall, and sweep them down as grass before the mower's scythe, yet not one of the victims, through long months of starvation, was heard to murmur against God. They thanked his holy name, both when they saw the potatoe growing in luxuriance and when they saw it dried, as by a scorching heat. It was one of the most touching striking features of the famine, to see a family looking into a withered patch, which the day before looked promising, and hear the exclamations of wonder and praise, weeping and thanksgiving, mingled together, "He's sent the blast, blessed be his holy name!" "His blessed will be done—and we'll all die with the hunger, and praise God we're all poor sinners," &c. They literally and *practically* carried out the principle of one in ancient days, who said "Though he slay me, yet will

I trust in him ;” for though year after year they saw the root on which they and their fathers had lived, melt away, yet they would not be persuaded but that the good God would give them the potatoe again ; and in 1846-7-8-9, when each successive year had produced the same if not *worse* effects, they yet persisted in saving, oftentimes by stealth, some part of a sound potatoe, to keep it from the hungry mouths of their children, that they might put it in the ground, and “ Plaise God we will have the potatoe again,” would be the persevering reply to all expostulation. So wedded are they to this root, that notwithstanding many know and deeply *feel* that it has been their rod of oppression, yet they *emphatically* “ kiss the rod, and Him that hath appointed it ;” and could a decree now go forth that the potatoe should be restored to its pristine soundness and health, and that the present generation and their posterity for ever should feed on this root *exclusively*, and have work six days a-week, at four-pence or sixpence a-day, there would be a universal jubilee kept through mountain and glen, and bonfires would from hill-top to bog extinguish the light of moon and star, for many a joyful night. And let it be expected by those who would do good to Ireland, and elevate her in the scale of being, that it will be many a long year before the sickle will be as *joyfully* and heartily worked as the spade. This spade has a thousand associations, entwining in and about the hearts of parent and child, which no other instrument of husbandry can claim ; it has cut the turf that lighted up the mud-wall cabin, and boiled the “ blessed potatoe ;” it has dug the pit in front of the cabin for the duck-pond ; it has piled the manure-heap at the corner, mountain high ; it has planted the ridge which furnished their daily bread ; it has made the ditch, and repaired the road ; it has stood by the hearth or door through many a dark and stormy night, to guard the little stack for the cow against the tithe gatherer ; it has been a fireside and field-companion ; and *above* all, and *over* all, it has measured and hollowed out many a last sleeping bed for a darling child, a beloved husband or wife, and in

the dark days of the famine it has often been the only companion to accompany the father, mother, husband, wife, or child, who has had the corpse of a hunger-stricken relative in a sack or tied to the back, to convey it to the dread uncoffined pit, where are tumbled, in horrid confusion, the starved dead of all ages.

The sickle has not that claim to the affections of what is genteelly called the "lower order." It is more aristocratic in its station and occupation. It has been used in the hands of the poor, to reap down the fields of the rich "for nought;" it has cut the wheat and the barley for the tax-gatherer, the landlord, and the surpliced "hireling," who "reaps where he sowed not," and "gathers where he has not strawed."

With all these considerations, it must be expected that this instrument will be approached with caution, if not *suspicion*; and wonder not if they feel like David, when the armour of Saul was put on him, to go out and meet Goliath: "I cannot go with these, for I have not *proved them*." He who would reform, must not only know *what* is to be done, but *how* it is best to do it effectually. The Irish will never be laughed or preached out of their relish for the potatoe, neither should it be attempted; *let them love it*—let them *cultivate* it, but let it not be like the grass of the field for the bullock, who is adapted entirely to that food, and which has never failed to give him a supply. Learn the Irish by use that they need not relish the potato *less*, but they may love the bread and other esculents *more*, that should one fail, they may turn to another with convenience. Give them good healthy food as substitutes, and cast the *musty, sour Indian meal*, with the "black bread" away—frighten them not with sickening dangerous food, and tell them it is because they are dainty and savage that they do not relish it. If what is given them be "good enough for kings," then let kings *eat* it; for if God has "made of one blood all the nations of the earth, he may have made the palate, too, somewhat similar. If bread will strengthen John Russell's heart, it will the "bog-trotter's" also; if a fine-spun broadcloth, with gilt buttons, become the

backs of the Queen's ministers, then surely a coarser texture, without patch or rent, would not sit ungracefully on the shoulders of Paddy. Let him, if made in the image of God, be a man *too*; and let him not be thought presuming, if he be one of the Queen's subjects, should he aspire to a mediocrity among the humblest who call themselves so. If the Irish say most *heartily*, "Long live the Queen," let the Queen respond *heartily*, and "while I live I will do good to my Irish subjects." If the sixty-two mud-wall huts to each hundred in the *worst* parts, and twenty-three in the *best*, as Mr. Bright asserts, look a little untidy in an isle where castles and rich domains dot the green surface, why not substitute the comely cottage? and if the manure-heap be unseemly to eyes and unsavoury to the nose, plant in its stead the vine and the rose—for be assured, in no isle of the sea will they bloom fairer.

England has held this pretty gem of the ocean by the cable of king and queenship for centuries, floating and dashing alternately in the vascillating uncertain waves of hope and desperation, casting in oil when the tempest runs highest—pulling the cord gently, and whispering "Sister," when she finds her loosening her holdings to make for a more open sea; and then promises to repair her breaches, and make her to "sing as in the days of her youth." But *there she is*, rocking and floating still, her wild tresses dishevelled, her head uncovered, and her feet still bare. One hundred and thirty years ago, she had 160,000 families that had no chimnies in their hovels; *now* she has 62 in 100 not fit for man to inhabit in one part, and on an average of something like 44 or 45 through the whole island, from which the beaver and woodchuck might blush to be found peeping. Why, in the name of all that is common sense or common decency, if she *cannot* be remodelled, if she is rooted and grounded in her *everlasting filth*, her *disgusting tatters*, and *frightful rags*, is she not cut loose and left to sink or swim, as best she can manage? If she *can* be transformed into anything like comeliness, why is she hung out a never-fading, never-dying scarecrow to all the world beside?

If the last four years have not turned her inside out, and shown her, in the face of heaven, to the nations of the earth—if any deformity remain which is yet to be served up, for *one*, I pray, “have me excused.” If England by this time do not know of what sort this her “sister island” is, if she do not understand either her disease or her cure, all may be given up as lost, for until “the elements shall melt with fervent heat,” the earth disclose her slain, and the “sea give up her dead,” can any more that is forbidding, revolting, and even *terrific*, be held out to the world, than has that island presented for ages gone by; and if she is loved, why not cherish her? if hated, why not wholly cast her off?

To the words of the faithful, fearless, warm-hearted John Bright, let the philanthropist respond—“Abolition of primogeniture for underived property—registry of property—reduction of the enormous charges for stamps for the sale and purchase of land—security of tenure for the practical labourers of the soil—abolition of the Established Church in Ireland—extension of the suffrage—and reinforcement of the representature in the Imperial Parliament.

“If the aristocracy of the United Kingdom have heaped evils unnumbered upon Ireland, why should not the people of the United Kingdom make ample restitution?” And let all the people rise, and say in one united doxology, “*Amen, so let it be.*”

WATER CURE.

While lingering in and about Cork, among all its gardens and pleasant walks, a spot two miles from Blarney Castle, well known for the past five years, as the “Water Cure” establishment, kept by Dr. Barter, should not be passed over in silence. The Doctor has persevered *through* and *over* all prejudices, sufficient to make the place a very desirable one on many accounts. Its location is well chosen, standing on an airy, sightly eminence, looking down upon the rich vales and woods of Blarney, its own back-woods left, with the exception of a few foot-paths and seats, to its natural wildness; its picturesque bathing-house or cottage, and its

cultivated farm, of which the Doctor is the principal manager, make it, taken as a whole, a place of interesting resort. The house for patients is large and pleasant, its inmates made up of such as have *hope* if not *faith*, that plunging and dipping, showering and drinking cold water, possesses *special*, if not super-excellencies in the healing way, when applied *scientifically*, more than when old Dame Nature, in her homespun manner, tells them to drink when they are thirsty, and wash when they are smutty. His terms are calculated better for the purses of the higher classes than for the poorer sort, consequently he does not keep a hospital of charity, and those who resort there for a time, find good intelligent company, and when not made into mummies, or ducking and sweating, can walk or ride, read or chat, as they may find it most congenial. The table is abundantly supplied with eatables, so that flesh-eaters as well as anti-flesh-eaters may have all they can rationally ask, the only prohibition being tea and coffee. Many have tested the efficacy and declared it good, and it would seem impossible that a summer could be passed on that mountain, with the pure breezes of Ireland fanning the blood, and the sparkling water kissing the skin, and not be "cured of whatever disease he had," if the disease had not passed the healing art.

The Doctor is a great agriculturalist, and if he had the bogs and hunting-grounds made over to him, famine if not pestilence would vanish from that rich soil. He thinks much and talks when *disposed*, and is physiologist enough to know that *flesh* and *gravies* are not the food suited to the system of any invalid ; yet with a desire to please, or to retain invalids in his house, he practices these inconsistencies, as he candidly acknowledges them.

A week was pleasantly passed in the house and upon the premises ; and were a spot pre-eminently happy for everything needful and social to be chosen, *that* might be the one to meet all cases. Whoever is devotional may have his Bible and prayers ; whoever is merry may have psalms and the piano ; whoever wants exercise

may find battledoors, swings, and woody walks ; and whoever wants bathing can find bathing tubs, and cold or warm water.

FRIEND'S FUNERAL.

A funeral under any circumstances, or among any people, whether Christian or pagan, has a solemnity which casts a shade, for a moment at least, over all levity ; and never probably in war or peace, in pomp or destitution, among civilized or uncivilized, was there a procession bearing to its last home a body from which the soul had fled, which did not produce on the minds of the multitude a check if not a reflection, that the "deep, damp vault," where the departed is about to be shut from the light of the world and the converse of his fellow-men, was a mysterious hiding-place, into which secret the souls of the living did not wish to enter.

It was about Midsummer on a sunny morning, when looking from the door of William Martin, in Cork, a procession unexpectedly moved before my vision, and never in the short space of a moment did more painful and pleasant remembrances pass in review. Painful, because were again presented the friends, who in my native land, one by one as they departed, rose in succession before me, and because I knew there were sorrowing hearts in that train—and mine well knew the pangs of such ; but *pleasant*, because that in the comely throng, who with slow and solemn step measured the distance, the unnatural custom which mock fashion has introduced was not manifest. *Woman* was in that procession, precisely the procession where she belongs—*woman*, whose heart emphatically can "weep with those that weep,"—*woman* who *loves* to the last, and *acts* to the last ; why, tell us why, should she not follow to the narrow, dark house, the relative she has cherished, or the neighbour she has valued and loved ; the friend with whom she may have taken "sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company ?" Why should she not go "in company" *now* "to the house appointed for all living," and where she shall, in her own due time, be

transported? Pleasant too, because the vain trappings of hireling undertakers, "nodding plumes," mourning horses and black hearses were not there. It was simply and truly a *Friend's* funeral.

Not stopping to inquire the name or age of the deceased, or who would accompany me, I crossed the street and joined the procession. Like the burial in the city of Nain 1800 years ago, "much people of the city" were there. A mile or more through the town, gave time for that reflection so suitable and profitable when the soul is necessarily summoned to the face of that "King of terrors," and there interrogated as to its present state and future destiny. Slowly and silently the entrance to that enclosure, where the dead were congregated, was opened and passed; and as with the pen of a diamond was that panorama impressed on my eye and heart. It was a square of smooth green, with the exception of the unpretending hillocks, which without a stone told that the dead lay there. The whole enclosure was surrounded by trees of rich summer foliage; these, as they waved gracefully over the wall, shed a trembling shadow upon the emerald covering of the beds of the sleeping, and the still house of death was quietly approached, and every member of that Society sat down together to this mourning feast, and there in solemn sweet silence waited to hear what God would say. The narrow bed was open before them—the plain coffin that enclosed the body of the dead was waiting to enter—an interval of some thirty minutes of solemn silence was broken by a *deep-toned* measured voice; and never before did the words "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," so sweetly, so solemnly, so *unearthly*, fall on my ear—as if standing on that Isle of Patmos, the voice that spake to John, seemed to reverberate through that assembly, that to *me* appeared as if already standing on "Mount Zion before the Lamb." The sentences were short and pithy, and from them I ascertained that the departed before us was an aged female, who had fulfilled as a faithful hireling her day, and had come to the grave "like a shock of corn fully ripe." He praised her not

in studied eulogiums—he held her not up between us and the Lamb who redeemed her, as a bright pattern for our imitation ; but he said deeply and emphatically, “ Yea, they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.” He dwelt a moment on that sweet rest prepared for the people of God, and if any were there who had not entered into it, surely they must then have felt a desire.

He was followed by one who addressed the Majesty of heaven with that adoration which always marks the manner of one whose supplications emanate from the deep working of the Holy Spirit within the soul, and that speaks because it *feels*, and *feels* because it has something *to feel*. It was done—the coffin was carefully let down to its long resting-place—“ Dust to dust” met, green sod was fitly placed on her breast, nor was the silence in the least broken till all had passed the enclosure.

I would not exchange that hour for a thousand dinner parties of fashionable professors, or pompous burials of the titled great, who have lived but to be honoured, and whose true epitaph could only be—

“ He lived and died.”

The time was drawing nigh when effects must be gathered, and Cork must be left. The season had been spent most pleasantly and profitably, for cultivated minds were ever at hand, and hospitable boards were always made welcome. To designate who was the kindest, would be a difficulty wholly uncalled for, as *all* and *every* one were *more* than courteous. Justice compels an acknowledgment of one distinguished favour, which *was* and *is* more prized for the manner in which it was done. The Irish, I have before remarked, are in their habits of giving, most nobly, removed from an ostentatious display, or from a manner which makes the recipient feel that he is so deeply indebted that he can never be discharged.

In the year 1845, I stopped in the house of Mrs. Fisher, who generously refused any compensation ; when

the second visit was made to that city, I again took lodgings with her, determining to pay ; but as she was generous in the first instance, I did not inquire terms, lest she might suppose it an indirect suggestion for a second gift. On my departure the bill was called for, fifteen weeks' uncontrolled access to drawing-room or parlour, and good lodging. Not a shilling was demanded and not a shilling would she accept. This was hospitality, apparently "without grudging," and certainly without display.

I sailed from that harbour with a heart *full* of gratitude to all with whom I had been conversant, and full of sorrow, that my eyes would never again see those kind friends who had made my stay so pleasant, and the last farewell of the kind Theobald Mathew, and the hospitable, intelligent Beales, who were ready at the packet, was the finishing touch to sensations already too pressing upon me.

The captain had generously given my passage, and ordered the steward to see that all and everything was prepared for my comfort. This, by my own negligence, or in some other way, was not performed, and the night to me was a sad one. When all had stepped on shore, and the ring of the packet bell died on the ear, I sat down upon the side of the vessel, and with feelings much like those when sailing out of New York, a passive, stoical indifference, amounting almost to selfishness, passed over me ; and I turned away, and *could* not or *would* not look upon the sweet hills that hung over the Lee, and scarcely did I see the wave of the handkerchiefs on that lovely South Terrace, as the steamer sailed, where I had enjoyed so much. The passage was rough, the wind high, and the night *long, cold* and *dreary*. Wrapping my cloak about me, I had reclined under a little awning on the deck, not once asking for a berth in the cabin, and not till a stranger aroused me, and said, "It is both imprudent and late to be stopping here," did my stupor leave me in the least. Then it was too late to find a bed, and the remainder of the night was passed as uncomfortably as it commenced.

It was not wholly the parting with kind friends, or shutting my eyes for ever on waters, flowers, rich valleys and hills, that so unnerved me ; but it was *Ireland*, that land of song and of sorrow, that I was leaving for ever. It was *Ireland*, where I had been so strangely sent, so strangely preserved, and to which I was so strangely linked, by sights of suffering and unparalleled woe. It was *Ireland* that was still drinking that fathomless cup of misery extreme, whose bottom has yet never been sounded, and whose brim is still running over, *welling* up and *oozing* out, in spite of *long* and *deep draughts* continually tasted. The visitor among strangers, who is receiving tokens of kindness and presents of remembrance, in the routine of other engagements may not examine and appreciate *all* in possession, till the hurry is past, the visit ended ; and then coolly and calmly the parcel is opened, and every memento, however valuable or trifling, has a just estimate, if judgment be competent to the task. My parcel was left untouched that night ; passive, enduring, as if covered suddenly by an avalanche, which only left room for breathing, with no room for struggling, was all that could effectually be done.

The morning found me in Dublin ; and here new trials were in waiting. My trunk, containing nearly all that was valuable in wearing apparel, was left in the care of the poor woman where I had lodged through the winter. She had before been entrusted with it, and her honesty had never been doubted. Her husband had become intemperate, and she had been placed in this great house by the landlady to keep it, and wait on lodgers, who paid her what they saw fit. The lodgers had left, all but one, and she had no resources ; her children, three in number, were crying for bread. She went to the trunk, took a dress, and carried it to one of the nuisances—a pawnbroker's—and procured bread. She took a second and third, until the trunk was emptied of garments to the number of fourteen, together with a few valuable books and other etceteras, among which was a silver teaspoon, which had seen nearly half a century, and had been the admiration of many a Connaught and Kerry wight, when

sitting with them around the basket of potatoes. This, which was carried in my pocket, wrapped in clean paper, served for knife and fork, tea-cup, plate, and saucer, during every tour over mountain and bog. Blessed companion ! it had become "part and parcel" of myself ; beside it was a true born American, and had an indenture made by an agonized child when in the act of taking medicine. Sacred relic !

Bridget met me at the door—the usual gladness and hearty salutation were wanting, "How are you, Bridget, and how are the children?" was answered by, "Bad enough, God knows ; and bad luck to *you*." "What luck to me?" "Your clothes are gone, and I couldn't help it." Not in the least suspecting her integrity, the natural inquiry *was*, "Has the house been robbed?" Frankly, she replied, "No, but *I* have taken them ; my children were starving with hunger ; I found the trunk open, which a painter who went into the chamber opened, as I supposed. You had long been gone, it was uncertain when you would return, and I *might* and *should* redeem them in a few weeks, and they are all in the pawn." The cause and effect were both before me in a true light, and the question is left to mothers, how they might have acted in a case like this. She had heard me say that life was more valuable than property, and when *that* was in peril, property became the moral right of him who had tried every expedient to save life, but especially when the taking of it did not threaten the same condition of that in which he was placed. *She* had said, "I will never see my children die for bread ; I will work, I will beg, and when neither will do, I would go and stand on *that* bridge, (which was under the window) and if asking would not do, I would seize the first that my hands could wrench from any one passing." She had flung me back on *my* principles, by acting up to *hers*, and what could be said. She could have been transported ; and the whole city, who knew the affair, and had never been hungry, neither entered into *her* starving case or pitied *me* for my foolish forbearance. The rich landlady who had recommended her to me coolly said she would

put her out of the house, and she did so ; and I found poor Bridget in a miserable hovel, with no means of support, and regretted that the landlady had ever known the circumstance. All the garments but one were found, but many of them so mildewed as not worth redeeming ; the missing one was the best, and doubtless was taken by the painter. But the spoon—ah, the lucky spoon ! It is now in a closet, where I am sitting, in London, *doubly*, yes *trebly*, valued for its extensive travels and fortunate escapes. I look at it, and think of the peasant children, and the potatoe, and poor Bridget and the pawnbroker.

The reader is left to name this tale "*Lights*" or "*Shades*" of Ireland, as best suits his principles ; for myself, in my *heart*, I could not pronounce the woman a thief, and would as soon have trusted her in all common cases after this as before, and am glad that her children did not starve when my garments were lying useless.

The time for a little review of the past, and preparation for the future, had now come. Ireland had been explored, and England was in prospect. The Americans had written that the last donation was on the ocean, and probably no more would be sent. Why should my stay be protracted ; for the inward voice was continually urging, "I have finished the work that thou gavest me to do." Far, far be it from me to say that this work was *well* finished ; *many many* mistakes might be corrected, but this I would candidly and humbly say, they were not *wilful*, but ignorant or *misjudging* ones. So faithful was conscience in her scrutinizing, that hours, yes days, when sitting alone in a chamber at Richard Webb's, preparing for London, she would *ask*, and *earnestly* too, Had I done what I *could* ?—had I not sometimes consulted my own ease ?—had I laboured to the extent, with hands, feet, money, tongue, pen, and influence, to do, by little or by great means, what my Master had required ?—had I not sometimes, when condemning the whiskey-drinking and wine-bibbing of the clergy and gentry, spent a penny on some little relish to take with my bread, when *that* penny would have given a poor labouring man a pound of meal, and my bread could have been taken without it ?

had I not burned a candle an hour, when neither reading or working, or put an additional piece of turf on the grate, when the poor, sick, dying cabiners had not either?—had I not paid a shilling for riding, when my feet were able for the journey? But above all, that trunk of clothes! When packing it to leave, the question was suggested, Is this not laying up treasures on earth? and should “moth corrupt,” or “thieves break through and steal,” my hoarding would be justly rebuked. I had often thought, as the last alternative, of selling everything for bread to give to the starving, that could possibly be spared, without leaving myself in a suffering state. This had not been done, the clothes were hoarded, and the virtual thieves—the pawnbrokers—had taken if not *stolen* them. This was followed by the startling passage, “If thine own conscience condemn thee, God is greater than thy conscience, and knoweth all things.” Oh! what searching of heart is there contained in the Holy Scriptures. Then again—had I by precept and example presented Christ, and so walked in Him that all who saw me took knowledge that I had learned of Him?—had the words of eternal life been read and explained in every place where God gave me ability and opportunity, as might have been—had I been as faithful in rebuking the sins of the great, where opportunity presented, as I had those of the mean and despised?—had “a gift ever blinded my eyes,” to lead me *unjustly* to favour the giver, and had the kindly heartfelt welcomes of the poor been as *grateful* in some lowly mud cabin, and the humble invitation to a dinner of potatoes as *flattering* as the polished salutations of the rich, with the proffered arm of the master of the feast to sit down to a sumptuous table with honourable invited guests? Had I rejoiced with “exceeding great joy,” when my name had been cast out as evil, when reviled, and all manner of evil *falsely* said against me?—had that legacy of long standing and *sure title* been as salutary and as *gratefully* received, as would have been a bequest from the government, for sacrifices made for the poor? *All this* and more sunk deep, and remained long, when conscience arraigned me

for rendering the stewardship of that four years' labour. "What hast thou done with thy Lord's money?" Ah! what indeed? Has a portion been given to "seven, and also to eight?"—has the bread been cast upon the waters; and shall I find it after many days? To the cross I flee, there let me hide—*simply, simply, solely* there I cling.

Turning from myself, and the retrospect of the past four years, the coming out from Cork, as the last and almost finishing touch of the whole, presented, Theobald Mathew, with the impression made on my mind, when he stood on the dock, by the packet, on the Lee, as the vessel sailed away. His countenance is a *marked one*, and would be distinguished as such in a crowd of strangers. But grief and blasted hopes have so scathed his warm heart, that though he retains that benignity of expression so peculiarly his own, yet the pencil of sorrow has so shaded it, continued anxiety has so paralyzed that hope which ever is, and ever *must* be the well-spring of the soul, that there seems a trembling *doubting* in every feature, whether to settle into a desponding passiveness, or struggle to maintain that wonted complacency which has seemed an innate and inseparable part of his whole constitution. The scourge that has laid waste his people has withered, has scathed his very soul. He stood "between the living and the dead," like a Phineas, till the plague was measurably stayed, when, in letting go his strained grasp, he found, he *felt* that his own hand had been weakened, and though he complained not, he saw, he knew that many who had cried "Hosanna," if they did not say "*crucify him, crucify him*," would turn away and walk no more with him. The palsy that shook his body was a faint shadow of the palsy that withered the springs of his heart, and dried up the life-blood of his soul. *Great* as was his goodness, and *good* as was his greatness, they neither of them had power to sustain a fabric whose framework was gentleness and confiding love. When the blast swept over him, and he felt his feet sliding, he reached out his believing hand to the supports he thought near him—*they were gone!* It was *then* that the "iron entered

into his soul,"—it was *then* that he found that love dies with money, and popularity thrives *best* when its hand is *fullest*, and needs it the *least*;—it was then that he found *experimentally* that benevolence must be content with its own reward, till the "time of the restitution of all things," when every man shall be rewarded according to his works; and that though he might have given "all his goods to feed the poor," his recompense in return from his fellow-man might only be, "Who hath required this at your hands?" When a man is in trouble and his feet are fast sliding, the prompt enquiry is "What brought him here?—Has he been *industrious*, has he been *honest*, has he been *temperate*?" But when he is in prosperity, and the tide of fortune flows smoothly, who enquires whether he *honestly*, *industriously*, or *soberly* acquired this prosperity? Who stands aloof from sharing his honours, which flow from his abundance, lest these honours come from an abundance too *unjustly* acquired? Has he robbed the poor and despoiled the widow and fatherless to fill his granaries and decorate his halls? Who has any right to investigate that?—Let every man mind his own business is the rebuke. Theobald Mathew was in *debt*—how came he there? Why everybody knew it was not to aggrandize himself; but he is in *debt*—he must have been imprudent if not *dishonest*! True, he was, as the *world* calls it, in debt, but *virtually* he owes no man anything—the world never *has*, the world never *will*, the world never *can* repay him; his *debt* is giving to the poor, when the poor were dying, what he then thought was justly his own, and justly tangible; and that depravity is to be pitied that imputes blame to generosity like this—a generosity which seeks not its own, but the good of those that are ready to perish. He loved his country—he loved his fellow-man of every clime, and his whole life has been spent in seeking their good. When he saw the world had misunderstood him, then he suffered *unutterable things*; and the shock that both body and mind sustained has left an impress that throws a constraint upon that *full* freedom which his real friends have been wont to exercise towards him; so abstracted does his

mind at times appear, that it is sometimes difficult to know either *what* chord to touch or *what* time to strike it, lest the unostentatious sensibilities of his heart should be awakened afresh to painful sensations.

God preserve him, as well as all others, who live for the world and its benefit. The current of man's heart must run in a different channel before it can render at *all* times even *blessing* for *blessing*, and better is he treated than was his Master, if the question do not apply to him also, "Many good works have I shown you ; for which of these works do you stone me?" The last famine has drawn out the *true* character of the people *there*, in a light most favourable to be understood ; it has shown what was in man, by a dissection of almost every part of the system, and they never can hide again, as they *have* done, and the great pity is, that amid so much upturning there has been so little cleansing. True, the pool has not yet become quiescent, nor the sediment had time to settle ; and when it shall, many that were "filthy will be filthy still," and those that were "righteous will be righteous still."

Though truth must and will triumph, judgment sometimes long delays, and the accusations against the nation of that island have a foundation in truth, yet the perverted judgment of men have so misapplied them, that at present the force they contain falls almost powerless. That there is *injustice* there cannot be denied, and this *injustice* has often been exercised by those who would have been least suspected. The famine, in spite of all evasions, has told some singular tales of this. The liberality of all nations has been most shamefully abused there, but the poor were not in the fault, and yet the poor *must* and *do* suffer all the sad consequences ; for now, while the wail of woe and death is still going up in many parts, the response is neither money nor bread, but "they have been ungrateful, they have been dishonest, and we are tired of hearing of Ireland." And were I to speak from honest conviction of what passed there, in much of the distributions belonging to government, and much from other places, that went through paid hands,

had it been cast into the sea, the fishes might have been better benefited than were the starving ; but to private donors, and to the churches of England, and the labouring classes, who entrusted their offerings to isolated churches and isolated almoners of their gifts, without *fee* or *reward*, let it be said, their donations in most cases were well applied, and greatly blessed. I have known, and record it with pleasure, that when a church *there*, from one *here*, was presented with money, clothing, or food, the minister of that church would divide it among such men and women as cheerfully sought out and supplied the most needy, with the utmost integrity. Many *felt* apparently that it was the Lord's money in very deed, and belonged to the Lord's poor, and that they must render a strict account of their stewardship ; and had one half even that the government sent been withheld, and the other half entrusted to *such* hands, as managed with like discretion and honesty, many more lives would have been saved, and less complaint of ingratitude been made.

It must be seen that the work was a most arduous and difficult one, and it takes much less time and trouble to sit quietly at home and dictate how it should be done, or complain when it is finished how badly it was executed, than it would to have gone in person and performed the task. It was a *hurried* work—the four millions of starving men, women, and children were calling for food *to-day*, they were calling in *earnest*, they could not wait days, and possibly weeks, till the honesty of a landlord, or the integrity of a rector, should go through the trial of a jury ; they could not stand round the doors of a church or chapel, waiting the decision of bishops and clergymen, priests and monks, whether the bread taken in commemoration of the Lord's death, were transformed into a part or whole of his *real* body or not, before they could have a piece of it ; consequently, what was to be done must be done *quickly*, and in the kindly feeling which promptly lighted up, the givers would naturally and properly throw promiscuously whatever relief could be gathered by any hands that would offer.

The government of England might possibly have dozed a little too long, regardless of what these her thriving landlords in that green isle were doing ; they might not have precisely understood how they were *feeding, housing,* and *paying* their serfs that were squatting “lazily” upon their soil ; they might not have applied the laws of mind precisely to *this* point, that these laws possess the unvarying principle of fixing deeply and firmly in the heart of the oppressor a hatred towards the being that he has unjustly coerced, and the very degradation to which he has reduced him becomes the very cause of his aversion towards him. Therefore such landlords, when famine pressed sorely upon their unpaid tenants, would necessarily *by* this law pity *least*, and neglect *most*, those who by accidental circumstances might be in greatest want. Those *full-fed*, government-paid clergymen, who had learned the law of love through her own bread and wine *exclusively*, and whose jaundiced eyes saw dark and foul spots on all surplices but her own, would be quick to discern that the “curse causeless does not come ;” and that as the Roman catholics embodied the majority of the sufferers in Ireland, and the Roman catholics were mostly fed on potatoes, and as God had *blasted* these potatoes, therefore they ought in humble acquiescence to say, “amen !” while the smoke of this torment was ascending, if not be willing co-workers with God in the infliction of the punishment. When such *did* give what was entrusted to their hands, it was not *always* given “with cheerfulness,” or without what they thought a merited rebuke. “Don’t you see now,” said a pert wife of a curate of this class, “don’t you see what your idolatry has brought upon you ;” handing a starving woman tauntingly a little food ; “you’ve been told that something dreadful would come upon you long before, but you *would not believe* ; now are you ready to come out of that church ?” “How,” said a bystander, “could you speak so unkindly to that poor starving suppliant at your door ; should you like the same treatment under the same circumstances ?” “I should deserve it ; and beside, how could I see her die under those awful delu-

sions?" "Would it not be better to show her Christ, and try to direct her to *Him*?" "*Christ!* how can she understand anything of Him, while in that church?"

This is not a fac-simile of *all* in the government church, neither is it an isolated case. Another instance only shall be named, and it is named as an illustration of the spirit that was too much in exercise there, and how it acted upon the sufferers:—

A poor man with a numerous family, applied to a rector of the Established Church for a portion of the donations committed to his care for the parish. "Where do you go to church?" was the question. "I am a catholic," the man answered. "Ah, yes, give your soul to the priest, and come here for me to feed your body; go back, and get your bread where you get your teaching." "This will learn 'em," said the exulting sexton of the church, who related the incident, "this will learn 'em where they are." The poor man went away without relief, though he belonged to the parish, and had a claim. Turning them over to the priests was the worst part of the spirit; for the priests, in the first place, were not a government-paid people, and in the *next*, they had at that time no donations entrusted to them; and to tantalize a hungry man with that retort, was like hanging him in gibbets, and then telling him to eat bread.

Such treatment was calculated not only to drive the poor to all sorts of intrigue, but to make them hate still more a religion that they always supposed to be false. The question which the Quaker put to the rector could well apply here, when he remarked that no good would be done to the papists in Ireland while they rejected the Bible—"What good, friend, has thy Bible done *thee*?" Ah, true; what good does it do to any who practice not its spirit. It is not intended to imply, by these statements, that the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland, during the famine, were all bigots, or all hard-hearted, and without any true christianity; but it is intended to *say*, that the spirit of bigotry and partiality was there, and wherever manifested, whether by that religious party or any other, had a most unfavourable effect both on the bodies and

minds of the suffering. The government could not control that, any more than a crazy inebriate can help doing what he is tempted to do ; but the inebriate, when he is sober, should keep so, and not put himself in the power of an enemy that can injure him so much ; and if the experience of two or three centuries in Ireland have not proved that carnal weapons are not needed in a church, and that Christ, who should be the head of it, has no occasion for them, surely they must be dull learners.

The christian may despair of conquest when kindness and love have no effect, and in the famine, when these were exercised, they were felt and acknowledged. Let any stranger, in the year 1850, go into every parish in that country, and make investigation of the true state of feeling, as it would naturally flow out without any design ; and if that stranger made no party allusions that should awaken jealousy, he would hear lavish blessings bestowed on dissenters of every grade, where these dissenters had manifested a kindly feeling. "And there's the rector that would do the heart good,"—"There's the blessed minister, that's worth the day's walk to hear his discourse,"—"And would ye see the lady that's the blessin' to the poor?" &c. Do you say this is selfishness?—it is a just appreciation of right and wrong ; and where right is not exercised why should it be acknowledged ? What gospel requires that a man should say of an unjust neighbour that he walks uprightly, lest some evil-eyed partizan should judge him by his own narrow spirit ? And blinded as the world is by sin, and perverted as education may be, there *are* things done which will bear looking in the face without blushing ; there are things done so well that an enemy, however skilful, could not improve them ; and there are fallen men and women in the lower ranks of life, without any refinement of education, that can appreciate these *well done* things and even *do* them too ; and with all the zig-zag movements in the famine there were some redeeming qualities, there were some things carried *on* and carried through, which were not *accused* of sectarianism, for the simplest reason—none was manifest.

The Society of Friends justly merit this acknowledgment, and they have it most *heartily* from every portion of Ireland. Not belonging to that Society, my opportunity of testing the *true* feeling of the poor was a good one, and when in a school or soup-shop, the question was put—Who feeds you? or, who sends you these clothes? the answer was; “The good quakers, lady, and it’s they that have the religion entirely.” One young man seriously enquired of me, what sort of people they might be, and if their religion were like any other, and where they got sich a good one; “By dad, don’t you think it’s the best in the world?” It certainly produces good works among the poor of Ireland, was the reply. “And where may they say their prayers? I wish I could hear ’em; or, don’t they say prayers?” He pressed so closely, that vague answers would not avail, the foundation of a faith which was so different from what he had seen in any people, as he said, “intirely,” he determined to make out; and finally enquired if they suffered persons of other faith to see them worship; and added, “I should like to see it.” He was directed to a meeting in Dublin which was open on that day, and after getting all preliminaries as to how he must behave, he ventured in.

The meeting was a *silent* one; he saw no altars, he heard no prayers, and his astonishment at their worship was equal to his admiration of their goodness. “And wasn’t it quare that they didn’t spake?” “They were waiting in silence till they should have something given them *to speak*.” This increased the difficulty, and he went away perfectly confounded, wishing he could know something more about them, “for they must be a blessed people.”

This simple-minded lad lived in a remote part of Ireland, had never been in a city before; and he said that he had seen these good people in the mountains giving alms, and “didn’t they spake so kindly,” he added, “I intended to see ’em if I could find where they stopped.” Simple-minded youth, what could he do more?

While writing this, a report has been sent me of the Birr Mission, at Parsonstown in Ireland, under the

superintendence of Mr. Carlisle, and I happily find by the following extract this fresh proof of the effect of kindness on the hearts of the most bigoted.

The Report states: "The medical coadjutor of the Mission, noticed in our last Report as having been sent to us from Edinburgh, continues his labours most assiduously and most usefully. Nothing has done so much towards removing the prejudices of Roman catholics against us—even those who formerly were most opposed and most bigoted—as his kind, unwearied, and skilful attention to the sick poor. It has already opened the way for the word of God to many families from which it formerly was debarred; and we observe that the prejudices of a class of society above the poor, with whom he has no direct intercourse in the way of his profession, are giving way before this kind and conciliatory approach to the population generally."

Were there space in these pages, like instances might be multiplied, and two which come under my notice were so in point, that they are entitled to a record in a better place.

A few miles north of Dublin, in the winter of 1847-8, a minister of the Independent church was sick for weeks, and his life seemed suspended in doubt for some days. One sabbath, in a chapel, after the morning service was finished, the priest called the attention of the people to his case, and added, "If he dies, God will take from us one of the *best* men in the country, and who will fill his place? All *we* can do is to pray for him, and surely you will all do that." Voices were loud in responding, *yes, yes*; and they tarried another hour and went through their prayers for the sick. Now, as inefficient as these prayers might be, they were the legitimate offspring of kindness and goodwill which this minister had practised, till he had not only removed prejudice, but had substituted like *feelings* of kindness.

The second case, was that of a good woman, who belonged to the Methodist denomination. She had been a pattern of good works in her neighbourhood, without regard to party; and the poor loved her as their long-

tried friend. She died. The priest of the parish was noted for his peace-making spirit and liberality. The sabbath after this good woman's death, he concluded the exercises of the day by naming the circumstance, and saying, "When God takes such good ones from the earth as *this woman* was, the living have not only cause to mourn, but to tremble, lest that his anger has gone out against the inhabitants, and He will not suffer such righteous ones to live among them."

In a few weeks from this, that priest died, the husband of the good woman just named, dropped an obituary notice in a paper which he edited, mentioning the conciliatory disposition of the priest, and his exertions in the parish to keep peace. A nephew of this priest called a few days after and thanked the editor for the kind notice, saying, "it was more than he could expect." In two weeks from this an obituary of the nephew was inserted in the same paper. But mark the effects of simply carrying out the principle of christian kindness! Was Christ dishonoured—was Christ offended?

PROSELYTISM.

It requires the Irish language to provide suitable words for a suitable description of the spirit which is manifested in some parts to proselyte, by bribery, the obstinate Romans to the church which has been her instrument of oppression for centuries. The English language is too meagre to delineate it in the true light. *Rice, Indian meal, and black bread* would, if they had tongues, tell *sad* and *ludicrous* tales. The artless children too, who had not become adepts in deceit, *would* and *did* sometimes by chance tell the story, in short and pithy style. It was a practice by some of the zealous of this class, to open a school or schools, and invite those children who were in deep want to attend, and instruction, clothes, and food should be given, on the simple terms of reading the scriptures and attending the church. The church catechism must be rehearsed as a substitute for the Romish, and though in substance a passage or two looked as if the *hoof* of the so-called

“beast,” might have been over it and left a modest track, yet by its adherents it was thought to be the pure coin. The children flocked by scores and even hundreds: they were dying with hunger, and by going to these places they could “keep the life in ’em,” and *that* was what they most needed; they could go on the principle, “if thou hast faith, have it to thyself before God,” and when the hunger was appeased, and the “blessed potatoe should come, they could say mass at home again.” When such children were interrogated the answer would be, “We are going back to our own chapel, or our own religion, when the stirabout times are over;” or when the “bread’s done,” or the “potatoes come again.” “But you are saying these prayers and learning this catechism.” “We shan’t say the prayers when we go back—we’ll say our own then,” &c. Now the more experienced father or mother would not have said this to a stranger, and such might have passed for a true convert, while receiving the “stirabout.” The priests were very quiet while this kind of bantering was in progress; they knew its beginning, and by this “*concordance*” could well trace the *end*; they held these favoured ones of their flock by a cord while the stomach was filling, as the traveller does his steed that he is watering, and turns it away when its thirst is assuaged, caring little at what fountain he drinks, if the water be wholesome. “We had as lieve they would be in that school as any,” said a priest, “while they are so young; we can counteract all the bad or wrong impressions their lessons may have had on their minds.”

The priests of Ireland have had their wits well sharpened by the constant check held over them by penal laws, and a government church, and they have not been guilty of great proselyting, finding as much work as would keep them upon the alert, continually to keep their *own hold*, and the flock safe *already* in possession. The Episcopalians and dissenters, on the other hand, knowing that they were the minority, and, that the power they held was not precisely “just and equal,” feared that some new king or minister, or some sudden

government squall, might blow down their uncertain bamboo fabric, had to double their cries of priestcraft and popery, persecutions and murders, to keep their citadels of self-defence well secured, with the stirring watchword of "popery" ever stimulating the soldiery to ready action, in case of insurrection. Thus, as they first preached Christ through bullets, bombshells, and fire, so they still hold him up as the "God of battles," to all who would not receive him through the breath of their mouths.

The soldiery stationed in Ireland are a living proof of this principle, and especially so, as this army is required to show its warlike power in defence of the missionaries stationed there, being called out to display their banners when any new converts are to be added to the protestant ranks from the Romish church. An instance of this was related by a coast-guard officer, stationed in the town of Dingle. Some five or six years ago, a half-dozen or more of the Romans had concluded to unite with the protestant mission establishment there, and the sabbath that the union was to take place in the church, the soldiery were called out to march under arms, to protect this little band from the fearful persecutions that awaited them on the way thither. The coast-guard officer was summoned to be in readiness *cap à pie* for battle, if battle should be necessary ; he remonstrated—he was a Methodist by profession, and though his occupation was something warlike, yet he did not see any need of carnal weapons in building up a *spiritual church* ; but he was under government pay, and must do government work. He accordingly obeyed, and, to use his own words substantially, "We marched in battle array, with gun and bayonet, over a handful of peasantry—a spectacle to angels, of our trust in a *crucified Christ*, and the ridicule and gratification of priests and their flocks, who had discernment sufficient to see that with all the boasted pretensions of a purer faith and better object of worship, *both* were not enough to shield our heads against a handful of turf, which might have been thrown by some ragged urchin, with the shout of 'turncoat' or

‘souper,’ as this was the bribe which the Romanists said was used to turn the poor to the church ; and though this was before the potatoe famine, yet the virtues of soup were well known *then* in cases of hungry stomachs, and the Dingle Mission had one in boiling order for all who came to their prayers.” The coast-guard continues, “We went safely to the church, and the next Mission Paper, to my surprise and mortification, told a pitying world that so great were the persecutions in Dingle, that the believing converts could not go to the house of God to profess their faith in Him, without calling out the soldiery to protect them.”

This circumstance is quite in keeping with much of what is called persecution there ; and though it cannot and should not be denied, but that in some cases, there has been great opposition and much severity manifested by papists, towards those who have left their church, yet a spirit of retaliation will never deaden the life of that persecuting spirit, nor bring any to see the benefit of a religion which bears the same impress which is stamped on theirs. These two contending powers have had so much to do to keep, one his own *foot-hold*, and the other his *flock*, that little time has been left for preaching *Christ*, or carrying out his gospel ; and I pray to be forgiven, if wrong, in saying, that in no place whatever, where christianity is preached, have the sad effects of a *nominal* one been more fatal. The letter without the spirit has shown emphatically what it can do. It can make men proud, covetous, vainly puffed-up, and it can make them oppressive too ; it can make them feel, and it can make them act as did the Puritan, in the early settlement of the New England colonies. “The earth,” he said, “was the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof, and what is the Lord’s belongs to the saints also, therefore they (Puritans) had a right to drive out the savages and take their lands ;” accordingly they did. The same spirit is literally carried out there in the tithe gathering ; these “saints” have a claim on what belongs to God, and consequently the law covenant belonging to the Jewish priest, under Moses, is handed over to them, and whatever barbarian, Scythian,

Jebusite or Perizzite, dwells in the land, must to them pay tribute. The magistrates who collect this tribute sometimes do it in the face of spades and pitchforks, and stockings full of stones, which the brave women hurl; but having the "inner man" well strengthened, by both law and government gospel, they generally escape with the booty. These ludicrous and shameful scenes have measurably abated since the tithes are gathered in a form not quite so tangible, by merging them in or behind the landlord's tax, who puts this ministerial "tenth" into an advanced rent on the tenant; but "murder will out," and the blow is felt as severely, and by many traced as clearly, as when the hand was more tangible. In the summer of 1848, in the city of Cork, one man belonging to the Society of Friends had a good set of chairs taken, which the owner affirmed was but a repetition of the same proceedings, the Church collectors having a peculiar fancy for his chairs; they had taken many sets in yearly succession. Now while all this is in progress in that country, talk not so loudly of popish heresy being the *root* of all the evil there. First, make the gospel tree, which was planted 1800 years ago, on the Mount of Olives, bear a little fruit, pluck a few fresh boughs from its neglected branches, and *kindly* present them to these popish seared consciences, and see and mark well the result. If the book called the Bible had been kept entirely out of sight, and its principles been fully exemplified in *deed* as well as in word, there can scarcely be a doubt, but the prejudice which now exists against it would never have been known; and had the priests thundered their anathemas either from the confession box or the altar, louder and longer against reading or believing it, many of them would have defied all bulls of excommunication, as well as all purgatorial burnings, and have made their acquaintance with its pages. When any of these extortions are practised, the ready response is, "This comes from the blessed book they're taichin' and praichin'." It is the substance that is wanting, not the shadow. If popery have concealed Christ behind the Virgin, with her long retinue of sainted

fathers and maids of honour, in the persons of St. Bridgets, *whose* microscopic eyes can see him any clearer through mitred bishops and surpliced gownsmen, fattened on the gatherings of the harvests of the poor, and scanty savings of the widow and fatherless. If the incense from a Roman censer obscure the clear light of the Sun of Righteousness, think not to blow it away by the breath of alcohol, their smoke will only mingle together, and make the cloud still thicker. Some paste more adhesive than "stirabout," and some stimulus more abiding than "soup," will be required to keep the scrutinizing Paddy rooted and grounded in a new faith, whose fresh lessons are only, "Be patient, love, while I beat you, in true genteel and 'royal style.'" The Celt can quickly discern clean hands; and though his own may be filthy, yet he will content himself with the "holy water" of his own church to cleanse them, while he sees his neighbour's of the protestant faith a little too smutty.

While speaking thus of proselytism, and the errors of the church, the soup-shops should not be cast into entire contempt; for though they may, and undoubtedly have been, used for bribery there, yet they have been used for *better* purposes, and by the protestant church too. The missionary stations in Dingle and Achill, so far as they adhered to their professed object in the beginning, which was partly to provide a retreat from persecution, and give labour as far as was *practicable* to those who wished to renounce popery, did well. But have they acted entirely in accordance with these principles. Let the fruits be the judges. That there are real God-fearing christians in those churches must be believed, but this is not the question. Were most of them made so by going there, or had they not been taught of the Holy Spirit before entering them? The heaven-taught christian in Ireland in many places is driven to great straits to find a fold where the flock are fed with the *true* bread, prepared by those who have really come out of the world, and they necessarily unite with any, where they can find a home. The Roman catholic who turns to God with full purpose of

heart, and has been really born of the Spirit, is indeed a *spiritual* christian ; he drinks deeply at the Fountain-head, and often exceeds those who had been in the path with the scriptures in their hands for years. One presbyterian clergyman observed, "we must take large strides to keep up with them."

I am not expecting, neither asking one pound of money, one good dinner, nor one blessing, for these unsavoury statements, but they are the common sense observation of four years, practical experience among that strangely situated people, who have been the gazing-stock of the world for so many ages ; and though the remark of a Roman catholic barrister, in the county of Mayo, to his priest, was somewhat severe, yet it might be well for the clergy of all denominations to look at it, and inquire whether they have not given cause for the people to feel, that the benefits which have flowed from their ministrations are not on the whole a poor equivalent for the money which has been paid to them, and for the honour which has been bestowed upon their reverences.

This barrister observed that his occupation had led him to an acquaintance with the doings of the clergy of every denomination in Ireland ; and he had settled on the firm belief, that if every one of all classes, priests, protestants, and dissenters, were put into a ship and driven out to sea, and the ship scuttled, it would be better for Ireland than it then was. "Leave every man," he added, "to take care of his own soul, without being led hither and thither, by men who worked either for money or party, or for both, and they would be in a better condition than they were at present. The confounded priest uttered not one syllable in reply. It is somewhat amusing to a listener, who belongs to no one of them, to be present on any annual celebration of these clergymen, and hear the reformatations going on under their management.

The Established Church astonishes you with confirmations and the increase of communicants, and if the speaker be a missionary, why a few thousand pounds would bring half of popish Ireland into his net—could

he build more cottages and dig more drains, mountain and bog for many a mile would be blossoming like the rose, and crooked things be made straight among the benighted catholics, and Ireland in the Lord's time be a habitation for the righteous to dwell in. The number of converts from popery astonishes the credulous hearers, and the self-denials and persecutions of the missionaries are second to none but Peter's or Paul's.

Next come the Presbyterians. They are a numerous, well-disciplined band, understanding precisely the tactics of their creed, and give you to understand that they are the true light that might lighten every man that cometh into Ireland. They have lengthened their cords and strengthened their stakes; and while many yet desire the "leeks and garlicks" growing in a government hot-house; yet some have nobly testified against making a hodge-podge church of Christ and mammon. They are not idlers, and their sabbath-schools train their children in the true faith of Presbyterianism, as faithfully as does the Romish priest in his. They, like the Established Church, feel that the mammoth incubus that is weighing the godly of Ireland down, is the Romish church, and though they acknowledge that a state church is not precisely the *best* thing, yet that is not the mountain, but yet would gladly have it removed, if by rooting up these tares the wheat should not be rooted up also; for if government should let go its hold, and say, "stand on your own foundation, or stand not at all," *they* might be shaken in the fearful crash. The *regium donum* still lingers there, and if tithes should slip, why not draw after them this "royal gift?" Many are good preachers and eloquent platform speakers; some have advanced into the free air of anti-slavery principles, and an isolated one, here and there, may not approve of the practice of war; but few comparatively have abandoned the use of the *good creature*, in *moderation*, and doubtless, they are fated to *see more* and *suffer more*, and dig deeper into their own hearts before they will believe, but that "wisdom will die with them."

The Methodists have a standing in numbers among

the ranks of Bible-christians, and their zeal has provoked many. They pray on, and they sing on, through thick and through thin ; they tell you that Methodism is the only salvo, and can never praise God enough that they stepped into her ranks. John Wesley echoes and re-echoes with loud amens, wherever there is a chapel to eulogise his name. They too abhor the "beast," and have blunted, if not plucked, some of his horns ; but not being quite so orthodox in the eyes of their more Calvinistic brethren, they go more on their "own hook," working in their own way, than the two first named. Though it is to be feared they are drinking in and conforming more to the world than formerly, yet they keep well in their own ranks, and let the world rock to and fro, their motto is onward ; they are not so prone to seek shelter from a storm in time of trouble, and to run over to the enemy till the danger is over, as some who are more in search of popularity, more timid and less self-denying. They are so undoubting in the truth of what they profess, that they spend less time in securing props to keep up their fabric ; and consequently, they have more space for preaching Christ. Those catholics who are not afraid of entering into any chapel but their own, are fond of listening to the enthusiastic manner of preaching which they find there, and are often seen standing about the doors of a chapel, with great reverence ; occasionally some are drawn in by the gospel, and remain faithful to Christ.

The Independents are a worthy class, and have unostentatiously made a good impression on the minds of the humbler portion of the inhabitants. Their Bible readers have in general been men of untiring faithfulness, and by kindness have gained access to the hearts of the peasantry, who listen to the reading of the Scriptures, without that opposition which must follow where a harsh course and abuse to the priests are manifested. One of their readers remarked, that for more than twenty years he had visited the cabins, read the Scriptures, and held up Christ to them as the sinner's friend, and in no one case had he been rejected. Some of them speak and

read Irish, which always gains access to the heart. The Independents in respect to government aid, reject all *regium donums*, and they stand on a firmer rock, than an earthly royal treasure. They have funds gratuitously supplied by their own church, and their missionaries and Bible readers are mostly supported from them. Their pastors are men in general of plain common sense, knowing how to adapt themselves and their preaching to the masses; and had they more of a proselyting spirit, would certainly make *more* noise, *more* money, and add more stony-ground hearers to their number.

The Baptists, humble in number as they are, should not be left out; they make their way, slowly, and softly, and show much patience in labouring in the destitute parts. Their flocks are increasing, and like the station at Ballina, many of their number are from the Romish church. These, when they put on Christ by a new baptism, as they call immersion, the burial with him into his death, arise and walk in newness of life, and in general remain stedfast in their profession. It is a fact, which should be more noticed among all these denominations, that where Christ is the most faithfully preached, error falls silenced, without that struggle of argument to maintain its hold, as when some object of contempt is held up to ridicule, or to shun; all the enemies' forces are then rallied to the rescue, and often the conqueror in argument is the force most weakened in the best part.

The Plymouth Brethren, or Bible Christians as they may call themselves, have a numerous body in Dublin, and worship Christ in a manner distinct from either which have been named. Acknowledging no head but Christ, they have no ministers to support, and like the Apostles' churches, have all things in common so far as this—as when one member suffers, all suffer with it; and accordingly none are left in want. They were very active in the famine, working efficiently, feeding, and clothing many; and the sabbath-school in which Christ and only Christ was taught, was numerously attended by the poor, who were fed and clothed, not as a bribe,

but as an act of christian charity, due to the poor. "Come, and we will tell you of Christ," was the invitation, and not come and join us, and we will feed you.

The Unitarians in Ireland are not numerous, but generally wealthy, intelligent, and benevolent. They did much in the famine to ameliorate the state of suffering, and to their honour they were many of them teetotalers. Their doctrine to the catholic is more incomprehensible than any of the "heresies" which they meet; for, beside rejecting the mother, they say they reject the Son likewise, and have neither Intercessor nor Saviour; and if they were disposed to proselyte, the catholic chapels would not be the "shops" in which to set up their "stir-about boilers." The Roman catholics are peculiarly distinct in one noble practice, from all other professed christians we meet. They will not in the least gape after, nor succumb to any man's religion, because he is great and honourable, though they will crouch and call him "yer honour" in matters of this world; but where their religious faith is concerned, they call no man master. The Unitarians, therefore, collect into their ranks such as, being whole, need no physician, and the lamentation or confession seldom goes up of being "miserable sinners" and going "astray like lost sheep." They are certainly a people in their influence over others, especially the lower classes, less to be dreaded than those who hold the truth in unrighteousness." The heresy of needing no atonement by an infinite God, is more shunned than sought after, by all such as have been led to believe that man is in a lost state; for if he is lost, and finds himself so, he seeks to be found; but if no one is in the way sufficient to lead him, how is he bettered by the inquiry? On the other side, those who hold the truth in unrighteousness, in other words, who bear no fruit, have not the power of it, and when the letter only is understood, he who professes Christ and knows him not in a fellowship of his sufferings, and a resurrection of life, is a more dangerous lure to the inquirer; for, in the first case, if there is no Saviour all powerful, there is nothing to embrace; but if there is one in *word* and

not in *deed*, he is more to be dreaded than none at all, a *false* God is worse than *none*.

There is a society of Moravians, and it would be superfluous to say anything of them, they are so well known for their simplicity, sobriety, retirement, and good order, that they walk more unseen than any denomination whatever. They never say, "Come and see my zeal for the Lord." The Roman catholics look upon them somewhat as they do upon the Society of Friends—a second "blessed people," wondering what the religion must be.

The Society of Friends in Ireland, stand out as they do in other places, *distinct*. They meddle but little in the politics of the world around them; whatever government they may be under, they sit quietly and let the world rock on. A Yearly Meeting of that denomination is most interesting in Ireland than elsewhere, on one account, because they are entirely free from vain boasting and whining tales of persecution, or the great growth of their denomination, the downfall of error before their preaching, &c. You have solemn silence, or you have something uttered unvarnished with rhetorical flourishes or borrowed extracts from House of Commons or House of Lords. Their extracts are borrowed from the Holy Scriptures, their prayers are addressed to the Majesty of Heaven, and not to men, they *speak* as if in His presence, they *sit* as if in His presence, and if you are not particularly edified, you are solemnized, your heart if not melted is *softened*, and you go away feeling, that for an hour or more you have been shut from a noisy, empty, gabbling world, from a party church which has not stimulated you to kill any priest, or pull down any chapel or convent. You feel to inquire, am *I right*? Is all well within? Have *I* the Spirit of Christ? if not I am none of His. I have never heard that any Roman catholic has ever turned to that Society in Ireland; but if they had proselyting agents in the field they would have their share, or if they had even that outward show in their meeting-houses, which takes away all reserve from the stranger, and gives him to feel that the place is

for all, many would be induced, to go in, that now stay away.

When stopping in Cork, great surprise was expressed, even by some dissenters, that I should take such liberties as to go to a place of worship where none were wished to attend but their own; and the catholics supposed that none could be allowed to enter, but such as have on the "particular dress." The caution of these people in the time of the famine, to avoid the appearance of proselytising, was carried to an extent almost unparalleled. It was said that a ministering Friend from England, who had been in the habit of attending or holding a meeting in the west part of Ireland when he visited them, declined doing so; in the year 1847, when in the same place, lest it should be construed as a desire to make converts by the liberality which his Society were shewing.

The Catholics in Ireland are the catholics everywhere in some respects, in others, they may have some shades of difference. Having always been placed under restrictions they could not always appear free; and yet when these restrictions have been removed they have not taken undue advantage, as their enemies supposed they would. The removal of the penal laws did not make them insolent, but thankful that they again had the prospect of being ranked among the human family as human beings. That cord of fear by which they have been long held is loosening, and they take liberties, that at times causes the priest to say that they are quite beyond his control, and he is often put down at the altar—that most sacred place, when he lays restrictions which are not congenial. Their superstitions too are vanishing; fairies and banshees have not the hold on the imagination as in former days; the holy wells, and bushes covered with rags and strings which had been dipped in the waters, to wash the believing diseased one, are now disappearing. This practice is not confined to the catholics, either in Ireland or England, being practised in the latter place to some extent now; but there is still a most fearful practice in the west part of Ireland, which a priest related in my hearing, and comforted our horror

by saying, that he had caned the man most faithfully that morning, and it would never be repeated. The practice has been in use for ages, and is called the "Test of the Skull." It is this,—when a person is suspected of crime he is placed kneeling, and made to swear over the Bible that he is innocent, and then laying his hand on the skull, he invokes heaven that the sins of the person that owned that skull in life, with those of the seventh generations before and after him, might be visited on his head if he were guilty, and if this swearing was false, the skull was to haunt him incessantly day and night, to the end of his life. This horrid practice is so loudly spoken against, that it is performed with the greatest secrecy when it is done. It has extorted many a confession that nothing else would do, and is found a very useful experiment in incorrigible cases. The skull used is always the skull of the father, if the father be dead, which makes it more terrific to the suspected one.

Superstitions of these kinds are prevalent more upon the sea-coasts and in the mountains, where the inhabitants are secluded from much intercourse; and sitting in their dark cabins, or climbing the crags upon the lofty mountains or cliffs hanging over the sea, they hear the constant roar of old ocean or the hollow groaning of the wind, as it winds through the defiles and caves; and having no intelligent intercourse and no books, they conjure up all that imagination is capable of doing, and when it is conjured up and brought a few times before the mind, it is reality which is difficult to efface. Their fairy superstitions are not frightful, and go to show a very poetic turn, of which the mind of the Celt is quite capable. Fairies are always pretty, "light on the fut," and light on the wing, are pleasant and playful, particularly fond of children and babies, and often exchange them when the mother is gone or asleep, and many times she never knows the difference; frequently she has been heard to complain that a sicklier child has been put in her child's place, and sometimes blue eyes have been changed for grey. They never like to displease one of these gentry, lest she should be dis-

posed to kill or injure the child. I found these ideas still lingering among the mountains, where some of them would not be willing to leave off red petticoats, because they kept the fairies from doing any little mischief which otherwise they might do. The "Angel's Whisper," too, has a foundation in real truth. It has long been supposed that a sleeping infant hears some pleasant thing whispered in its ear by the ministering angel that is always hovering near; and it is noticeable that the superstitions of the peasantry are more poetical than frightful, and they generally turn all supernatural appearances to a favourable account. But the famine changed their poetical romance into such fearful realities that no time was left to bestow on imagination.

I have regretted since leaving, that more pains had not been taken to procure some of the poetical ideas, in the songs made for the occasion by nurses, where, in the old lordly Irish families on the sea-coast, they have lived and died in the same house, and amused each succeeding child with poetry of their own imagination, and expressed in their own way, according to the age and station of the child; the colour of its hair, eyes, and skin, generally being a part of the song.

I found one of these useful appendages in an ancient family on the western coast, who had grown grey in their service, and was then singing feebly her old songs to another rising generation; but the daughter said they had lost the spirit which they possessed when she was rocked in her arms, and from her she had entertained the most favourable opinion of the fairies, as she never used them as more refined nurses do the sweeps and ghosts, to frighten children into obedience, but more like kind angels, sent to minister to their little wants. She gave me a specimen of one song which she had often heard sung to herself, as well as to her younger brothers and sisters. I retained a few words of it, which sounded peculiarly poetical, its language seemed like the song of Solomon's, of the "young roe or hart on the mountains of Bether."

"When the light wing of the fairy shall brush the

pearl bead from the heath, the quick fut of my vourneen shall away over mountain and glen ;" the chorus, "shall away, shall away," generally produced the desired effect, sometimes would be added "yes, shall away, and the breath of the morning shall blow her fair hair," or other language varied to suit the occasion.

These habits are found mostly in the sequestered places, where little or no mixture with an artificial world, made up of fashions which perish with the using, have served to dim the beauties of nature ; and when any of these unsophisticated mountain peasants are introduced into what is falsely called refined life, they become ashamed of these "vulgar" thoughts and expressions, as they suppose, never hearing them used by the genteel, and generally they are eclipsed, if not lost, by intercourse with, or by being servants to the town and city classes. The thought has been suggested that what are called "Irish blunders" proceed in a measure from the change which is attempted from *low untutored* life into a more *intelligent* and *refined* one. They do not obtain the book-learned ideas and phrases correctly ; and leaving nature they lose sight of her so much, that they cannot and dare not scarcely use her name, or call after her, even when they know they have not so good a guide. The famine will work out and bring up a new state of things among all classes there ; but it is much to be scrupled, whether *every* portion of that people would on all accounts be bettered with a greater intercourse with other nations, unless this intercourse can be more untrammelled by the out-of-the-way fooleries, which many of the higher classes practice ; for the Irish, whether unlike all others I do not pretend in this particular, but they do not become less savage and impetuous by a superficial, and what may be termed common, education. The labouring classes in towns and villages are less courteous, less humane, and more impetuous, than in remote mountains. The mountain peasants seldom emigrate, like others, and hence other countries cannot know the real character of that people, but by going into these obscure places and mingling with them.

CHAPTER XXII.

“Shall I see thee no more, thou lov'd land of sorrow.”

LAST LOOK OF IRELAND, AND THE SUMMING UP.

THE time had come when the last long adieu must be taken of a people and country, where four years and four months had been passed, and it would be impossible to put the last penciling upon a picture like this, and not pause before laying it aside, and look again at its “Lights and Shades” as a whole. In doing so, the task is more painful than was the first labour,—First, because these “Lights and Shades” are imperfectly drawn ; and second, because no future touch of the artist, however badly executed, can be put on ; what is “written” is “written,” and what is *done* is *done* for ever. My feet shall never again make their untried way through some dark glen, or wade through a miry bog, or climb some slippery crag to reach the isolated mud cabin, and hear the kind “God save ye kindly, lady ; come in, come in, ye must be wairy.” Never again can the sweet words of eternal life be read to the listening way-side peasant, when he is breaking stones, or walking by the way ; never will the potatoe be shared with the family group around the basket, or the bundle of straw be unbound and spread for my couch. Never will the nominal professor, who learned *his* Christ through *respectability*, without even the *shadow* of a cross, again coolly say, “We do not understand your object, and do you go into the miserable cabins among the lower order ;” and never, oh never ! again will the ghastly stare of the starving idiot meet me upon the lonely mountains I have trod ; never again will the emaciated fingers of a starving child be linked in supplication for a “bit of bread,” as I pass in the busy street ; though the painful visions will for ever haunt me, yet the privilege to relieve will never again be mine in *that* land of sorrow. *It is over.* Have I acted *plainly* ?—have I spoken *plainly* ?—have I written *plainly* ? This is all right,—for this no apology is made.

But have all these *plain* actions, *plain* speakings, and *plain* writings, been performed with an eye single to the glory of God? If so, all is as it should be, if not "Mene, Tekel" must be written.

These pages speak plainly of *Clergymen*, of *Landlords*, of *Relief Officers*, of the waste of distributions, and of *Drinking Habits*. Are these things so? Gladly should I be to know, that in all these statements a wrong judgment has been formed, and that they *have* been and *are* misrepresented. Yes, let me be proved even a *prejudiced* writer, an *unjust* writer, a *partial* writer, rather than that these things should be *living acting* truths. But alas! Ireland tells her own story, and every stranger reads it.

The landlords have a heavy burden, and if the burden cannot be *removed*, it is right that they should be *heard*. Even if by their own neglect or unskilfulness they are now where they feel the wave rolling over them, and this wave is like to swallow them entirely, what philanthropist would not throw out the life-boat and take them to land? If they are not good steersmen, then place them not again at the helm; if they neither understand the laws of navigation, nor the duties of captains to the crew, assign them a place where with less power they can act without injuring the helpless, till they learn lessons of wisdom from past pages of wrecklessness and thoughtless improvidence. And while God says, "What measure ye mete shall be measured to you again," yet who shall presume to deal out this promise, nor let one retaliating lisp be encouraged to clothe the oppressive or careless landlord in likerags that his tenants have worn. Give him a second coat, and though his hands may not be adorned with rings, yet dress him in clean garments, and put shoes upon his feet. If you give him not the "fatted calf," yet feed him not on the one root which his scanty pay has compelled the sower and reaper of his fields to eat, strip him not of the last vestige that his habitation may possess of decency and comfort, and shut him not in the walls of a workhouse, to lie down and rise up, go out and come in, at some surly master's bidding. Let

him walk among men, *as* a man breathing free air on God's free earth that he has freely "given to the children of men." Say not to him, when you see that his day has already come, "Ah! I told you so." Conscience, if he have any, will tell him *that*, and if he have not any, you cannot furnish him with one. There are landlords in Ireland who have measurably rendered what is "just and equal," if not *wholly* so. There are Crawfords and Hills, who have done nobly and outlived the storm, and there are many others, who like them have acted well, but *could* not, and *have* not outlived it. In one crumbling mass, they and their tenants are looking in despair on each other without cause or disposition to recriminate, and when they part, it is like the separation of kindly members of one family, united by one common interest. These are some of the bright spots, green and fresh, which still look out upon that stricken country, and leave a little hope that lingering mercy may yet return and bless her with the blessing that adds no sorrow.

The minister too—shall his sacred name and calling be on the tongue and pen of every wayfaring traveller who may chance to pass through his parish, and tarry but for a night—who may hear but a passing sermon, and *that* a good one too, and hasten away and denounce him a hireling or unfaithful? Let candour, courtesy and christianity forbid it.

The watchmen on Ireland's wall have had a stormy, bleak night to guard the city, and amid the roar of tumultuous tempests have scarcely known how to guide or to warn the lost traveller into a safe shelter—they may have seen danger through a *false glare*—they may have warned when no danger was nigh, and they may have wrapped their robes about them, and hid from an enemy when they were the only leaders that could have led to victory. Some have split on the fatal rock—love of gain; others are ensnared by the deceitful flattering word "*respectability*." This above all others seems to be the *hobby*; nor is it confined to the *Established* Church, they as a body are so well paid and honoured, that they have less need to keep up a struggle respect-

ing the name, as most of them (the curates excepted) *can* and *do* hang out the *indisputable sign*—a carriage, and its accompaniments ; and if the character of such an one be inquired after, however he may live, and how far removed from the vital principles of the gospel he may be, if not among the *vilest*, “Oh! he is *very respectable*; if you should see his gardens, and grounds, and carriage, and then his glebe-house, and his wife and daughters—they’re the ladies.” The dissenting classes, who profess by their very *dissenting*, that they believe more fully that the regenerating spirit of the gospel calls for newness of life, and nonconformity to the world; yet to induce the world to follow them, to become members of their body, they must throw out the bait of “*respectability*,” to keep up an influence which conformity to the world alone can do ; that part of the legacy which Christ left, they acknowledge is a *good* one when applied to *real martyrdom*. When the disciples were told that if they have hated me, they will hate you also, and that they must “rejoice and be exceeding glad,” when all manner of evil should be said of them, for his sake ; but for disciples in the nineteenth century the constitution of things is changed, and as a “good name,” the wise man tells us, “is better than precious ointment,” this “good name” must be obtained, even though a few circumstantialia in the christian creed should be *modestly suspended*. This “good name” is the *last* thing that the professed christian will leave in the hands of Christ ; he will entrust him often with his property, his indefatigable labours, and even life itself ; but his *reputation*, ah ! his *reputation* is too sacred to go out of his hands ; and mark ! this reputation is one acquired according to the customs of the world. Here is the fatal split, here it is, where he who purchases this article, purchases it at the expense of that *vitality*, that *indwelling* principle of holiness, which, if nurtured and kept alive, by walking in the liberty of Christ, will go on from one degree of grace and glory, till the perfect man in Christ is attained.

The dissenting christians of Ireland, many of them, are wealthy enough to be *respectable* ; and though they

are not in general as high as their "Established" brethren; yet those who have a *regium donum* can figure somewhat genteelly, and if they do not attain to the highest notch they do what they *can*; if they cannot keep a coach and four, they would not be inclined to ride meek and lowly, as their Master did through the streets of Jerusalem, and will get the best carriage their means will allow.

Now respectability is not to be despised; but seeking it at the expense of that humility, that condescending to men of low estate, that not only giving to the poor, but *doing* for the poor, and doing too at the expense of our own ease, and in face and eyes of the customs of a God-hating world, is reprehensible, and *wholly* and *entirely* aside from the precepts and examples of Christ and his followers; and though to the blameworthy this may appear severe, because *true*, yet I cannot be a faithful recorder of what I saw and experienced in Ireland, without leaving this testimony, which I expect to meet at the judgment, that a proud worldly *respectable* christianity is the *first* great deep evil that keeps that country in a virtual bondage, from which she never will escape, till the evil be removed. The awful gulf which is placed between the higher and "*lower orders*" there, is as great between professed christians and the world, as between the estated gentleman or titled lord, who make no pretensions, and in many cases much greater. There are *lords, sirs, and esquires* in Ireland, who would sooner admit a bare-foot into their back-door and hear his tale of woe, than would many of the dissenting classes, of so-called followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Why is it so? *Simply this*, not because these lords and gentlemen were *christians*, but because they were not in danger of losing a standing which a worldly government had given them, by so doing, while the dissenter, a step lower in worldly honour, without sufficient vital piety to fall back upon, must keep the *respectable* standing that he had, or he was lost for ever. And before closing these pages, duty requires to correct statements which have been made by many of the misjudging class of Irish

who read the first volume, and have said that I had no opportunity to give a *true* account of the character of the people there, because I mingled with none but the *lower* classes—I give the following illustrations:—This is a mistake wholly and entirely. I did not make *long* visits with the higher orders except in few cases, not because I was not treated with all the courtesy and attention that *vanity* would require by some of these, but because my message was to the poor; and the attentions of the great were not recorded for many reasons, among which, some of the most prominent are, that many such persons do not wish to read their names on the random pages of an unpretending tourist, or a vain smattering one; and if their vanity *could* be fed the greater caution should be used to withhold flattery, for they are in no need of compliments; and beside, they have only done what they could easily do without sacrifice, and are required by the common claims of civility to strangers, as well as by the higher requirements of the gospel to do. And, again, what traveller who has whirled through that island on a coach, and who, in his own country was scarcely known, beyond his humble seat in the church or chapel where he was wont to sit, but has carefully wrapped a complimentary card, given by a titled gentleman, to a dinner, to show to his family to the third, and probably fourth generation, of the great honour bestowed on him. And in conclusion, on this part of the subject, let it be said, that access *was* gained to every class of people in Ireland, some by “hook and by crook,” and others by an “abundant entrance,” and by a greater part of them was I treated with more courtesy than by those a notch or two below, in worldly standing.

Would it do good, and would room permit, many amusing things might be related, of the sudden transitions my visit and object to the country went through, from the “flattering unction,” to the dark-frowning suspicion, by the same persons, in the space of a few weeks. *To illustrate*, sometimes a pioneer, in the shape of a letter would be sent to a minister of this class, perhaps

by one who was a step in advance in the scale of respectability, the drawing-room would be thrown open, and the warmest reception given, and "we are very happy to have it in our way to show attention to one, who has sacrificed so much; and what can we do for you?" &c., &c.,—*tout ensemble*, it was just as it should be, and "when you return, remember we have a bed, and all in waiting for strangers, and you are not to pass us." Calling on my return, the gentleman must go out—the lady, perhaps, was already "out," or "engaged." In a few weeks, a most varnished apology, in real "Blarny" style, would be sent, "We did not know who it was *exactly*, till since you last called, Mr. So-and-so, my friend, has informed us who you are, and we have had so many strangers that are not of the right stamp, that it is necessary to be careful," &c. Now, the mistake seemed to be *here*, these people had by some strange perversion, misapplied this principle of carefulness, which the apostle enjoins, who says, "be not forgetful to entertain strangers," &c., not be *careful* that you are not deceived by them. These cases were so usual that they must be inserted as the true character of the people, as a whole, in that middle station of the "*respectables*;" and they are not recorded as *persecutions*, they were a useful passport to the causes of some of the barriers existing there, in the way of bettering that unhappy people. They were a kind of skeleton-key, at least, to unlock the "outer court" of the inner sanctuary of the heart, it showed, that if the common courtesies of life were so little understood by those who not only had the books of the schools in their heads, but professedly the "Book of books" in their hearts, which they were ordained to teach others, that they required some faithful apostle to "teach *them* the way of God more perfectly." I was confirmed in this opinion of their proud bearing, as being a fixed habit, by *circumstantial* evidence, which sometimes is the *best*. Again, and again, has some kind-hearted peasant directed me to the gate of one of these "nice gentlemen, or ladies," urging as an inducement, that they had heard of me, and wanted much to see the

“American woman,” and not unfrequently she would accompany me, and while I tarried at the front, she would go to the back-door, to tell the servant, that she had brought the “lady,” and she must acquaint her mistress. When the refusal came, and the peasant was interrogated, why she should suppose an admission could be gained to a family of their pretensions, the simple-spontaneous answer would always be in words like these: “Because lady, yer a decent looking body, and of their faith, or I shouldn’t took ye there, and ye arn’t poor, if ye *do walk*, and sure they’d be proud to spake to the lady like ye.” “The bare-foot or the poor parson don’t cross that gate, only the gentry ma’am,” implied that the poor well understood, that these christian gentry had a bridge over which none but the *respectable* must pass, and this they really supposed was a *part* and *parcel* of the religion which the bible taught, for, to the honour of the catholics, this was not their practice, at least towards me, even in the highest stations of life. And among the dissenters, there were noble exceptions; whenever a bible-reader was found—with but solitary specimens here and there—they were accessible, hospitable, and many of them deeply imbued with the principles of the gospel. Accommodating themselves as they must and do to the lowest classes, they reach the main-spring of the heart, and when they take spiritual weapons *exclusively*, they find a soil where good seed can be sown, and where it has sprung up to everlasting life. Here emphatically was exemplified the difference between a true and living faith, which works by *love*, and a *dead* one which works by party—“Come,” said a humble poor catholic, “and I’ll shew ye the man: there is not a cabin in the parish, but his blessed feet have crawsed, and it’s he that gives the plain raidin’, and discourses us so kindly, and I’ll go in with ye to his cottage, and shew ye the mistress.” They were never afraid to go in with me to one of these houses, and it would be very difficult to make many of these peasants believe that the bible, which these “blessed men was tachin’,” was the same translation as that of the upper classes. These men do

what the superficial age would call the *dog-work* of the church—the work which some, who hold a higher station in it, would not stoop to do, but it is the *very work*, the work which, as an individual, from individual observation, I venture to say is the *best* work done in Ireland, and at the last account, when the “pearls” are made up, “Well done good and faithful servant,” will be said to many who now are scantily rewarded either by money or honours of those who have sent them there.

They are doing Christ's work, to the same class of people, and in the same way that He did it.

The old hackneyed story of popery in Ireland has been so turned and twisted that every side has been seen—nothing new can be said about it. There it stands, its principles are well known, its superstitions and persecuting character, its idolatries, and all its trimming and trappings are the same in essence, as when Queen Elizabeth put her anathemas forth against its creeds and practice; and with all her errors she maintains a few principles and practices which would be well for her more bible neighbours to imitate. Her great ones are more accessible; the poor of their own class, or of any other, are not kept at such an awful distance; the stranger is seldom frowned coolly from their door; to *them* there appears to be a sacredness in the very word with which they would not trifle; the question is not, is he or she “respectable,” but a *stranger*; if so then hospitality must be used without grudging. In the mountains, and sea-coast parts, it has ever been the custom to set the cabin door open at night, and keep up a fire on the hearth, that the way-faring man, and the lone stranger, should he be benighted, could see by the light that there is a welcome for him, and if they have but one bed, the family get up and give it to the stranger, sitting up, and having the fire kept bright through the night. This has been done for me, without knowing or asking whether I was Turk or Christian; and were I again to walk over that country, and be out at night-fall in storm and peril, as has been my lot, and come in sight of two castle-towers, one a Roman and the other a

protestant owner ; and were the former a mile beyond, my difficult way would be made to *that*, knowing that when the porter should tell the master a *stranger* was at the gate, he would say, "Welcome the stranger in for the night, or from the storm." The protestant *might* do the same, but there would be a *doubt*. His answer would probably be, "A stranger!— How comes a stranger here at this late hour, tell him we do not admit persons into our house unless we *know* them." Christian reader, this is one *strong* reason why you should admit them, because you do *not* know them. The catholics are much more humble in their demeanour, and certainly much more hospitable and obliging in all respects, as a *people*. They are more self-denying, will sacrifice their own comforts for the afflicted, more readily they will attend their places of worship, clothed or unclothed, and beggars take as high a place often in the chapel, as the rich man ; the "gold ring and costly apparel," is not honoured here, as in the protestant and dissenting churches ; and it is remarked that when any turn to the protestant faith, they never lose that condescension, nor put on those pretences of worldly respectability, as their protestant brethren do.

This is the impartial candid *last* look that I take of the *outward* manifestations of religion in that miserable country, and any and *all* are challenged to contradict its reality as a whole, until the test has been made as *long*, and in the *same* way, in a famine and out of one, walking and riding, with money and without, in castle and cabin, in bog and in glen, by land and by water, in church and in chapel, with rector, curate, and priest, in markets and fairs, cattle-shows and flower-shows, in every position that they have been placed for the last six years, not excepting O'Connell's agitation, and Smith O'Brien's rebellion, O'Connell's imprisonment, and O'Brien's banishment, and can only say, if wrong deductions have been made, may they be forgiven and corrected.

A little for the Relief Officers at parting. To those who have been entrusted with money for the poor, and have been *bountifully* paid for the care of the loan put in

your hands, if you have done by the starving poor, as you would that they should do unto you in like circumstances—if you have given the same quality and quantity of bread, that you should be willing to receive and eat—if you have never sent a starving one empty away, when you had it by you, because ease would be disturbed—if dinners and toasts have not drained any money that belonged to the poor, then “well done good and faithful servant;” and if you *have* may you be forgiven, and never be left “to feel the hunger.” My lot was to be once in a house where a sumptuous feast was held among this class of labourers, and that was in the midst of desolation and death. They “tarried, to speak most modestly, a little too long at the wine” *that* night, and drank toasts, which if they honoured the Queen, did little credit to men in their station, and in their responsible work. But I have seen and handled the “black bread” for months, and have told the story. I have seen many sent from the relief, on days of giving it out, without a mouthful, and have not a doubt but many died in consequence of this, when they should and *might* have been fed. Time will not allow of dwelling on these cases; but one which was vividly impressed, and particularly marked at the time, may serve as a specimen. Going out one cold day in a bleak waste on the coast, I met a pitiful old man in hunger and tatters, with a child on his back, almost entirely naked, and to appearance in the last stages of starvation; whether his naked legs had been scratched, or whether the cold had affected them I knew not, but the blood was in small streams in different places, and the sight was a horrid one. The old man was interrogated, why he took such an object into sight, upon the street, when he answered that he lived seven miles off, and was afraid the child would die in the cabin, with two little children he had left starving, and he had come to get the bit of meal, as it was the day he heard that the relief was giving out. The officer told him he had not time to enter his name on the book, and he was sent away in that condition; a penny or two was given him, for which he expressed

the greatest gratitude; this was on Wednesday or Thursday. The case was mentioned to the officer, and he entreated not to send such objects away, especially when the distance was so great.

The next Saturday, on my way from the house where the relieving-officer was stationed, we saw an old man creeping slowly in a bending posture upon the road, and the boy was requested to stop the car. The old man looked up and recognised me. It was he who had the child upon his back in the dreadful state. I did not know him, but his overwhelming thanks for the little that was given him that day, called to mind the circumstance; and, inquiring where the child was, he said the three were left in the cabin, and had not taken a "sup nor a bit" since yesterday morning, and he was afraid some of them would be dead upon the hearth when he returned. The relieving-officer had told him to come on Saturday, and his name should be on the book, he had waited without scarcely eating a mouthful till then, and was so weak he could not carry the child, and had crept the seven miles to get the meal, and was sent away with a promise to wait till the next Tuesday, and come and have his name on the books. This poor man had not a penny nor a mouthful of food, and he said tremulously, "I must go home and die on the hairth with the hungry ones." The mother had starved to death. He was given money to purchase seven pounds of meal; he clasped his old emaciated hands, first fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven and thanked the good God, then me, when the boy was so struck with his glaring eyes, and painful looks, that he turned aside, and said, "let us get away." The old man kept on his knees, walking on them, pausing and looking up to heaven; and thinking myself that seven pounds would not keep four scarcely in existence till Tuesday, we stopped till he came upon his knees to the car; he was given money enough to purchase seven pounds more; when, for a few moments, I feared that he would die on the path. His age, exhaustion by hunger, and the feelings of a father, together with the sudden change,

from despair to hope, all were so powerful, that with his hands clasped, clinching the pennies, and standing upon his knees, he fell upon his face, and for some time remained there ; he was finally restored to his knees, and the last glimpse we had of this picture of *living death*, he was behind us on the path, descending a hill upon his knees. What his future destiny was I never knew ; but the Relieving Officer expressed no feelings of compunction when told of it some time after, nor did he know whether he had applied again. If he died, what then ? was the answer. This solitary case is only a specimen of, to say the least, *hundreds*, who might have been saved, had these stewards applied the funds where *most* needed. Those who were obliged to walk miles, and lie out over night often upon the highway-side, were sent back to come again, while those who lived nearest, had the most strength, and could clamour the loudest for their rights, were soonest supplied. This Relieving Officer was an Irishman, and though among some of these there was great compassion and long continued, yet as a whole the English were much *more so* ; and had they, without being advised or influenced in the least by the Irish landlords and Irish Relieving Officers, taken their own course, much better management of funds and better management for the suffering would have followed. The English were unused to such sights as Ireland in her *best* times presents, besides they never had oppressed these poor ones, while the rich powerful Irish, like our slaveholders in the United States, had long held them writhing in their grasp, some of them beside had been too lavish, their means for sporting and pleasure were lessening, and why not take their share of what they wanted, while it was in their hands ? The English officers, entirely unacquainted even with the location of distressed districts, till, for the first time, their eyes were saluted with these frightful sights, would certainly be led to apply means, *when* and *where* more experienced ones should direct. The Irish landlords too, had another strong temptation. They had many comfortable farmers, who, till the famine, had not only paid them *good* rent,

but had turned the worst soil into beautiful fields. They must either abide on the land and pay less rent, or none at all, till the famine ceased, or they must emigrate. Now a few hundred pounds would keep these tenants on their feet, and pay the landlord. And if these landlords had not before been influenced by the grace of God to do justice, it cannot be expected in this peculiar crisis they should suddenly be transformed to act so against their own worldly good. Who would trust a dog with his dinner if the dog be hungry? These are not random strokes made to finish a book, nor to gratify a splenetic sourness—particular prejudices have not been the spring of motion in this work ; but being flung into *all* and *every* position how could I but see *all* and *every* thing that fell in my way? In the *worst* districts my tarry was generally the longest, and in some cases I literally carried out the precept “Into whatever house ye enter there abide and thence depart,” where the most information could be gained, and the family who invited me were able to supply all needful things, and had urged the visit, however protracted it might be ; and in the face and eyes of all sincerity on *their* part, they had been taken at their word, and though the blarney grew thinner and weaker, yet I had long since accustomed my palate to bread without butter or honey, and potatoes without gravy or salt. This was not always done with the best grace, but it was a part of the self-denying work allotted me when my means for giving to the dying had been nearly exhausted? Why should I take what was actually *mine* and pay for lodgings when invited to accept them, where there was “straw and provender” sufficient, and when too, it was offered so kindly, and this money could advance a better interest.

In saying farewell to all I have seen and done, I am not expecting to be fully understood ; party politicians, sectarian professors of religion, pleasure-seeking worldlings, and such as love to be called by men, “Rabbi,” cannot *understand*, and how can they be lenient even if they forgive ; and my only request is, that the Master who sent me may not at last frown upon my puny

endeavours for the good of suffering Ireland, and of that country I candidly and fearlessly give my *firm unwavering* testimony, that with all her *imperfections*, she deserves more pity than blame, and that in despite of all her strugglings, for centuries, barely to breathe, there yet remains in her enough valuable material, if brought out, and rightly manufactured, to make her, if not the brightest gem, yet *as bright* as any that sparkles in the ocean. She possesses an ingredient in her composition, beyond all other nations—an elasticity of such strength, that however weighty the depressing power may be, she returns to her level with greater velocity than any people whatever, when the force is removed.

Then arise to her help ; let every protestant and dissenter put on the *whole* armour ; let them together cast their tithes and *regium donums* “to the moles and to the bats,” and stand out in the whole panoply of the gospel ; then indeed will they appear “terrible as an army with banners,” let their worldly respectability be laid aside for the “honour that comes from God,” and let them do as Christ did, “condescend to men of low estate.” Who can tell if the professed church of Christ of all denominations should do her *first* work there, but that a loophole would be made, through which government might look beyond the dark cloud that has covered her reign over that island, and joyfully say “*Live, for I have found a ransom !*” For though government *now* holds the church in her hands, could she do so if the church was moved by an Almighty power ? God now *suffers*, but does he *propel* ? Is not the machinery of the church there one of the “sought-out inventions,” which never emanated from the uprightness of God ? *See to it, see to it*, and then talk with success of the idolatries of popery.

The dark night had come, my trunk was packed, and the vessel was in readiness that was to bear me away. When I entered that pretty isle in June, 1844, all was green and sunny without, water, earth, and sky all united to say *this is indeed a pleasant spot*, but *why* I had come to it I knew not, and what was my work had not been told me ; *step by step* the voice had been “onward,”

trust and obey—obey and trust. The ground had been traversed, and in tempest and darkness my way was made to the packet, on the Liffey, with one solitary Quaker, who was compelled to hurry me among the tumultuous crowd without time to say “Farewell.” A few friends had assembled to meet me there, who had long been *tried* ones from the beginning, but so great was the crowd, and so dark was the night, that they found me not.

The spires of Dublin could not be seen, and I was *glad*—I was *glad* that no warm hands could greet me ; and *above* all and *over* all, I was *glad* that the poor could not find me ; for them I had laboured, and their blessing was mine, *that* was a *rich* reward ; and when my heart shall cease to feel for their sufferings may my “tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.”

“THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.”

“Sow thy seed, there is need, never be weary,
Morning and evening withhold not thine hand ;
By the side of all waters let faith and hope cheer thee,
Where the blessing may rest is not thine to command.

“Do thy best, leave the rest, while the day serveth —
Night will assuredly overtake noon ;
Work *with* thy brother, while he thine arm nerveth,
Without him, or *for* him, if holding back soon.

“As the grain, oft in pain, doubt, care, and sadness,
The husbandman needs must commit to the soil,
Long to struggle with darkness and death, if in gladness
He may hope e’er to reap the new harvest from toil.

“Sow thy seed, there is need, never mind sorrow,
Disappointment is not what it seems to thee now ;
Tears, if but touched by one heavenly ray, borrow
A glory that spans all,—the bright promised bow !”

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